

THE LEATHERNECK

November, 1928

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NUMBER 11

WATER AND FIRE

By Charles Tenney Jackson

THE RECLAMATION engineer took off his wide white hat and shoved it across the mahogany table in the directors' room. The little black hole in the tall crown at once caught the eye of President Briggs; it was the answer to the last question he had asked Jim Carolan. "The girl cut loose at you?" Briggs went on with a worried laugh.

"I cain't say exactly." The flicker of a smile came to Carolan's fever-bright eyes which had been staring from the Land Company's office window across the Mississippi to the dim blue wall of the cypress swamp where the face of failure stared back at him.

"I was up on the clamshell tinkerin' with the gear, and a shot comes whiffin' out o' the salt grass. Somebody laughed away off. It was the day after your deputy served the court paper on the Abadie outfit—I reckon it was their answer. What'd that Cajan girl care for injunctions and courts? Maybe it was just my new Texas hat—I ain't carin' for such triffin' tricks. Mr. Briggs, I'm goin' to drive that ditch through in spite of hell, hurricanes and women."

The Texas engineer did not laugh now; and the Land Company official grew nervous at the silence. Three years of unforeseen disasters, storms, breakdowns, crippled finances, stealthy feuds, sinking levees—and Carolan had promised that he would keep the salt gulf water out of the ten thousand acres of the Bayou Perot tract. He had said so last year, and the sea crept past his ramparts; he said so just now, and Briggs sat back in his chair trying to read the faith of that gaunt, tired fighter across from him.

"Carolan, we brought you from the Texas field for this. Now, this project has gone to smash if we can't put five thousand acres of that swamp on the market next spring—ditched and drained and ready for the selling end of it. Why, we've sold the south tract by the blue prints; there are five homeseekers gone in there now with their tools and stock. Every contract is gone, if you can't keep the salt water out."

"Yes," muttered Carolan, "I know. It's the last gamble for Bayou Perot. I know, and she knows—" And then his voice trailed off, and he stared uncomprehendingly across the flat slate roofs of New Orleans to where the delta swamps lay behind that forest wall.

His man's size job had become a specter grinning at him above the lonely miles of sea and swamp, whispering that in the end, he would be beaten; that the isles *flotantes* of Bayou Perot would not hold his trembling dredge line; that the pools and floating gardens would shift and lock together once more, flower-flecked and treacherous under the Louisiana sky. A specter with the face of failure—and then it became a girl laughing disdainfully, slender and erect in her tiny, needle-like canoe of cypress, and smoothing through her brown fingers the gray, soft meshes of the cast-net with which she hunted the shrimp and mullet down the swamp channels. No heavier craft

could pass there or man find foothold over the bottomless ooze.

Her land! And the Yankees had sent their dirty, smoking monster of a dredge to eat through the green heart of it!

"Yankee!" she had taunted him—Jim Carolan of Texas! And other insults in her soft *patois* of the coast Cajan—Laure Abadie, last of the decadent clan to the first of whom a viceroy of Old Spain had given the king's patent for twenty thousand arpents of land from the river to the sea! What if, after a hundred and fifty years, the thriftless Abadies, descended from the first chevalier, had nothing left of their principality save Isle Perot, that narrow, oak-grown ridge of shells and palmettoes which even now was in dispute with the Land Company.

Pouf! What if the lawyers did offer ten thousand dollars for a quit-claim from Papa Prosper? Sky and sea and sunshine—and the pride of an Abadie—that's what you would have to buy; and Laure scorned the idea of compromise. Three years she had watched and mocked the failures of Jim Carolan and his wretched dredge, always crawling like an evil insect into her wilderness; mocked and reviled and led the stealthy warfare of cousins and brothers upon the invaders.

Briggs of the Land Company came with Jim Carolan to the door.

"Thirty days—" he muttered. "And that stuff you're taking in this morning, Jim? The last oil and supplies. If you can't close that gap in the back levee this trip, we'll pull your dredge out and wind up Bayou Perot. It's been a risky extension—closer out to the Gulf than we ever tried—and it was your job, Carolan."

The man from Texas paused by the elevator.

"My job. I told her once that—tried to show her what her swamp could be. Little farms and gardens behind the levees—orange groves and children playin' on their way to school. She laughed, she just don't see. Laughed and swung that Cajan cast-net past my ear. It hissed like a snake. She's a wonder at throwin' it. I saw her stand upright in that twelve-foot runnin' pirogue of hers that no man could even set foot in without tippin'; I saw her rope a three-foot shark with that cast-net like a Texas man would a steer."

And so Carolan went back to Bayou Perot from New Orleans with the last barge of oil they'd let him have. The worn, mosquito-bitten dredge crew would be waiting for him; they would be tasting that slow wind-tide up their unfinished ditch to see how much salt was in the water. The salt in the reclamation tract again, and Carolan must quit.

Quit, with her laughter in his ears!

Quit—and the day his loved black monster of a dredge swung its last clamshell bucketfull of the soft mud from the unfinished line and was hauled out of the back ditch, he knew what he would face. The lanky muskrat trappers and shrimp haulers of Bayou Perot would gather along the caving levee and jeer.

Laure would be there—riding out in the shallow lake ripples in her famous little "runnin' pirogue," that needle-like cypress

shell that could travel the morass where none other could find water. She would be balancing on it, the Gulf breeze blowing her black hair about her slender sun-brown face and taunting him with those narrow dark eyes that held so much pride and obstinate courage.

She would watch him go—defeated—and laugh.

He crossed the Mississippi and loosed his barge of crude fuel oil from the canal dock, and Luce, the black launch tender, took the scow in tow. And the next two days were bad—fighting desperately against the mud flats and hyacinth-choked channels down through the Barataria cypress to the open salt grass swamps where the man's size job lay.

His last barge of fuel . . . and the directors had said he must close the gap where the salt water got through to the reclaimed prairies this month before the autumn storms brought the Gulf tides in against his mud ramparts.

Yes, there were homes in there now; home builders already in the rich black humus of the reclaimed tract, trusting that the drainage laterals would keep the salt out of the soil. The consulting engineers—men of blue prints and protractors and office stuff, had intimated that the Land Company had better abandon Bayou Perot, pay the home-seekers' claims and write this tract off their books.

Carolan, the field engineer, must quit . . . and it had been Carolan's faith alone that held them to the task this last summer. The Texan had faced it—heat, loneliness, mosquito plagues and bad water, along with the meager supplies and scanty labor they allowed him. Fought, too, against the hostile Cajans of Isle Perot. None but he knew the stealthy little tricks the Abadies had played against the work. Towing launches that went adrift; quarter-boats that leaked, and sank mysteriously in the canal; survey marks destroyed, his dredge helpers lured away or frightened by the threats of the swamper.

And Laure Abadie was the chief spirit of the shiftless clan. The others would have taken the compromise money for their uncertain titles to the land. And those witless office men in New Orleans, wearied by the petty warfare, had applied to the courts against the native swamper. Laure, served with an injunction forbidding her to place foot on Bayou Perot!

Carolan smiled slowly when the barge and towing launch at last beat through the mud lakes to where he could see the outlying marsh—a tawny glimmer, stretching, it seemed, illimitably to the Mexican Gulf, the hazy horizon unfecked save by the distant clump of oak trees that marked the Cheniere Perot, and the palmetto camps of the Abadies.

"Court order—for her? Might as well tell the tide not to flow or fire to burn. I expect she took that shot at me—I expect so. Can handle a gun, too, as well as that snaky cast-net she always carries. Yes, a bullet through the top of my new hat just to show me what she cared fo' court orders!"

Of course she didn't mean to kill him. It takes a crack shot to hit a hat and not a head when you just want to show your skill and personal feelings. That new white Texas hat was an enticing target when you could sit two hundred yards off in the impassable marsh in a cypress dugout, fire carefully and paddle away where no clumsy dredge man could follow.

A mile more now and he saw the great glittering marsh more plainly; even the black speck which was his idle dredge far down beyond the back canal and across the tidal lake. The boys would be waiting for him, cut off and alone as on a floating fortress, but ready for his word and the fuel to battle on for that last few hundred yards of ditch and dyke that must be closed this time. Twice Carolan had built the levee, and twice it had sunk into the alluvial delta mud of Perot swamp.

"This time—" he muttered. "She'll understand—when she sees the barge come back. They thought we were quittin', now. They know things are on edge with the company. She laughed last week when I tried to tell her—"

He put back the grayed hair over his temple. A lean, brown, young face aged a bit by his life's fight against the sea. That was what he had tried to tell her, to have her understand—his dream of her mocking sea marsh wilderness. Tried to tell her what he had done before down the Texas coast; how there were homes and fields and orange groves, and little children playing where he had come, and fought, and gone his way. An unknown swamp engineer, and when he was done with life there would be his monument—a smiling countryside where he had faced the sinister marshes. Not a stone to his memory, not even a rose planted anywhere for the nameless magic worker; and now he was here at Bayou Perot fighting sun and fever and failure—but mostly her.

"She listened sort o' queer for a minute," Carolan mused, "and then she laughed and swung her cast-net. Said she's been

cast-nettin' the shrimp in them lakes where I dreamed o' little gardens. Said I was like the mud tides that hurricanes roll up over the flats—heavy and slow, and thought of nothin' but dirt and grease and the clatterin' clamshell."

Yes, and then insulted him further in her soft, slurring Cajan patois of the coast. He was a fool to work for Yankee land-grabbers, spending his life in loneliness and dirt out under the clean sky on this shaking, smoking dredge that spattered mud eternally across the green marshes! He was a dull fool . . . and then she had shot him a fierce look out of her black eyes, dropped to her pirogue seat and sent the canoe off with a single powerful stroke, disdaining to listen longer.

And the next day came the playful bullet through his new Texas hat.

"Licked—and comin' back," he muttered, swinging atop the dynamite boxes under the lashed tarpaulin cloths on the after-deck of the oil barge. The outfit would need that stuff to blast a way through the hard-packed shells of the narrow ridge that ran through the oozing swamp soil. They'd blow a hole clear past the only foothold of solid earth left to the decadent Abadies—fight through and finish the levee to connect up with the dykes beyond. That would be his answer! An answer to pride of lineage, wilfulness and her small foot set across the path he must travel to make the garden bloom, the earth more livable.

"Comin'," he repeated, and then his black steersman in the towing launch caught his eye questioningly, and pointed southward across the glimmer of the autumn marshes.

"A little smudge o' smoke, boss. Off Cheniere Perot in d' big grass."

"I see. There's the openin' to the ditch. Luce, you drive straight in—we'll have the up-wind tide with us. Give this outfit all you got."

Curious about that starting grass fire to leeward of Cheniere Perot! The swamper could have seen the barge's slow approach for miles. A swamp fire starting, and with the south wind behind it in the huge sere billows of the autumn canebrake? Presently the smoke obscured the oaks of the Abadies' swamp island home. The black steersman watched it warily.

"Dem Abadies," he grumbled. "Looks like dey times us to crawl into dat canal. Fire'll go forty miles across dis prairie, boss."

Carolan was lashing the tarpaulins over his dynamite boxes on the oil-soaked deck. "You drive, Luce. Triffin' tricks are my business. Ten thousand gallons of oil under the decks, and this stuff above—but you drive ahead."

So he swung atop his dynamite boxes and watched the flame line. It was red under the bloom of black smoke, and he thought that everywhere now, through the illimitable marshes, the hidden ponds would show to the sun, the sea-tides would creep after this fierce passion of fire over their face.

That was himself, the slow, measured way of the waters he subdued; he would be so after she had passed from his life as a flame over the hidden tides of Perot.

When the barge swerved fair in the fifty-foot ditch and the towing launch threw its wake up under the grass roots of the quivering prairie the canebrakes hid the distant fire save for the brown haze mounting to the sky. Luce, the swamp black, gave him one wild glance as he glanced aft. On one side the black muck ridge of the dredged line, on the other the mountainous windrows of the grass—and no turning back now.

A mile down that straight arrow of water, and the first filmy wisp of a burned leaf fell upon Carolan's sleeve. He plucked it at oddly. It was a black flag of challenge from her; her answer to this drive of court orders that her footstep should not press upon the grass hummocks of the Perot ditch.

"You little wild thing," he murmured, "you did it. I ain't talkin' to the nigger, but you did it. Had a lookout in the oaks on your island till you saw the barge headin' in. Well, you lost out. I can figure the runnin' time through the ditch closer than you can your grass fire."

Even the black man looked less fearfully ahead when he saw the shimmer of the water marking the other end of the canal. Once out of here they would pound across the mud flats again to the dredge lying idle at the end of the cutting. The weary crew would have the big clamshell smashing along the right-of-way by nightfall; all night, all day, the two shifts grimly holding the job while the dynamite outfit tore out the shells of the low ridge beyond. Once there it was his little floating fort, and neither the devil nor women could stay his hand.

Five hundred yards more of this slow stubborn drive down the half-hidden ditch, and Carolan caught himself listening—it seemed that the faint crackle of the leading fire-line came to him.

(Continued on page 55)

THE UPPER BERTH



"H, DEAR!" a pleasant contralto voice floated down from the berth directly overhead, and Jack Maclane poked his tousled head curiously from beneath the curtains of ten-lower with a furtive upward glance. The dim light from the Pullman chandelier showed a pair of shapely, silk-stockinged legs, and a glimpse of pink pajamas peeping through a faded red bathrobe.

So far the outlook was favorable enough, and the voice had sounded young and innocent-like. If only she didn't prove to be a flapper! Maclane had had a sad experience with one of those gay creatures; the wound was not yet healed. He started guiltily as the timid voice came at him again. This time it showed signs of impatience.

"Well! Do I look all right, mister? If I do—perhaps you'll condescend to give me a lift—"

Maclane instinctively glanced higher, and this time he met a pair of sparkling blue eyes. There was a mischievous glint to those bright orbs that warned of danger, but unfortunately he allowed his sympathy to over-rule his usual discretion. Maybe it was the long braid of hair that disarmed him.

"Hello," he ventured sheepishly, "wantta come down?"

The big blue eyes glanced fearfully about. "Yes—I'm so thirsty. How in the world do I ever get down from this place?" Silken legs wriggled nervously as she met his gaze.

To Jack Maclane, fresh from the Marine Barracks of Los Angeles, this problem of getting down from an upper berth didn't seem very serious. Packing a heavy gun, carrying camping outfit for miles over rough ground, climbing ledges in unknown country, had been only a part of his hardening process.

"Wait a second—I'll give yuh a lift," he offered eagerly, as he dived back and shrugged into a bathrobe. In a moment he was out again, and standing directly beneath the pretty damsel in distress.

"Now, just lower away," he directed, "an' I'll grab yuh—"

The pretty face grew suddenly serious, as though remembering some past experience. "My Aunt Ellen warned me against talking to strange young men," she demurred thoughtfully. "She spoke especially about sailors and Marines—"

A determined glint flashed to the eyes of the waiting young giant. "That's good, sound advice. Don't talk. Just take a slide; I'll catch yuh—"

The troubled face glanced suspiciously downward. "Say, you're big, an' strong looking, just like a Marine. You ain't a Marine, are you?" she asked seriously.

Maclane flushed through the heavy bronze. His grey eyes fell. Almost he decided to tell her the truth. But no. There was something about that girlish face that got him. Instantly he determined to deceive her.

"Me a Marine? Say, kid, don't run away with any such notion as that. I belong to the honorable order of Leathernecks. I'm perfectly safe, I assure you—"

The silken legs wriggled uneasily; the tiny slippered feet caressed each other nervously. Maclane didn't quite dare look up just then. But finally the soft, reassuring voice drifted downward.

"Oh, I'm glad you're a Leatherneck man." She hesitated as though considering. "That sounds sort of tough, though," she added, and Maclane knew she was sizing him up.

He confidently squared his shoulders, then quickly slouched again, as he realized that his bathrobe was gaping open, and underneath was a perfectly good pair of uniform trousers. If those keen young eyes happened to spot that uniform, he knew he was done! Still, perhaps she wouldn't recognize it. Already she had shown her ignorance of traveling etiquette. Furtively he glanced down the deserted aisle. Draped curtains were suggestive of sleeping passengers. The porter was nowhere in sight.

"C'mon," he pleaded eagerly, as he held out his hands. "Take a slide, I'll catch yuh—"

Hesitating no longer, the shapely legs slid over the edge of the berth, and Maclane gingerly grasped the soft clinging bundle of loveliness.

"Oh, boy!" she gasped, "but you're strong."

Just then the train swerved roughly around a curve, and she clutched frantically at Maclane's arm. For a moment she gazed confusedly down the long aisle.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed helplessly, "I don't see any-

By Alzo Wynn

thing here that looks like water. Aunt Ellen said I'd find all the conveniences on the Pullman car, and everything comfortable. I almost wish

I hadn't come—"

As the musical voice trailed off into a disconsolate wail, Jack Maclane feared she was about to cry. Of all things that he dreaded most! He had visions of grinning faces from between the heavy curtains; a weeping maiden limp and helpless in his arms. Wow! That would never do!

"Here, I'll show you," he volunteered hastily. "Down this way, you'll find water, an' all kinds of things—" he pointed with his free hand, while with the other he found it very necessary to steady the slender lurching form. Each moment this innocent young lady was seemingly more dependent upon him. Must be she had lived in some secluded hamlet where modern civilization had not penetrated. Still, her English was good, and her clothes in good taste . . .

Boldly he led her to the farther end of the long coach, and pointed to the water-cooler. He noted her bewildered look as she gazed at the spring faucet.

"Where—where is the dipper?" she queried. "We always have one tied to the pump, at home—"

Maclane felt quite like a big brother to the girl by this time; it was going to be a pleasure to help her. Jove, she was pretty, too, and that sort of made it easier. Each time she turned toward him with those big, innocent eyes, it gave him a thrill. He tried to figure where she had boarded the train. . . . He remembered now. It was Baker, where she had gotten on, and late in the evening after the berths had all been made up. She had probably neglected to tip the porter, and now was getting rewarded for it. Well, so much the better. Maclane hoped that the porter never showed up again . . .

Quickly he reached to the metal rack, loosened a paper-cup, filled it, and handed it to her. As she drank, he noted her clear olive complexion, and rounded form. He started guiltily as her impulsive voice came toward him above the roar of the train.

"Oh, thank you, so much," she exclaimed gratefully, "I'm so ignorant. I see how it's done, now—"

As she glanced carelessly toward him, he felt the appraisal of her bright eyes up and down his tall form. He knew his hair was long, and sadly mussed; he needed a shave, and his bathrobe was scant—he'd purchased it hurriedly as he started East. But anyhow he was thankful that he'd shrugged into this bathrobe instead of his military coat. For once he'd made a lucky move.

"Guess maybe I'd better get back, now," she remarked anxiously, "I'm afraid I'm keeping you awake—"

As she lurched along the dimly lighted aisle, and clutched awkwardly at the curtains for support, he followed like a shadow.

Each moment he feared the porter would bob out and spoil the whole thing. With a feeling of relief he at last spied that individual lolling back in an empty seat. He also noted the slight shrug of the dark-complexioned man as he glimpsed his unprofitable passenger. Maclane was glad.

As they arrived back at number ten, the young lady glanced timidly upward. "My goodness!" she muttered hopelessly, "I don't see how anyone can be expected to climb to that crow's nest—wonder where they keep the ladder—"

Maclane grinned expectantly. "I dunno' bout any ladder," he replied gloomily, "but I can boost yuh up; want me t' try?"

She glanced at him speculatively for a long moment. "Why—yes. Do you think you can manage it? Aunt Ellen says I'm terrible heavy for my size. You see, my legs are bigger than most girl's, from my knees up—"

Maclane's face flushed. He tried to control his voice as he met her trustful eyes. "Put your hoof on my hand," he urged in a matter-of-fact way. "I'm sure I can manage it."

She hesitated, while a pucker came to her pretty brows. "You mean—my foot?" she asked innocently, as she gathered her bathrobe absently about her silken legs.

Maclane glanced furtively up and down the aisle. Only the roar of the train, and the muffled snores of weary passengers met his straining ear-drums.

"Sure, I meant your foot. Excuse my slang, please."

Gingerly she lifted one little red-slippered foot, and bore her weight on his broad palm. With a scramble, and a powerful push from the muscular hand, she laughingly rolled over the

edge of the high berth. With one leg dangling innocently, she turned to thank her new acquaintance.

"I'm awfully obliged to you, Mister—" she hesitated.

"My name's Maclane," he told her quickly. "Jack Maclane—" he flushed and his eyes fell, as she absentmindedly poked her bathrobe aside and hitched her stocking higher. "Mind tellin' me yours?" he queried confusedly.

A frightened look flashed over her grey-blue eyes. "Oh, I don't know—Aunt Ellen warned me not to tell any young man my name. But you are old enough to be safe, aren't you, Mister Maclane?"

She was still fumbling at the top of her stocking. She twitched at it petulantly. "You see how tight it is," she urged fretfully.

Again Maclane glanced furtively up and down the aisle. His eyes jerked back to her. "Yeah—but about my age. Now—I'm plenty old enough to act as chaperon; in fact, us Leathernecks often act in that capacity in the city where I came from—"

He couldn't meet her eyes for a moment, but finally glimpsed her earnest face. He knew that he'd won. Her voice was trustful and friendly as she added:

"I'm glad you are so old, and nice, and everything. I'm sure my Aunt Ellen would approve of you. My name's Ethel Morse."

She began fumbling with the other stocking, and Maclane began to be worried. If some of these light sleepers with curious eyes happened to take this in, he'd never hear the last of it. He started guiltily, as she suddenly remarked:

"A Leatherneck isn't anything like a rubber-neck, is it, Mister Maclane?"

He glanced narrowly to her eyes. For a moment he wondered; was she an actress, and deliberately playing with him? But no; there was no sign of powder or paint on her face. Her long hair was in a girlish braid. She was just an innocent country girl. He decided it was refreshing to meet one like her. He hastened to reassure her.

"Oh, no, Miss Morse; a Leatherneck is—er—is a member of a society. Like a Mason, or Oddfellow; you know—"

Early the following morning, Jack Maclane awoke, and glanced out the window. The sun was shining brightly upon acres of corn fields; vast level tracts of land met his eyes. He wondered if he had over-slept. All was silent in the overhead berth. Evidently she didn't snore, anyhow. One more good point in her favor, although, of course, that didn't make any particular difference to him, as yet. With a lunge he reached for his suit-case. Luckily he'd brought along civilian's clothes. He had intended to wear his natty uniform all the way East, but if she didn't have anything to do with MARINES, why that was different!

When finally Jack Maclane had made his toilet, he looked like a bronzed business man. His dark-colored suit, with tan shoes, and grey cloth cap, was becoming, but felt strangely awkward to one who hadn't been outside of a military uniform for ten years. Leisurely he made his way to the washroom. When he returned, it was still early. The aisle was deserted, with berth curtains tightly drawn. As he hesitated at number ten, he heard Ethel's friendly voice. She was looking wistfully downward.

"Good morning," she greeted. "My, I'm glad it's you, Mister Maclane. Would you mind helping me down again?"

Already her shapely legs were dangling over the edge of the berth. He was glad to see that she was wearing a skirt of moderate length; not the flapper style, still, not the outlandish kind that might be expected from a country village. Her tan pumps and flesh-color stockings certainly looked all right, and a moment later, as she eagerly slid into his waiting arms, he thrilled at the touch of her soft, clinging form . . .

Purposely he waited until she had returned from the dressing room. She would doubtless need some points in dining-car etiquette. His heart pounded as he watched her coming back up the aisle. With her long, wavy hair now arranged in some kind of a coil on top of her head, she looked taller, and not so helpless as she had in the night. He noted her puzzled look, as she glanced upward to where her berth had been located.

"My goodness!" she gasped bewilderedly. "What in the world has become of my berth!"

It was a pleasure for Jack Maclane to calm her fears. He explained how during her absence the porter had changed the berths to day-seats, and pointed to her suitcase, and bag now resting in the metal rack. Confusedly she slid into the high-backed upholstered seat.

"How'll I get something to eat?" she queried anxiously. "I'm awfully hungry—"

As her big, trusting eyes met his for a moment, his hand unconsciously crept over hers. How fortunate that he'd happened along at the right time to help her. If some of these oily, scheming devils with their slick hair and suave ways had picked her up . . .

"Let's go down to the dining-car," he urged eagerly. "I'll show you the ropes, that is—if y' care to have me tagging along—"

For an instant her eyes drooped behind long brown lashes. When she looked up, her voice was girlish and friendly. "Oh, I should love to have you. But I'm getting to be an awful nuisance. I'm so ignorant about such things—"

With head held high, and shoulders squared for all the world to see, Jack Maclane sauntered down the aisle, and piloted the innocent Ethel Morse through several long Pullmans, until finally they came to the diner. As Ethel demurely slid into a chair at the table, he handed her a menu card. With a puzzled look, she glanced to him for help.

"You pick out something for me, Jack," she pleaded, "it all looks so queer to me—"

His heart gave a leap as he noted the familiar use of his front name. He realized that it had slipped out unconsciously from her pretty lips, and he liked it. He had barely made his selection, when Ethel rose hastily from the table.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed embarrassedly, "I forgot to bring my purse—"

He seized her arm, and smilingly urged her back into the chair. "This is on me," he declared firmly, "in celebration of our unusual meeting; we're upper berth pals—"

Jack Maclane had already noted the searching glances from the other diners; they'd been quick to note her unfamiliarity with dining-car etiquette, but strangely enough, the girl seemed utterly oblivious to the fact that curious eyes were upon her. He decided that she was like a little child in some ways, and hoped that she always would remain so. Sophistication was certainly all she lacked. Her table etiquette was perfect, and as for looks, there wasn't a girl there who could compare with her. The one outstanding feature about her was her long hair; every other girl in the car had bobs, and most of them shingled, mannish kind. Maclane was thankful that she was not that way . . .

As time went on, Ethel seemed more and more dependent on her Leatherneck friend. Like a sister, she asked him embarrassing questions, but in the same breath innocently told him of her own life. He gathered from her little snatches of conversation that she had lived in a small farming district.

Her parents had passed away, and she had been mothered by Aunt Ellen. She was on the way to Chicago now, to accept a position as clerk in a business office . . .

When Jack Maclane heard this last bit of news, he became suspicious. Business offices in large cities didn't, as a rule, hire green country girls. He decided it was his duty to stop off at the windy city for a few days, and help Ethel get located. To be sure she was learning fast; she could now call the porter as nonchalantly as the next one—knew how to tip him, too . . .

As the train neared Ethel's destination, Maclane began pulling on his business-suit; it was a slow job; somehow he was strangely hampered by a tight sensation in the region of his heart. It wasn't going to be so easy to follow her around; she was fast getting independent. But hard or not, he couldn't let her drift helplessly into a gang of white slavers! On the other hand, he realized that he had been woefully deceiving her. If he started something, and then someone retaliated by calling him a MARINE! . . .

Jack Maclane's unpleasant musing was interrupted by a violent shaking and twitching of the heavy curtains over his lower-berth. He glanced out the window. Yes it was morning, but too early for the porter to make up the berths. Wonderingly he swung his long legs out to the floor, and thanked providence that he was fully dressed. A familiar voice drifted downward to his surprised ears.

"Oh, Jack, I hoped you'd be awake. I hate that fussy old porter. You'll help me down, won't you?"

For once, the big, confident Jack Maclane was dazed. Wide-eyed, open-mouthed, he stared upward in amazement at the transformed vision. It was certainly her. Those delicately chisled lips; grey-blue eyes. But those short bobbed curls; the powdered face, with carmine paint on the lips; that be-ribboned dressing gown, and fancy pink negligee . . .

"What th' devil!" he growled as his teeth clicked with surprise. Absently he guided her dainty slipped foot to his shoulder. A subtle fragrance of roses, carnations, and sweet-grass floated to his nostrils—at any rate that is how he would

(Continued on page 55)

YELLOW

By Robert Allan Treynor



IN THE sticky, energy-stealing heat of Nicaraguan mid-day everybody dozed. The rainy season practically over, the earth was damp. Everything steamed in the heartless sunlight. Even the usually chattering monkeys in the treetops seemed to lose all desire to carry on their gibbering conversation. The screaming, gay-colored parrots were stilled. Only the myriad insects in the encircling jungle droned a monotonous dirge that did not disturb, rather lulled one to a lazy indifference.

Mostly through habit the sleepy and confused Marine bugler sounded a call, wavering and uncertain. It may have been an ill-timed "Reveille" or it may have been "Assembly." Whatever it was it commanded action. Sleepy Marines, weary from a previous night's outpost duty, rubbing eyes and blinking in the sunlight, rolled out and formed a listless line, then quickly stiffened to "Attention."

Captain Fowler, who commanded the skeleton company, was busy at something or other; the men watched him curiously. It was the shiny, new second lieutenant with his single gold shoulder-bar shamelessly untarnished, who gave the command:

"Attention, men!" Then, because he had the makings of a real officer, the kind men swear they will "go through hell for," he explained briefly, taking the men into his confidence, making them feel the esprit de corps that makes fighting men:

"One of our planes on observation duty was forced down in the jungle somewhere near El Chipote. There is no word of the occupants, but another plane reports the one that's down as undamaged. They get no reply to signals. Still, there is likelihood that the pilot and observer are uninjured, or they may have been captured by bandits. Our job is to locate them if possible and as quickly as possible. Men, be ready to take the trail as soon as everything can be gotten together . . ."

"Sergeant, dismiss the company."

Sergeant Worth stepped up, saluted and had a word to say: "This ain't gonna be no easy hike, youse ham-an-egggers, we take a long trail around that swamp this side of El Chipote an' then maybe a trail around ole Chipote. That hill is no easy baby to climb over."

Groans of protest were heard from the assembled Leathernecks; these the sergeant silenced.

"Well, whadda youse guys expect anyhow? You want you should have limy-zeens to take a little light exercise in? We take the long trail because the skipper says so. It's farther but it's better, see? An' we can make better time. . . . Aw right, men, dismissed."

"Horse collar!" grumbled someone derisively, just loud enough for Sergeant Worth to catch the words.

The sergeant let the remark pass; he expected the men to grumble some. It gave them something to think about. "They wouldn't be Gyrenes if they didn't sound off about something," was his soliloquy. He caught sight of one private whom his old soldier soul delighted in "riding" at every opportunity.

"Hey, you, Rabbit, you wanta shake it up now!"

Private Meep on his service record, but "Rabbit" by virtue of his retiring nature. Most of his comrades supposed he was timid, hence the appellation.

Rabbit spent most of his spare time reading or just thinking. Having on one occasion declined the offer of a burly deep-chested buddy to "step out behind the barracks and put on the gloves" while in training at Parris Island, he was considered a "washout" by some of his comrades. He replied to the sergeant's remark:

"I'm hurrying all I can, now." As he ran an oil-rag through his rifle.

The sergeant passed on without replying. Gonigle, a would-be-corporal, stopped polishing his rifle butt and leaned on it as he took up the comments.

"Yes, you are, in a pig's neck!" he leered. "Don't you wish you could find a hole to crawl into, hey, Rabbit?"

There are always a small group of thoughtless rowdies in any outfit. Now, another of the ilk joined in:

"Haw, haw, Rabbit, crawl in a hole an' pull it in after you."

"Aw, sound off, you guys! What's eatin' you anyhow?" piped up Corporal Clayer in defense of Rabbit.

"Nothin's eatin' us," returned Gonigle, bristling. "We're just kidding Rabbit a little."

"Well, you better leave him alone!" warned Corporal Clayer.

"Banana Oil!" jeered Gonigle's second bombastically, "Rabbit is a-scairt now. He's shakin' in his shoes for fear now. He's shakin' in the jungle an' we'll meet up with some of Mezita's bandits in the jungle an' have a scrap, Rabbit is yellah, you know, yellah as hell."

So! That was it, thought Rabbit, they thought he was afraid. They considered him a coward! Yellow, they called it; they had never put it quite that way before. But now they said it. Yellow. The worst word one fighting man may call another. There are other words they might use—if they grin when they say them. But yellow means YELLOW, and they didn't grin when they said it. So he was yellow, eh? He'd show them who was yellow!

There was much speculation among the Marines of the wilderness outpost as to just what would occur when they came upon Mezita's bandit band. All felt certain of the meeting. It would be manna—tomorrow—sometime. Probably somewhere among the rocky fastnesses of El Chipote, the mountain which was to be their goal. It was rumored that Mezita maintained his Revolutionist stronghold in the vicinity of El Chipote, and he would certainly have sentries posted.

The detail moved off along the trail. Some grumbling was heard; that was to be expected. Mostly though, the men were silent, grimly silent, as men are who face unknown dangers.

Rocky uneven bull-cart roads are not the best for hurried marches. Officers and men trudged and stumbled over the boulder-strewn, muddy road; the subdued clatter of rifles and equipment the only accompaniment to the muttered curses of soldiers whose feet slipped into an occasional mud-hole left by the recent rains. The mud was slippery and made the going even more difficult. It was a heart-breaking task these Marines had before them.

Sometime during the first few hours of the march, toward dusk in the evening, Rabbit fell out. No one noticed him; he seemed to evaporate.

The column is well officered, so let us digress here, and keep a protective eye on Rabbit. The country is rough, strange and wild. He is recently out of the training camp, as yet unaccustomed to the wild country.

Low scrubby palms, tall palms with feathery tops, impenetrable growth of bamboo, lofty trees towering above, creeping vines trailing over all, conspire to shut out the sun, making the earth below a dank place of vile smelling, decaying things, of creeping insects and slithering reptiles in contrast to the brilliant orchids that suspend from high branches and the myriad of voluptuous blooms, gay-hued birds, chattering monkeys that live in the uppermost branches.

Water is everywhere, standing water, poisonous, green-scum covered, alive with wriggling, squirming things. Water with a stench that nauseates. Water standing ankle deep, knee deep, over the vine-choked trail, with holes where a man would sink over his head in a moment if he but step off the narrow, hand-hewn trail.

Trailing vines hang in gay, troublesome festoons, their needle-sharp thorns everywhere, across the man-trail, grown there during the rainy reason when swamp trails are seldom, almost never used.

Here we find Rabbit stumbling his uncertain, weary way, skinning shins and knees on tree roots hidden in the soft ooze that is the trail. He has never seen the trail before, had only heard that one existed; by sheer luck he came upon it, followed it. His rifle and two bandoleers he carries. Everything else he has cast aside or lost. Shoes and leggings, water-soaked and tight, make walking a torture, but he dares not remove them. They offer protection from the creeping, crawling, darting things underfoot, from the briars and prickly vines that seek to hold him back.

The air is hard to breathe here. Close, sticky. There is no breeze to cool things off. The earth steams.

Night, with its mantle of black, descends with a suddenness that is startling, blotting out the last rays of sunshine that filtered through the dense green canopy above. Out in the open the sky is a vast expanse of black velvet strewn with silver flecks that are the stars.

Deep in the jungle, in the bottomless swamp which extends crescent-like half way around the gigantic rock pile of El Chipote, the stars are not visible. The trees overhead form the dome of a spacious cathedral. A cathedral in which the innumerable frogs are the celestial choir. The sound is at once

deafening and awe inspiring, a thing to marvel at. Now swelling in mighty strains, now dying to an undertone in which a scattered few old grand-daddy fellows carry on the refrain in throaty basso-profondo. Again the chorus swells and as suddenly dies to a murmur.

Some prowler in the jungle, hunting his evening meal, yells in the distance. Jungle walls echo and reecho the message of death; all the smaller things are stilled in terror.

Rabbit heard the scream of the jaguar and brought his rifle to a defensive position. He moved along stealthily, trying to be quiet, and stepped waist deep in the mire for his pawns.

"Hell!"

The single word came before he realized it. A guilty flush swept over him. A feeling of sanctity filled his soul. When a man is afraid, deathly afraid, he gets that feeling. He offers a stumbling, incoherent prayer to his God. Even though he has not prayed since he left his mother's knee, he prays. And those are the prayers which come from the innermost recesses of the heart, from the soul itself. Those are the prayers that are heard by Him, and answered as He thinks best.

Rabbit was no more God-defying, no less God-fearing than most men. His prayer offered, he felt uncertain, half deciding to turn back, retrace his way along the tortuous trail, admitting defeat, and half determined to push on through the matted tangle of thorn bushes, around the roots of fallen trees and through the pools of poisonous, stinking water.

Once he stopped. A branch covered with tangled vines blocked his way. A heavy body was beside him. The slithering sound of scales sliding stealthily along the bark of a branch of tree reached him. He could feel the hot breath of the animal, whatever it was, on his neck. Cold sweat stood on his forehead. Standing in water to his knees, his leaden feet sinking slowly into the soft ooze, he tried to move. His feet would not obey. Thoughts, wild thoughts, raced through his mind. Pictures, unrelated, passed in panorama. The little white bungalow on a noisy street, that he called "Home!" The soft voiced woman whom he called "Mother." Then there was the image of Gonigle, the leering countenance, calling him "Yellow." Gonigle, the burly, the product of a seaport city's waterfront—a dock rat. Gonigle's face was sneering at him again; calling him "yellow" again.

With an oath he struck out. His fist met a yielding body. In his mind he knew he was no match for Gonigle. In his rage he swung his rifle in a vicious circle. There was a crunching sound. He came to himself with a start. This was not Gonigle: he must be out of his head. He realized that he was miles from anywhere, in the jungle swamp, seeing things.

Then he remembered his mission. Started on, not knowing whether he traveled in the right direction or not. Somehow his feet kept to the trail. Behind him, its tail lashing the trees and underbrush in agonized fury, a half-grown boaconstrictor writhed and squirmed in death throes, its head crushed by the blow from Rabbit's rifle, the prey escaped.

To himself he talked as he fought his way against the uneven odds that denied him passage.

"If only I can make it. . . . Gosh, I had no idea it would be so far . . . or so hard going. . . . If only I can make it."

It was half sob, half groan.

Nearly tumbling into an unseen hole, he reached out in the sticky darkness. His hand found a trailing vine, it was covered with thorns which raked his arm, tore the flesh of his hand, but it steadied him, kept him from falling. A parrot high in the treetops shrilled at him in the darkness, alarmed at the disturbance below. Enviously, he replied to the bird's scream:

"Boy, I sure wish I could fly like you. . . . I'd get there then, you bet!"

The parrot shrilled again at the unaccustomed sound, then was silent. Rabbit sloshed and plodded on along the trail. His thoughts were of the plane's two occupants, lost in the impenetrable jungle perhaps, or, as the lieutenant suggested, captured by bandits.

"Lord!" he breathed, half aloud, "I hope I can get to them and help them, somehow." Except for the lesser jungle sounds all was silent about him.

He wondered what time it was. Tomorrow—manna, they called it—was such a long time off; so many things could happen. The time? He had no watch; it was too dark to see if he had had one. He stumbled on, blindly, groping his way, holding his rifle overhead when he could, lest he fall and fill it with mud and water. It caught again and again in the trailing vines and creepers. His hat was gone long since. Clutching, scratching branches, sharp thorns tore the khaki shirt, left great red stripes and tiny rivulets of blood on the unprotected arms and shoulders. Clouds of mosquitoes swarmed about him. They stung him everywhere, on his head, through the ragged remains of shirt. He slapped at them until his flesh smarted, then he could feel the stings no more.

Weary and exhausted, in half a notion to turn back or stop where he was until daylight, he rested for a moment. A long time it seemed, hours perhaps, when he heard grunts and squeals.

Wild hogs! They raced through the underbrush and threshed about. But there was no splashing! They must be on higher land. Eagerly Rabbit pushed on. There was a perceptible rise to the ground underfoot. It was soft, but it was not water covered. A hundred yards or so of the higher ground and the dense jungle growth gave way to an opening.

A road! Only a rough, boulder strewn, rutty trail, but as welcome as a paved highway to Rabbit's tired feet.

He loosened the tight, mud-encased leggings and sat down beside the road to rest and plan a course of action.

A thin golden rim of moon began to show above the treetops. It afforded some light, not much, but enough to distinguish objects indistinctly.

The gnawing of hunger began to make itself felt upon Rabbit's consciousness. It was hours since he had eaten or drunk. Mechanically he reached for the canteen which should have hung at his hip, then remembered throwing it away in the jungle. A morbid drowsiness held him now. The moon began to move in circles and spirals and behave as no moon should. One by one the stars winked

out, finally the moon faded. Rabbit slept the sleep of exhaustion.

There was no way of knowing; it may have been hours or it may only have been minutes that he slept there beside the road. He glanced up. The moon was again in the sky; after the scandalous behavior of that heavenly body, Rabbit scarcely knew where it should have been. It hung well above the trees now, somewhat higher than when he first noticed it, and fairly stationary; it moved in smaller circles now, and more slowly. Rabbit decided it was about where it should be.

He wondered why he had awakened with such a start when he was so sleepy, so tired; every nerve and muscle cried out when he moved. There were no sounds except the little rustling night sounds that are everywhere. Why did he wake with a start? Again he was aware of an intense hunger, it gnawed. He felt faint, weak.

Sounds of someone stumbling over the rough road reached him. He instantly knew what had awakened him. It was voices, strange voices. In the softness of night they came to him clearly. A mixture of Spanish and Indian, native, he supposed from his limited knowledge.

There were several in the party, and they talked excitedly. They raised their voices in anticipation of the praises of their leader. Rabbit caught the name Mezita repeatedly. He caught the flap-flap of bare feet on the soft road, there were some in the party who wore shoes, he heard the sounds of shuffling against rocks and boulders, too.

Without knowing why, hardly realizing what he was doing, Rabbit rose painfully, and stepped into the road.

"Halt!" he commanded. "Who's there?" There was no trace of fatigue in his tone.

The approaching party stopped. There was much hurried conversation in words unfamiliar to Rabbit. Again he demanded:

"Who's there?"

Still no direct reply. There was less talking among the group in the road. By the moon's uncertain light Rabbit saw two figures slip into the roadside growth.

"Who's there?" For the third time. His knees were quivering now, and there was just the trace of uncertainty in his voice. He wondered what to do next. He had no right to challenge persons who chose to travel this road. His right hand grasped the bolt of his rifle.

"Clatter-click." Sounded the bolt as it snapped open and slipped a loaded shell into the chamber. The excited chatter of the group in the road increased.

"Amigos! Amigos!" Someone exclaimed hastily in Spanish.

"Look out behind you!" warned another voice. It was in good old "United States" talk.

Things began to happen. Rabbit was on the verge of replying. Out of the corner of his eye he saw something moving in the brush. It was hard to be sure in the half-light. Moonlight is deceiving that way.

He swung around in time to meet the attack. Up came the rifle butt. It missed its mark. With a vicious slash the muzzle raked down, the sight cover raking a wide gash in the attacker's

(Continued on page 51)

THE ONLY GAME I EVER LEARNED

Excerpted with permission from "My Life In Advertising" by
Claude C. Hopkins, Harper and Brothers, 1927



HAVE supported myself since the age of nine. Before school I opened two schoolhouses, built the fires and dusted the seats. After school, I swept those schoolhouses; then I distributed a newspaper to 65 homes before supper. On Saturdays, I scrubbed the schoolhouses and distributed bills. On Sundays, I was church janitor, which kept me occupied from early morning until ten o'clock at night. In vacations, I went to a farm where the working time was 16 hours a day.

In after years I did the same in business. When I ceased before midnight, that was a holiday for me; I often left my office at two o'clock in the morning. For 16 years after entering business, I rarely had an evening or a Sunday not occupied by work. I am not advising others to follow my example; but the man who works twice as long as his fellows is bound to go twice as far, especially in advertising.

When we had unmarried daughters, our house was filled with young men on vacation. I let them know I did not approve of their idleness. My arguments sent many of them to work in their college vacations, acquiring habits to aid their careers, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that in that way I helped many of them to success. They found that pocketing orders was more fun than pocketing balls.

I love work as other men love play. The only game I ever learned is business. To me it has been all-absorbing. A man who has worked wants to see others work. If a thing is useful he calls it work, if useless he calls it play. One is as hard as the other; one can be just as much of a game as the other—in both there is rivalry. All the difference I see lies in the attitude of mind.

I long lived in utter poverty where hunger and I were pals. When I entered business I had to miss two meals a week to pay my laundry bills. I have also lived in luxury, spending as high as \$140,000 a year. It made little difference to me. I was as

happy in one condition as the other. I have worked for the fun of working and because work became a habit with me.

The man who does two or three times the work of another learns two or three times as much. He makes more mistakes and more successes, and he learns from both. If I have gone higher than others in advertising, or done more, the fact is not due to exceptional ability, but to exceptional hours.

A railroad section foreman exerted a remarkable influence on my impressive years. He impressed me with the difference between himself and his helpers. The helpers worked from necessity. They did as little as possible. The foreman worked with enthusiasm. He said: "Boys, let's lay so many ties today; let's get this stretch in fine shape!" The men would go at it stoically, and work as though work was a bore. But the foreman made the work a game.

Every great accomplishment of my life has been won against opposition. Every move that led upward was fought by every friend I had. The greatest winnings I have made in happiness, in money, or in content, have been accomplished amid almost universal scorn.

Most young men and most beginners think that the older men overlook them. My experience is that men in

business are looking for capacity. That is the crying dearth. The more we know, the more we realize the volume of work to be done. The able workers in any line are few, and all are looking for relief and help. A man who has made a success desires to see others make a success.

In the early stages of our careers none can judge us by results. The shallow men judge us by likings, but they are not men to tie to. The real men judge us by our love of work, the basis of their success. They employ us for work, and our capacity for work counts above all else in securing employment with them.

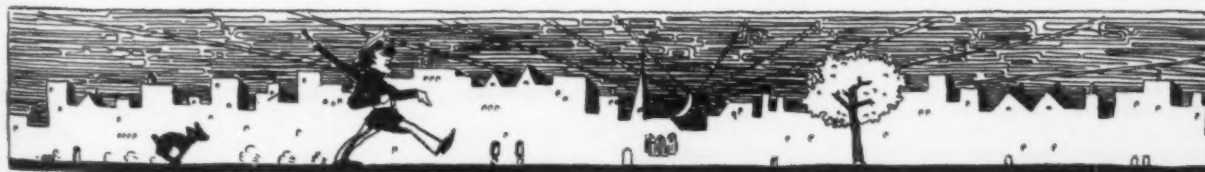
The love of work can be cultivated, just like the love of play. It means a great deal to a young man when he can come to regard his life work as the most fascinating game that he knows. And it should be. The applause of athletics dies in a moment. The applause of success gives one cheer to the grave.

MR. HOPKINS is one of the most successful advertising men the world has known—unusually fitted for this difficult profession through an experience gained in hundreds of campaigns in the last 35 years.

Because of his love of work, he has given 70 years of service in the 35 years, and has raised himself from utter poverty to a position of great wealth.

Included among the large number of concerns which have employed Mr. Hopkins to market their products are: Swift and Co., Goodyear Rubber Co., Van Camp, Willys-Overland, Reo Motor, Studebaker Motor, Palmolive, Quaker Oats, and Pepsodent Tooth Paste.

Many advertising men think his volume "My Life In Advertising" the most interesting and instructive biographical work of the kind yet printed. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York City.





JUST BE YOUR VERY BEST

If you can't be the pine on the top of the hill,

Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub by the side of the
rill;

Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the
grass,
And some highway much happier
make;

If you can't be a "muskie," then just be
a bass,
But the liveliest bass in the lake.

We can't all be the captain, some have
to be crew,

There is something for all of us here;
There is work to be done, and we've all
got to do

Our full part in a way that's sincere.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a
trail;

If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It is not by your size that you win or
you fail;

Be the best of whatever you are.
—Douglas Malloch.

"THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA
CHI—REVISED"

By Pvt. R. E. Coleson, V. M. C. R.

The boy of my dreams joined the Marines.

He's a soldier of the sea:
Though only a kid,

I'm glad that he did;
He'll come back a man to me.

On a ship he will sail,
He'll guard the mail;

In the sky he will reign supreme,
He will make rebels run

At the point of a gun;
He's a United States Marine.

DON'T-YOU-WORRY TOWN
There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile
Where the Cheer-up and Be-happy
Blossoms sweetly all the while.
Where the Never-grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-give-up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

In the Valley of Contentment
In the province of I-will,
You will find this lovely city
At the foot of No-Fret hill;
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town;
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-seldom-frown.
Rustic benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there;
And to each a vine is clinging
Called the Frequent-earnest-prayer.
Everybody here is happy,
And is singing all the while—
In the town of Don't-You-Worry
On the banks of River Smile.

—Author Unknown.

BUGLES AT BELLEAU

There were no bugles winding then
The heroic notes of war—
Only the drone of a maxim gun
And the cannons' blasting roar;
No streaming banners led the charge
Of men, who sorely worn
Fought step by step from tree to tree
In Bois de Belleau that morn.

Without the pomp of ancient wars
In pageantry arrayed,
A flaming page of history's scroll
Was writ in that deep glade
Of tortured trees and tainted pools,
A dark and noisome fen—
Gone was the glitter of the lists
But not valiant fighting men.

So now there's peace within this wood,
The breath of Mars profaned;
And a fuller splendor seems to dwell
Where once red carnage reigned,
For the ruddy glow of the westering sun
Flings banners to the sky
While the evening winds through the
leafing trees
Like haunted bugles sigh.

SHAFTO DENE'
(Le Mousquetaire)

TO A GOLDFISH

By Capt. C. Pickett, U. S. A.

Many stanzas are written on "Who won
the War?"
And not one has suggested the goldfish
before;
So I bow to the impulse and solemnly sit
To compose these few lines on the gold-
fish's bit.

The assault at Cantigny brought well-
earned renown
As the Yankee's first effort to put the
Boche down;
But, remember, our heroes were fresh
and well fed—
If they didn't have food, they had salmon
instead.

Many times have I listened with joy, I'll
confess,
To the music of trumpeters sounding off
Mess.

"Tell us, when do we eat?" was the
boys' eager cry;

"Come'n get your canned goldfish," the
cooks would reply.

We had goldfish on Christmas and this
is no lie,
Then we also had goldfish the Fourth of
July,
And for Thanksgiving dinner we relished
a dish
Of that nice, appetizing, fresh-opened
goldfish!

Why, we murdered a mess sergeant up
near Verdun,
Although doubtless his speech was meant
only in fun:
"Now, it's Friday," he said, "And we
couldn't have meat,
"So you Irish are going to have goldfish
to eat."

All the Frenchies had wine and the
Tommies had rum
To assist them in washing down hard-
tack and slum;
But we only had water from some muddy
creek,
With the goldfish for chow twenty-one
times a week.

On the march we discovered a French
ration truck
Which the driver'd abandoned right
there where she stuck;
So we dived for the spoil, but alas! Cruel
Fates!
There was goldfish in every damned one
of those crates!

Came a furlough, one day, for my buddy
and me,
And we climbed on a train that was
bound for Patee,
They advanced us our rations (enough
for the ride),
Pretty cans with red labels—and gold-
fish inside.

We arrived at the city and found a cafe,
Saw the menu was French and we
couldn't parley;
So we made a few signs to the waiter
and then
I'll be hanged if we didn't get goldfish
again!

If the war hadn't ended, there isn't a
doubt,
We'd be still eating goldfish, day in and
day out;
But at last, for the sins of my past, I
repent
And I'm going to give up eating fish
during Lent.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

By Lt. Comdr. Burt Franklin Jenness,
U. S. N.

They're minute men of Uncle Sam;
They never ask, nor give a damn,
What kind o' job is theirs—nor where;
Give 'em the order—and they are there!
Quick on the trigger, and fight on the
run—

For every man is a son-of-a-gun—
With Uncle Sam's Marines.

They're hard-shelled cusses, and full of
grit;
They're seasoned, and nervy, and battle-
fit;
Shoulder to shoulder, and hand to hand,
They're first at sea and first to land;
At home in the trenches, or with the
fleet—

And they'll take death before defeat—
The United States Marines.



ATM.

DALLAS READY FOR ANNUAL LEAGUE CONVENTION NOV. 2, 3

At the regular meeting for September of the Dallas Detachment, we had an attendance of about 75 per cent of the paid-up membership of the local detachment. Enthusiasm about the oncoming convention ran high, and the Marines down here are 'rarin' to go.

Entertainment galore is being planned and Dallas promises the Jireens who attend this convention and game the time of their nine lives. In fact, if anyone does not have a good time down here, it will be his own fault; for it will be here for them.

The football classic of the year down here will be displayed when the Marines line up against Loyola of Los Angeles. Indications point to a complete sell-out before the game. Football fans are eagerly looking forward to the game, and all Texas is football crazy. Loyola fans are also enthusiastic, and are even predicting a victory for their team. We hope to have enough Marines at the game, however, to inspire the Leathernecks on to victory. Special trains from all points in the Southwest will swell the attendance at this convention.

This game will not be the sole attraction by any means. There will be an old-fashioned barbecue supper at the Fair Park Friday, followed by a stag and smoker, after which the Marines and the public will be entertained with a classy boxing show, with several good Marine mit-swingers headlining the bill. Who knows but what these bouts will produce another Gene Tunney? Anyway, we will be there strong to yell for the Leathernecks to sock 'em.

There will be a crowded program, and fun to please the tastes of all who attend. All Texas Marines are shining up for this convention and are offering their services to Dallas to help make this convention one that will be remembered for all time.

Commandant R. W. Barkley presided over this enthusiastic meeting. Plans for the convention and entertainment and the football game were outlined by Col. Wm. E. Easterwood, Jr., who was given a great ovation for his splendid services as convention chairman, and by Chas. Romick, past commandant, in charge of the details of the convention. Colonel Easterwood assured the detachment that Dallas will be proud of the job she will have completed when the Marines trend homeward from the convention, and stressed the fact that every man attending this convention must have a jolly good time. The city will be thrown open to the Marines to do with as they please.

It is expected that the enlisted men in the Corps will be granted furloughs for the convention and game, and that a large number of them will take advantage of the low rates offered by the railroads for the round trip.

Tentative Program

November 1.—Arrival of General Lejeune and staff; arrival of delegates; arrival of special trains; registration of delegates at Adolphus Hotel. Other plans announced later.

November 2.—Convention called to order at 10 a. m.; adjournment at 12:30 p. m.; called to order at 2:00 p. m.; adjournment at 5:30 p. m.; barbecue and stag at Fair Park at 7:00 p. m.; boxing bouts at Fair Park at 8:00 p. m.

November 3.—Convention called to order at 10:00 a. m.; adjournment at 1:00 p. m.; football game, Quantico Marines vs. Loyola, at 3:00 p. m.; dance at Adolphus Hotel at 9:00 p. m.

(This program subject to change as to details, but not substantially.)

Marines, Dallas is ready for you!

OKLAHOMA CITY MARINES FORM LEAGUE GROUP

Lieutenant Harry H. Burton Heads New Organization.

Lieut. Harry H. Burton, M. C. R., was elected commandant of the Harry Mark Coppinger detachment, Marine Corps League, at the organization at Marine Recruiting Headquarters Wednesday night, Sergt. Fred H. Kelley, in charge of the office, said Thursday.

Other officers elected are:

Lieut. Robert C. Bradford, U. S. M. C., vice-commandant; Sergt. Fred H. Kelley, U. S. M. C., adjutant; David E. Ellison, M. C. R., chaplain; Edwin K. Craul, provost marshal, and B. L. Diggs, paymaster.

The detachment will be called Harry Mark Coppinger in honor of the first Oklahoma City Marine boy killed in the World War. Coppinger was killed on June 23, 1918, in the Belleau Woods action.

LESTER LANGE DETACHMENT ELECTS W. L. BAINE HEAD

W. L. Baine was elected commandant of the Lester Lange Detachment of the Marine Corps League at a meeting held at the Four C. College. An addition of nineteen new members since the membership contest began was reported. Only nine new members are now required to bring the local detachment up to 100 per cent increase in membership. The Waco post is leading the nation in this drive.

R. B. Stanford announced the receipt of a check for \$50.00 from Col. W. E. Easterwood of Dallas, representing a donation to the fund for standards and colors.

Other officers elected by the club were Sam Y. Langston, vice commandant; C. J. Maisel, adjutant; Ted Hinton, vice adjutant; John S. Gobel, paymaster, and H. Shannon, sergeant-at-arms.

ARTHUR DUDLEY SIMS DETACHMENT, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The detachment received its first setback when Sergt. Bob Gordon was transferred to New Orleans. The one consoling thought is that he received a promotion, now being a First Sergeant. He was a charter member of the local detachment, and one of the hardest workers we had. He was also the most popular and efficient recruiting sergeant stationed in Memphis in recent years.

The detachment appreciates the good work Joe Barker did for them in securing entertainment at the last meeting. Joe has always been a hard worker for the Legion, and he helped us over a tight place.

Looks funny, but the 306th Cavalry was represented at the last get-together by the sole surviving member, Joe Bearman. Who this outfit was, or what they did, has never been discovered, but we sure did enjoy Joe, and hope he comes back often.

At the last meeting the commandant appointed Ralph Picard to the post of publicity director, and Grady Smith to be chairman of the entertainment committee. Both these men are hard workers and have already begun to function.

Comrade Henry Lenow is the latest member we are losing by the "Moving Away" route. Henry is removing to Dallas, Texas, to be the operator of the Rusco Brake-Lining Co. One of his first official duties will be to represent this detachment at the National Convention at that city, November 2nd and 3rd. Every man who has ever attended a meeting knows how much Henry Lenow will be missed. Good luck, Buddy!

Lieut. Mike Crogan, of the Memphis Fire Dept., and an enthusiastic member of this detachment, went down with a gang of broken ribs while fighting a fire at Third and Union, two weeks ago. Like all ex-Marines, he is too tough to keep down long, and promises to be at the next meeting.

At the October 18th meeting, an election of officers to serve the detachment for the year of 1929, will be held. Make up your mind who you want for your leader, and get busy.

The detachment is badly in need of a chaplain. Anyone knowing a man who has served in this capacity with the Corps will confer a favor on the commandant by getting in touch with him.

Loyalty has been sung about, talked about, and written about, but it was shown in no doubtful manner when the problem of paying for the detachment flags was presented. The following men promptly contributed \$5.00 each: Ralph Picard, R. L. Powers, F. H. Yancey, V. E. Miller.

These two flags cost about \$75.00, which leaves us with some \$50.00 to be raised. Contributions of any size are needed, and will be appreciated.

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1928 Reserve Training at Quantico Reported by Board

The following is the report of the board of officers in charge of the 1928 Reserve Training at Quantico:

1. Reserve training extended over the period of 8 July, 1928, to 11 August, 1928. During this interim, nineteen (19) Reserve Officers attached to nine (9) Reserve Companies, two (2) Majors and one (1) 1st Lieutenant attached to Battalion Headquarters and one hundred and six (106) Casual Officers underwent training.

2. Awarded certain trophies.

(a) **EFFICIENCY PENNANT**—1928—for Reserve Company demonstrating highest all-around efficiency. To be presented to 309th Reserve Company of Philadelphia, Second Lieutenant Howard N. Feist, commanding.

(b) **EASTMAN CUP**—1928—for company of Eastern Reserve Area demonstrating highest all-around efficiency. To be presented to 309th Reserve Company of Philadelphia, Second Lieutenant Howard N. Feist, commanding.

(c) **KLEMFUSS CUP**—1928—for company making the highest record score in rifle marksmanship in the Eastern Reserve Area. To be presented to the 305th Reserve Company of Philadelphia, First Lieutenant Howard S. Evans, commanding.

(d) **WARBURTON TROPHY**—1928—for highest score in rifle marksmanship made by a Reserve Officer. To be presented to Second Lieutenant George W.

Eakin, 305th Company of Philadelphia. Score of 235 out of a possible 250.

(e) **U. S. MARINE CORPS RESERVE ENLISTED MAN'S MARKSMANSHIP TROPHY**—1928—for enlisted man making the highest individual score in rifle marksmanship. To be presented to Private C. F. Ping, 305th Reserve Company of Philadelphia. Score of 238 out of a possible 250.

3. It is recommended that a Reserve Section be created at Headquarters, Marine Corps, in charge of an officer of field rank, this section to have complete charge of Reserve Activities. That during annual training period the officer in charge of this Reserve Section be assigned as Director of Training.

That the Director of Training during actual training period be assisted by officers of field rank on duty in the various Reserve Areas.

That the training schedule be based on the reports received by operations and training from the Area Commanders.

It is the opinion that the schedule of training, as carried out this year, suited the present needs of the Reserve Companies, but it is believed that in the future less time should be given to close order and more to field training and musketry and auxiliary weapons.

It is recommended that the Reserve Companies be fully officered: 1 Captain, 1 First Lieutenant and 1 Second Lieutenant, and, as far as possible, vacancies



EASTERN RESERVE AREA CUP

Presented by Major Nedon A. Eastman, U. S. Marine Corps, to be presented to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Company of the Eastern Reserve Area showing the greatest military efficiency.

occurring in commissioned personnel of uniformed Reserve Companies be made from personnel of those companies.

4. The schedules of instruction covering classes of Casual Officers, were, with a few minor changes, followed in detail. These schedules were thorough and comprehensive and at the same time practicable, and it is believed that most satisfactory results were obtained.

The members of the board have discussed the course of instruction with other officers engaged in this work, and it is the unanimous opinion of all concerned that similar courses of instruction should be given to all Reserve Officers reporting for duty, who are not

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THE KLEMFUSS CUP

Presented by Klemfuss, Incorporated, to the Eastern Reserve Area to be presented to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Company showing the greatest proficiency in marksmanship. The highest record score in rifle marksmanship in the Eastern Reserve Area this year was made by the 305th Reserve Company of Philadelphia, 1st Lieutenant Howard S. Evans, commanding.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford

"We are living on top of the world," says a Marine just home from Peking, China, on being asked about his tour of duty in the Legation Guard. It has been my pleasure recently to spend a short time in the company of the one man who has, in great measure, made this statement possible. Arthur C. Ellis, the Marine Y. M. C. A. secretary of Peking, who has been spending a short vacation in America, has returned again to his beloved work and to the men whom he declares are the finest in the world. Under his leadership the Legation Guard "Y" has become the "place of contacts" so sadly needed in every port where large groups of men are stationed. It is in this place associations are formed and friendships established with the finest people of the Orient, and the best interests of the men, so far from home, are always the first thought and care of Ellis and his staff of workers. It is in the "Y" that "dates" are made and true "Yankee" sodas and sundaes are enjoyed as "futures" and other interesting items are talked over. It is from the same place that sight-seeing trips are taken in and around Peking to the many interesting old temples and to the Forbidden City, to the Imperial Summer Palaces, to the Ming tombs and the great temple containing the mausoleum of Sun Yat Sen, the Chinese revolutionary hero.

"Living on top of the world." No wonder the Marine says that for the Barracks is like a well-equipped club. A splendid library, moving pictures three times each week with music from the excellent post orchestra, a number of billiard tables, a fine Orthophonic Victrola and piano, in addition to a sports field, tennis courts, swimming pool and ice-skating rink.

A visit to the receiving ship "Southery" at Boston Navy Yard revealed the names of a few well-known and remembered men of the Corps. Ernest W. Beck, the first sergeant who, after twelve years, is counting the weeks to the time when he will again "ship over" for the Tropics, so that the fall of next year his old cronies may look for his arrival. Sgt. James A. Cannavan states that his career as Brig Warden should fit him for a good post of executive ability on the outside and Jimmy faces the future as such with every confidence. Cpl. Joseph Ditton, who has recently joined the group, is in excellent company for Cpl. George W. Brandt, the trainer of the ship's cockroaches, is still one of

nature's heavyweights despite his perspiring efforts to enliven the evenings with the ancient supply of movies with which his friends assert he supplies them. William Lavoie, another corporal, recently thought to supply his shipmates with an unbreakable watch crystal but during a demonstration of same he hit it on the face and unfortunately the crystal was—pieces. After three years at the laundry, Corporal Yancey is back to "standing watch" and really finds life enjoyable and such a change from the regular hours for sleep which for so long had been his portion. Cpl. Harold K. Jackson faces the problem of never being able to settle down. Always on special duty with a record of holding the company clown's billet (whatever that may be) and his dog-robbing tendencies developed to their fullest extent, he tells me he yet hopes to "make good" somewhere.

One of the finest concerts I have ever attended was given by the Marine Band recently at Newark, N. J. The excellent renderings brought to my mind the following statement which this month I pass on instead of the usual poem for the month.

"I AM MUSIC"

I am the song of the Universe.
I am the harmonies of the earth and celestial bodies.
I am the voice of the reasoning power of the eternal Love of God.
I am the unspoken, unarticulated voice of Love.
I am the siren of the Universe.
I am the spirit that breathed the happiness of the Universe into existence.
I am the wooing voice that brings peace and glory out of wreckage and chaos.
I inspired the Songs of Solomon and psalms of David.
I am the wordless, winning voice of the Almighty, the Eternal God.
I am the paradise of deep love in human feelings and emotions.
I both inflame and soothe.
I furnish comfort to the aged who has lost a life mate—and bring sweet dreams of yesterday and childhood.
I congratulate the proud parent at the birth of a child and soothe him when one has passed to the Great Beyond.
I melt audiences to tears through lovely lips and with drum and fife I scale the Alps.
I am the thoughts of an artist who works only for the betterment of humanity—and forgets himself.
I am the sweetest and most enchanting chord that touches the human ear.
I am the hypnotic something that men can feel but cannot see and I am free by the Grace of God to both King and peasant.
I am the human soul in action and in tune with the Omnipotent Infinite.
I am the sweet lullaby at the cradle and the hymn of God's eternal peace at the grave.
I AM MUSIC.

The Boston Navy Yard Detachment has two Swedes of the staid reliable type. One of these, QM. Sergt. Joseph W. Olson, after eighteen years of service, would like another chance in Haiti, for, he says, "I put on extra weight during my last cruise there," and the Sergt. likes to be "pleasingly plump." Magnus

R. Dahlsten, the paymaster sergeant, is the other ten-year veteran of Scandinavian origin and a worthwhile comrade. The 1st Sergt. is Charles W. Laswell, who, after eleven years, still retains vivid memories of one incident of his boot days when standing for inspection his C. O. noticed his jaws moving and charged him with eating. It was an awful moment for his mouth contained an unusually large plug of tobacco, but a big gulp and his empty mouth testified to the fact that only his tongue and teeth were contained therein, although the stomach felt the effects for several hours. Sergt. Raymond M. Becker is the orderly to the commandant and is known to the detachment as "the lucky man." Several of the sergeants have recently shipped over, among whom are Charley J. Simmons from Texas, who is going to Newport; Edward F. Rowe, with eight years service and recently from Nicaragua, and Thos. J. Chapin. The mess sergeant, Charles N. "Baldy" Schave, has nearly completed sixteen years, but in November says he will try another hitch. There is yet hope for his more youthful appearance as hair has once more made its appearance on the place that years ago gave him his famous nickname.

Almost thirty is the record of Benjamin Stevenson, now rounding out his last few months before retirement, and one of the duty men of the Naval Hospital in Chelsea. Only twelve men compose the guard, but 1st Sergt. James A. McFellin declares each man is worthy of stripes and a good detail. Mac has twenty-three years to his credit and while he still speaks of Oshkosh as his home town, his wife and family constitute the real home of today and with them he says all is O. K. Corp. Malvin O. Johnson, who came out of Fall River, has enjoyed the last three of his eight years service doing duty in the well-known Boston retreat for those who are sick.

Squantum is a little known station between Boston and Hingham where men of the Naval Reserve are taught aviation. The Marines of the Reserve now on active duty status are in charge of Lieut. George B. Stephens, and it was quite a pleasure to greet and shake hands of 1st Sergt. Leroy E. "Tommy" Turner, Sgt. Ernest D. "Red" Jones out of Dallas, and Sgt. R. D. Bowling. I also had the privilege of meeting and talking with the fine group of students.

Hingham's Guard, under the leadership of Captain John C. Wood, is still maintaining the respect and confidence of the people of the community in which the Naval Ammunition Depot is situated and the men are spoken of in the highest terms by them. "Ole Davy" 1st Sergt. Edward G. Davison heads the detachment, supported by Sergt. Charles J. Murray sometimes known to his friends as "Old Topper." They hold their records of 16 and 19 years with the dignity becoming their age and position. If a mess sergeant claims a position of dignity which Harlan Austin asserts is his by right, then the "Big Boy" surely merits all one can give for his mess hall gives forth the best of fare

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THE BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

CORPORAL WILLOUGHBY WINS FOURTH REGIMENT CUP

On August 26th, the Shanghai Rifle Association held its first annual competition for the Fourth Regiment Cup. This trophy was presented to the Shanghai Rifle Association by the Fourth Regiment to commemorate and perpetuate the friendly rivalry that has existed for a year and a half.

The match was open to all members of the association. The conditions were one sighting shot and twenty shots for record at six hundred yard and one thousand yard ranges. Fifty-one entries, including fourteen Marines, began the match.

After the firing on the six hundred yard range was completed, all competitors except the twenty-four having the highest score were dropped. The cup was won by Corporal Willoughby of the Twenty-sixth Company, the dark horse of the meet. The corporal will make a very valuable addition to our shooting squad.

He is our best answer to "WHY IS A MARINE?" and the entire regiment congratulates him.

Willoughby's score was 188. He was followed by Lieutenant Leland, 180; F. E. Hodges, 178; Corporal Evans, 177; Private Shegoskie, 176; Major Parsons, 176; Corporal Esterling, 174; Corporal Carlin, 174.

MARINE BKS., NAVAL STATION, GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS

By First Sergt. C. F. Nelson

We have noticed that a number of the smaller commands have been breaking into print, and have had their pictures in "The Leatherneck." Since we feel pretty proud ourselves, we are sending a group picture of the Barracks Detachment and Marine Aviation Detachment combined, and a separate one of the Marine Aviation Detachment; also a few news items.

Until lately our literary efforts have been devoted to the Station Bulletin. However, as we are not exactly "shrinking violets," we wish to "bust out" in other directions, so we will submit notes to "The Leatherneck" from time to time. The State convention of the American Legion of Illinois was held at Waukegan, our nearest liberty town, September 8-11, and Waukegan was certainly painted red. The Marine Posts of the Legion had headquarters at the Fox Hotel, and there was usually a bunch of our fellows to be found there. On Monday, September 10, the day of the big Legion parade, the Marines broke out in white trousers for the occasion, and caused quite a furore among the feminine population of Waukegan and the visiting girls. They really presented quite a natty appearance.

The Marine activities at Great Lakes are rather extensive as there are three outfits attached to the station: The Marine Barracks, consisting of the Barracks Detachment and the Marine Aviation Detachment (First Lieut. R. D. Leach, U. S. M. C., commanding, and Ch. Mar. Gnr. Fred Lueders, U. S. M. C., commanding officer of Aviation Detachment); the Marine Reserve Aviation Unit (Capt. C. J. Peters, U. S. M. C. R., commanding); and the Naval Hospital Detachment (Sergt. Ray Trulock in charge).



THE FOURTH REGIMENT CUP

Won from a field of fifty-one entries by Corporal Willoughby of the 26th Co., U. S. M. C., in the first annual competition of the Shanghai Rifle Association for this cup.

Owing to our shortage of men this season, our athletic activities are not as complete as in the past. But by co-operation with the Navy baseball team, we have managed to keep up a keen interest. On the team were three Marines, viz., Garraughty, ss.; Carden, 2b; Keller, 1b, who have greatly assisted in keeping their team on top in the North Shore League during the greater part of the season.

We are also furnishing two members of the Navy football squad, viz., Stoffel and McDonough, who are two capable huskies and show great promise. Indications are favorable for an excellent basket ball team this year.

I rather think this will be enough for the first attempt, so will knock off, promising more news in the future.

SPARKLES FROM THE CARIBBEAN

By Privates Samples and Du Bois.

Look closely at your maps. Fifteen hundred miles southeast of Florida, nearly lost in the blue expanse of the Caribbean Sea, you will find a cluster of tiny dots. Three of these represent the Virgin Islands, St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John, named in the order of their respective size.

The radio station, operated by U. S. Marines, is situated on St. John. The entire complement of this post consists of five Marines in charge of Corporal Mitchum. North of this island lies St. Croix. The rifle range of the Corps is located there.

At St. Thomas we have the U. S. Naval Station, Naval Hospital, the U. S. S. "Grebe," station ship, and, consequently, the Marine Barracks. They are situated on the waterfront directly in front of old Fort Christian, which is a silent reminder of the days when the islands were under Danish rule.

Our sports consist mainly of tennis, bowling, and swimming. Incidentally we have a fairly good baseball team, ably managed by Capt. Walter Sweet, our detachment commander. He is assisted in his managerial duties by Sergeant Seider. In our last game played with the native all-stars we were defeated by the score of five to four. We feel certain that the officers and inhabitants of St. Thomas, who attended the game, will agree with us that we have a fairly good team.

At this writing there is a rumor that a four-team league will be organized soon. The Naval Station, Hospital, U. S. S. "Grebe," and the Marines will have teams to represent them. In all probability this would be an advancement in service athletics in the Virgin Islands.

In closing we would like to take this medium to extend our greetings to Lieutenant-Colonel James J. Meade, our new commanding officer, who recently arrived from the States to take command. We sincerely hope he will enjoy his tour of duty in the Virgin Islands.

EVERYBODY'S UP IN THE AIR AT PUERTO CABEZAS, NIC.

By "Cheeno"

Good evening, Fellow Leathernecks. We are on the air this month for the first time. We are in the air the bigger part of the daylight hours, but we have been unable to treat "The Broadcast" to a selection during the past few months, because, as I have said before, we are in the air the bigger part of the daylight hours, and we have no lights at night.

The three musketeers, Lieutenants Conway, Guymon and Scribner, have been burning the air so much around here with their Loening Amphibians, that the buzzards have forsaken Byrd Field for safer hunting grounds. Much

credit is due these three flyers; much more, I fear, than they will ever get. The weather is never too bad, the field too soft, nor the cause too light to take these men into the air. Through all kinds of weather and over all kinds of country they go day after day and week after week. When they come in from the hills they are carried to their quarters in town by a little Ford touring car, and we see them no more until the following morning when the little Ford brings them back for another trip to the hills, Managua, or Bluefields.

They have great confidence in the men in whose hands they leave their ships each evening, and they well know that no inspection will be necessary when they are ready to take to the air again. Such confidence is rare, especially in this branch of service, where the life of the man at the controls, as well as the human cargo he carries, is doomed to destruction if the mechanics forget to tighten this or that "gadget." But such confidence is not rare at Byrd Field; it is taken as a matter of course, and that has instilled into the men of this command a greater satisfaction in their work, and a respect for their officers that is seldom, if ever, found, at least to any such great extent, anywhere else in the service.

Lieutenant Guymon is now in command, and Lieutenant Conway is quartermaster officer. Gy. Sergeants Kildow and Meechem are the dispensers of knowledge, orders, greeting (or what have you?) in the absence of the C. O. Much can be said of their ability in that line. Things run along so smoothly that one would not know if the C. O. were present or absent, if it were not for the transportation (the aforementioned Ford) standing out in front.

Kildow got an idea that the place could stand a little improvement in so far as the optics are concerned, and had placed in front of Headquarters the new numbers that were recently allotted to us: VJ-6M. The numbers were made by sticking beer bottles into the ground to form the letters which are about ten feet high and thirty feet long. The bottles were obtained—but why bring that up? They were then painted white, and they can be seen to a good advantage from the air.

Meechem can be found most any evening between the hours of six and ten, on the steps of the barracks, "harmonizing" with the boys, or exchanging tales of "When I was in Haiti," for one of "When I was up at Great Lakes," or "Remember at Quantico?"

A serious accident was averted last night by the timely action of some soft-hearted soul. It seems that the boys were all sitting on the steps of the barracks, singing the old songs that Marines always sing when they get together, and it comes time to go to bed. Meechem starts to his quarters, stops, and takes a look up at the moon, and says: "Just think, that same old moon is shining on my darling's roof away back there in the States." Half a dozen men jumped up from the steps and searched for something to throw, but it so happened that someone had removed the G. I. can a few minutes before, or a serious accident might have happened.

Sergeant George Cole is social secretary for the detachment. Although he

gets a dozen or more letters each time the ship comes in from the States, he is always wondering what has become of the rest of his mail. It must be terrible to be so popular. But, can that man write letters! His locker looks like Quantico post office at Christmas time.

Corporal Dave Shenk is with us again after spending a few weeks at Managua. We have also Privates Anderson, Barlass, Chambers, Blackburn, Edmonson, Bell, Frecka, Hall, Ennes, Hunt, Berneau, Thibaudeau, Sadler, Case, Chapman, Perry, Horr and Parsons.

Hall and Parsons hand out growls and other things at the issue window in the Quartermaster Department. Edmonson puts it down in writing when they can't



DO YOU KNOW HIM?

He is none other than Staff Sgt. (Ret.) Ole L. Jespersen, as he looked one bright Sunday morning aboard the "Utah." (1917.) He says that he has plenty of reading matter now, but he will take time to read *The Leatherneck*.

make it look strong enough at the Company Office. Hunt is slinging pots in the galley. Sadler teases bombs until they are ready to burst, then fastens them on the ships. Thibaudeau is jockey for the Ford truck. Case fixes parachutes and indulges in a bit of light opera between folds. Chapman is the fellow who hits the hammer with the nail. Blackburn is master-at-arms for the three monkeys we have. The rest do nothing much, and Ennes helps them.

Anderson negotiated with a native relating to the purchase of a horse to ride to and from the hangars; but the horse died on the way over to close the sale. At least, that is what he says. He is going to try to bring damages against the native, since he bought books, medicine, and a sack of oats for the horse; and now he has all this stuff on hand. He tried to sell the oats to the mess-

sergeant, but the sergeant didn't think he could make anything out of them that the boys would eat.

Our time is about up now, so we will sign off. We will be on the air again next month at the same time. Our new letters are VJ6M. Good night.

THE VIRGIN ISLAND MARINES

By Harold H. Langsdorf

"The Leatherneck" has not heard from us for some time, but we will try to be with you regularly from now on. We believe all Marine activities should be broadcast through our timely and able medium. We feel, of course, that we are one of the most important of the tropical Marine stations. We further believe that we have a happy station here and that all Marines should know about us.

We were in the limelight for a few days this month. On the 12th and 13th of September one of the worst tropical hurricanes experienced on these islands for many years attacked us. Fortunately we came out whole—no deaths—but we will long remember those two eventful days. Our property losses were heavy; St. Thomas was badly hit, but not quite so much as St. Croix. St. John didn't escape entirely; considerable damage was reported from there. The civilian population suffered severely, and once more the Marines distinguished themselves by doing all within their power to alleviate the suffering. They placed themselves at the call of the governor for every known kind of rescue.

When the warning of the hurricane came, Marines were dispatched to different parts of the island to warn the inhabitants, and to explain what precautions they should take. During the storm rescue parties searched for those in distress. At central points of rescue, Marines served coffee and food to those who had been driven from their homes. The cable broke, and the Leathernecks tried hard to pick it up and reopen communications. All in all, the work of this little force can be considered most commendable.

As you probably know, we have three detachments of Marines on duty in the Virgin Islands; the distribution is as follows:

Headquarters at Saint Thomas: Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. Mead, commanding; Captain Walter Sweet, commanding Barracks Detachment; Captain Oliver C. Hine, Post QM. & SDA.; 2nd Lieutenant Raymond A. Anderson, Post Exchange Officer; Chief Pay Clerk Wilbur W. Raybolt; 1st Sergeant Horace E. Lyon, Post Sgt. Major; Quartermaster Sergeant Warren L. Granger; Quartermaster Sergeant Francis M. Jackson; Paymaster Sergeant George R. Frank.

56th Company, Christiansted, St. Croix: Captain Tracy G. Hunter, Commanding; 1st Lieutenant W. E. Quaster, attached; 1st Sergeant Frank Stubbe, QM. Sgt. Elmer T. Painter.

St. John, St. John: Radio detachment, Corporal Homer "T" Mitchum in charge.

The Post at St. Thomas is particularly well fitted out, having an excellent amusement room, Post Exchange, bowling alley, baseball team, movies each night, and a string orchestra in the making. St. Croix is nearly as well off—they're a clannish lot over there and, of course, prefer St. Croix to our more cosmopolitan center.

SPANISH SCHOOL DETACHMENT AT ESTELI, NICARAGUA

The regular detachments write of the glory of their outfits and tell what good fellows and times they have. We are a temporary organization, so now is the time for us to make our mark on these pages before we imitate the ships "that pass in the night."

"WE" are the Esteli School Detachment, and pleased to meet you. Major J. B. Pate, U. S. A., is our "Jefe." Ensigns B. C. Gwinn and P. L. High are his capable assistants. Our teachers are Srta. Lucilla Torres and Sr. Rafael Zapata. There are thirty of us in this outfit, so the companies from which we come can be about all we can give. Two represent the 50th Company; eight, the 57th; and five are from the Second Battalion Hqtrs. Co.; all 11th Regiment. Eight men from the 66th Company, 5th Regiment, are right at home while they are going to school.

We all had arrived in Esteli by July 15, and the next day school started. Most of us were just ordinary Marines, here to get what we could and do our best when the time came. Now, seven weeks later, we have a bunch of budding dons and lawyers. Of course, all the law we are familiar with is the McCoy Electoral Law, but we know our stuff on that. As to Spanish, well, we don't like to boast, but we can make ourselves understood now without drawing pictures, and both we and the Nicaraguans enjoy our "breeze blowing" sessions.

By the time you fellows are reading this we'll all be scattered around the department at the various election boards, seeing that Nicaragua gets its first free and just election. Who'd have tho't that the "General Service" phrase in the enlistment papers would include a job like this?

Adios, senores Marineros.

NOTES FROM PEKING

By Donald Murphy

Howdy Gyrenes! Long time no see, yes, sir! I guess it has been quite some time since this detachment has had an article in "The Leatherneck," but henceforth I hope to have one in as often as possible.

Many changes have occurred in our

personnel during the past month. The reason for this is that about one hundred and twenty men have left for Magwa (U. S.), due to the expiration of enlistments. They are now in the Brass Brigade in Tientsin, shining up the brass work on their equipment, and impatiently waiting for the transport to take them home. Replacements have arrived from the Third Brigade, thus filling our post to the authorized strength of five hundred men.

Colonel Holcomb, our commanding officer, has just returned from a leave, most of which he and his family spent at Port Arthur, Manchuria. During his absence Lieut.-Colonel Emile P. Moses acted as commandant.

Did you know that the name Peking, as applied to this burg, has been changed by the Nationalists to read Peiping, which word means Northern Peace, or Northern Plains. These Nationalists are certainly modernizing China; no more bound feet, pig-tails, or beards.

We are glad to welcome to this post Lieutenants Biebush, Stillman and Thompson, who joined recently from the Third Brigade.

Say, this "East of Suez" noise is all the rot, and not what it's cracked up to be. From accounts we heard in the States we were led to imagine this was the land of liquid sunshine, beautiful, fairy-like girls in silken dresses, wonderful tea-gardens where limpid strains of heavenly music flowed from invisible orchestras; all to be had for a few cents a day. Applesauce! But far be it from me to discourage those who have not been here. There is an old saying that experience is a dear teacher. Right now I want to add that the word d-e-a-r doesn't mean lovable.

Captain W. P. T. Hill has just returned from a leave of several months. He was attached to the Inner Mongolian Expedition, captained by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews. They left Peking early in April, and expected to be gone until the first of October; but due to a leakage of their gasoline supply they were forced to return earlier. Captain Hill served in the capacity of Chief Topographer. He has completed his tour of foreign shore service, and expects to return to the States soon.

Lieut. Colonel Schwable has been relieved as Post Quartermaster by Lieut. Colonel Noa, and is now en route to the States.

Our baseball nine was considerably weakened by the transfer of some of the best of the team. This, however, has not daunted them, and they continue to head the North China League. Last week-end they whipped the Army (15th Infantry) to the tune of 7-3. The next day they lost to the Tientsin Marines, 12-3. Last year this Legation won the championship of the North China League. With a few more breaks we shall probably win it again this season.

The Y. M. C. A. will soon start the usual weekly dances which were discontinued through the warm weather. This place is known as "The Sheiks' Palace."

Many men are taking week-end trips to the Western Hills and the Great Wall. The Western Hills are about fifteen miles west of Peking, and include many wonderful temples and much beautiful scenery. The Great Wall, about forty miles west of Peking, can be seen from the Tartar Wall by high-power glasses on clear days.

It has been necessary to inform some of the newly transferred corporals that ten bells are not struck at this post.

Well, friends, here is an invitation to attend a party staring me in the face, so I will close in haste, 'till next issue.

U. S. NAVAL RADIO STATION, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By Private Alexander

Since the last rumble from this station was broadcast to the world, via our Leatherneck, we have changed our personnel to such an extent that old timers would hardly see a familiar face. Captain Kelleher departed to take over a post in the Gendarmerie. He was relieved by Captain Radcliffe. With the exception of Gy. Sergt. Raley, none of our old radio operators is with us now. Corporal Jimmy Ryan, late of Quantico and Nicaragua, displayed such aptitude for the key that he was finally put on to show his stuff. Like all good Irishmen, he came through with flying colors. He is now standing regular watches along with Corporal Curtin and Pfc. Joe Kopnoka.

We received five men from Quantico on the July "Kittery." The way these men from the radio school are going it looks as if they will soon be able to take anything thrown at them.

First Sergeant Stepanof arrived recently. We lost a good top when First Sergeant Kiley went back; but we could not have gained a better one than Charlie Stepanof. His one regret seems to be that he won't get the same fishing here that he did in the States. When he sits at his desk with that dreamy, far away look in his eyes, you can just bet he is thinking about those big-mouth bass.

The Brigade had a swimming meet Labor Day, and the Signal Company was well represented. Thomas, one of our new men, walked away with the 100-yard swim; he also took third place in the diving contest. We have not been represented much in athletics, but it does us good to step in and show Brigade we are here. We have also a basket ball team, and the first game will be played



SPANISH SCHOOL DETACHMENT ASSEMBLED AT ESTELI, NICARAGUA

around the fifteenth. Nothing but first place is going to satisfy us. Our material looks pretty good and there is no reason why we should not have a fast team. It is composed of Sergeant Orms, Corporal Duffy, Pfc. Archer (the original sheik), Privates Bryne and Thomas, and Trumpeter Wilkinson.

TUMA TOPICS FROM THE MARINE DET., U. S. S. "COLORADO"

By "Don't Mind Me"

The "Good Ship 'Colorado'" Marine Detachment has the situation well in hand at Tuma, Nicaragua, having relieved the U. S. S. "Rochester" Detachment about August first.

Although this camp bears the name of Tuma, the closest town, Matagalpa, is twenty-seven miles away. We're out in the sticks proper, so to speak, but our location is ideal. We are only a few hundred yards from the Tuma River. A daily dip in the "ole swimmin' hole" is enjoyed by all hands.

Captain Roy C. Swink, who had been our commanding officer for two years, recently left for Managua, the first leg of his journey to the States. First Lieutenant Robert L. Skidmore will command the detachment until the arrival of Captain Edward A. Fellowes, who is to be our new "skipper."

Fred Norman is our first sergeant, and Orval C. Gilstrap, late of the U. S. S. "Tennessee," our "gunny." Both are old campaigners with twenty-one and twenty-eight years in the Corps.

"Tiny" Rolland, our songbird, keeps the boys entertained with selections on his guitar, an instrument of his own manufacture.

A prize of five dollars has been offered to anyone who can beat Jerry Foreman to the chow line, but at this writing the reward remains unclaimed.

"Abie" Ritters and "Asia" Williams are in the best of spirits. (Oh, yes! we're back in the tropics.)

Hopkins has a pet monkey that takes his (Hopkins', not the monkey's) mess gear to chow and returns with it full. This arrangement enables Hopkins to sleep in each morning.

Penny and Pettit, two of our machine gunners, have taken a remarkable interest in automatic weapons. It is rumored that these two are going to set up a business in Chicago.

WITH THE "TEXAS" DETACHMENT, LEON, NICARAGUA

By L. Richardson

Perhaps those fellows who follow the notes of sea-going units regularly, and are familiar in a literal sense with the writers of the same, will wonder how it comes about that a private has the audacity to try to fill the shoes—or rather occupy, of course, I could never fill the shoes—of Sergeant Hearn. You see, it happens this way: Hearn is pretty busy at present gathering material from various newspapers which will enable him to better his almost incessant arguments with Sergt. Major Hanford and First Sergeant Rasmussen regarding the coming presidential elections.

Now that the detachment has successfully completed its course of instruction in the Sub-Thompson and Browning automatic rifles, under the direction of the top kick, and has fired the range, there is nothing left to do



ONE OF THE NEW BARRACKS UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT QUANTICO

but wise-crack about our balmy shipmates. Of course, we still have the duties of a guard company, which demands a little seriousness, but the writer's mind is entirely too shallow for seriousness—hence remains within his bounds.

The first on the program, ladies and what follows you, is our old friend, "Rabbi" Renstrom. Abie is a short-timer—only four months to do—and this may be the last opportunity we will have to fix him up before he spends that five hundred smackers he has been saving up to follow the calling of his natural instinct, "Diversion." "Ikke" is a hound for pastime.

We have a new fraternity called "The Unbalanced Boys." They chase butterflies and pin them above their bunks for exhibition. Charley Kolbert is the leader of said fraternity and has such followers as Leonard, Aschwanden, Kennedy, Benier and Coons—no, not the kind of coon you used to eat back on the farm with potatoes and corn bread; he really talks, and how!

Sergeant Triplett is chief of the sleeping squad. This organization is known as the "Pullman Brothers." Those concerned are: Sepe, Sawyer, Anderson, Laux, Morgan—Morgan, but not "J. P."—Woods and, in fact, half the outfit. These men, it can be truthfully said, are as far from insomnia as yours truly is from a million dollars.

For entertainment we have the, er, syncopation of "The Royal Order of Sons of Rest." Sergeant Rayborn, Corporal Schultz, Pfc. Nelson, McKenna, Leonard and the not-so-melodious voices of Privates Wheeler, Kraker, Thompson, Stapleton and Tames compose this unit.

The other day Bobbie Upton wobbled up to Kubesak and said: "Say, Kubie, how's to loan me a quarter?" Kubesak flatly refused, probably because pay-day seemed too far in the future tense. Bobbie's Georgia-rebel blood revolted. "Kubesak," he shouted, "you're honestly too tight to buy a collar button. You use the mole on the back of your neck instead." Kubesak wilted.

Another prize winner from Georgia, not to mention the gallant Hearn, is Ulysses J. Handley. "Useless" recently

ordered a pair of shoes from the quartermaster, and the latter wired Washington for permission to fit him up with the "Saratoga" and the "Lexington." The good people back in the State of peaches might call size thirteen "shoes," but, personally, we agree with the quartermaster; they are gunboats.

Kid Welsh is more enthusiastic than ever regarding his home town, Bogalusa, La. He insists that the population is increasing so rapidly that some day, and not so far off, the city limits will cross Lake Pontchartrain, and New Orleans will become the suburbs.

There is no question as to who is the biggest sheik in these parts. Sergeant Raiden holds that distinction, undisputed.

With every outfit there is always one who can build anything from a mouse trap to a cathedral. Sergeant Hogan's erstwhile assistant, G. F. Peters, deserves unlimited credit in that respect, for his work not only covers this detachment, but half the Western Area.

When Colonel Beaumont arrived in Leon he decided that if he needed orderlies he would have only the best. Everhats, Smith, Nelson, McCausland, Hines and Dickenson filled that position immediately.

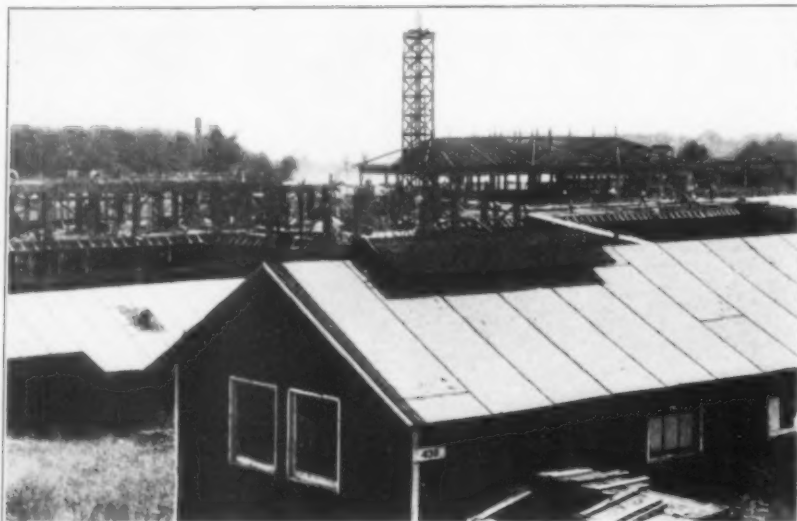
Heitman is the dashing "Company Clown," and certainly slings a wicked typewriter in dishing out midnight watches—they don't tick, either. Johnny is also M. P. on the movie patrol. You can't blame a guy for taking in the movies free.

Babb insists that the man who can retain his religion in Nicaragua deserves extra consideration ere he passes on. More truth than imaginable.

No doubt the Associated Press has already spread the news, but Newkirk, Bullard and Frieday are now standing corporal of the guard watches, and have the situation well in hand.

What puzzles this old sea weed most is just why Haskins, after being caught smoking on watch and losing that "filthy drag" he often refers to, still feels so kindly towards his old cob pipe.

Shields is dissipating something terrible nowadays. He has begun to smoke, and for practically no reason at all.



When Marines return to Quantico from Nicaragua or China, there will be a regular home waiting for them. Many will be unable to recognize the famous old Marine Corps Post. The old war-time wooden barracks buildings with their broken windows, leaky roofs, and fresh air cracks are rapidly giving way to quarters of more modern construction. (Leatherneck Photo.)

McKenna asked the mayor of Leon what he would take for the entire city. He wants it for a souvenir.

The fact that Lieutenant Perrin is mess officer will suffice for all the surplus weight of the detachment.

Our ebony friends, the buzzards, are beginning to close in. Evidently they sense the writer's perdition imminent. Perhaps 'tis best we employ the prerogative of all pencil-pushers—"quit."

But just a minute. How about the fellows we left aboard the "Texas?" Ewton, Gullette, Troublefield, etc. How's to drop us a line?

PARRIS ISLAND, S. C. By Sgt. John B. Mann

Just a line or two about the boys here in the East wing galley. They deserve a lot of credit for the work they perform, feeding three or four hundred recruits daily, and never complaining. Their mottoes are: "It never hurts anyone to be pleasant," and "Why make bad chow when you can make it right at the same cost?" It requires no little skill to feed the number of men that pass through that mess hall every meal. The slightest mistake might mean the loss of many dollars; but every precaution is used to make the chow as good as possible. It is no easy matter to please everyone.

Staff Sergeant Joseph Pokorny is the mess sergeant. He has had a great deal of experience in that line. He is aided by Sergeant Roscoe Swinson and Sergeant Jens Pedersen, both well known in the Marine Corps as mess sergeants and cooks. Then there is Pfc. Jalonen, the chief mess-man. They call him Nestor, I don't know why. Anyway, how that man can growl! He should be able to, he's big enough. Eugene Seda is also with us. He is the Marine from Czecho Slovakia (whatever that is), and has the honor of being meat cutter. Then there is Floyd, the first cook. He is sometimes

called Tracy, but more frequently Babe. He would make a wonderful advertisement for Murine Eye Wash. The fact of the matter is, he is quite a sheik. There is also Yates, second cook; Manning, third cook, and Whitmire, fourth cook. Now, I ask you, how can a galley go on the rocks with a group of men like that at the helm?

NOTES FROM THE BIRDS AT QUANTICO AIRCRAFT SQUADRONS By Arnheim

Yes, I know it's bad to start an article with "I," but it can't be helped this time. As I prepare the notes into a song, I have but twelve days to do! I knew the time would come some day when I would be a "short-timer," and would want to ship over. It has come, and the desire is present. The old Marine Corps is a hard place to leave, fellows, and I shall always remember the friends I have made. They are real "buddies," and I surely hope I will not lose contact with them.

Now, as I was saying:
"Skippy" Sharp, the boy of the VF-4, has decided to make a new table of time. He makes out his morning report showing his ship with one hour and sixty minutes flying time. We think he had his mind on that fair lady back in Kansas City.

"Whitey" Hobbs says he is going to have a good time in Washington spinning the "un-spinnable" Spad. Word has been received that someone is offering \$500 to the first person who will spin said Spad, and "Whitey" says it is like getting money from home without writing for it.

The Photographic Laboratory, with Corporal Eddie L. Metzler in charge, has recently taken on the appearance of a real place. "Pop" seems to have put the place on its feet. He is a real photographer, and the type of man that Aviation needs.

We want to know who the "easy money" man that Jesuale found in the late world series was. We think we know!

Our football team journeyed to Richmond for its first game on October 6, and we were beaten to the tune of 39-0. For the most part it was a much better game than the score would indicate. Aviation gained more ground during the game, and made more first downs than did the Blues. Passes was the medicine, and only with them could the Blues gain an inch. Steele, Arner and Vincent were easily the stars of the backfield. Diaz, at end, and Buchanan on the other flank, played a bang-up game. Christina, at center, was the only man who played the entire game. Taking everything into consideration, especially the fact that half the squad had never played football before, we have the makings of a good team. We should reach our full stride in another game or two. Then, LOOK OUT, FOOTBALL TEAMS! Our dog, "Pooch," was very much in evidence at the game, and attracted a lot of attention.

"Jo-Jo" Bradley came back the other day from a sixty-day leave. He must have gotten hungry again.

Again we say, "How do they do it?" Some more automobiles have put in their appearance at the field. Craig, Shanklin and Burns are the new owners. It must be great to be a millionaire.

We are sending a big detail to Haiti this month. I suppose that means another detail will be coming back. That seems to be the only way we can get in touch with Port au Prince.

Goose Gosney and Abraham went to the fair at Richmond last Wednesday. "Abie" says these \$27.50 fairs (or affairs) are not so hot. 'Smatter Abie? Stay with 'em, Big Boy.

Guess the old "Kittery" will have an unexpected passenger for the next trip. Lilly got permission to report in to Haiti at his own expense, but could not get a reservation. The "Kittery" will carry him, and at the government's expense.

Bet this football game in Richmond takes a lot of the fellows there on liberty more often. The by-word seemed to be "get-a-girl!" and most of the Marines had 'em. The situation was well in hand.

Warble, warble, and we're through.

Again I bid adieu, but not good-bye, to all the fellows. Here's hoping that I'll meet most of you soon again—when I ship over!

STATION NOLA

By Ray

Somebody asked me the other day who the girl friend NOLA was, so gather close, all ye Leathernecks, and I'll spill the dirt! NOLA stands for that city of Creole splendor and French Drip Coffee, New Orleans, Louisiana—and that's my weakness now! And the first sagacious remark regarding said weakness is that there's no other city that can beat it for liberty. No, as the saying goes, you can't even tie it!

The official dope has it that our CO, Captain Israel, is to take command of the Marines at Coco Solo, and our most recent sadness is that we can't move the command here to Coco Solo. Our "Top Kick," 1st Sergeant Cox, has received orders to proceed to Dover, N. J. He is to be succeeded by 1st Sergeant John

Joy, now doing duty at Parris Island. Nichols, our QM Sergeant, has all his effects crated up, and is standing by to proceed to Port au Prince. His relief blew in the first of the month, and who should it turn out to be but Frank P. Manley? Yes, sir! nobody else but! Manley knows his fingernail files when it comes to QM work, and we are quite sure his stay here will be an enjoyable one.

The personnel of the station goes up and down like a barometer. Five discharges and twenty transfers last month. Of our noble sarhentos only "One Egg" Bambalere, "Whoopee" Payton, and Wee Willie Roberts are left. "Whoopee" has been going around with a sort of worried look in his eyes, for it looks like a case moving in the guard house when Wee Willie ventures out in the cruel, cruel world the eighteenth. "Concrete" Harris was paid off last month. He is now building roads or bridges for some concern in Los Angeles. Success to you, "Pop."

"Bigamy" Benny Cox, being somewhat of a high flyer, decided Quantico was his main objective, and forthwith didst take a thirty-day leave with permission to report in at said barracks. Watch out for those Washington femmes, Benny!

Our two-strippers haven't suffered many changes. Nolan has been appointed successor to Pop Harris, and is now acting in the capacity of our big police sergeant in addition to his other duties—and, pst—I have it on good authority that he was making inquiries the first of the month to see if he couldn't work in the galley during his spare time. Pence is in charge of the garage and fire barn. Old Tom is the man who keeps the hot water hot, and Faulk is busy doing his four on and twelve off; which seems to be his only weakness.

Baseball is now over, and, there not being enough men available for a winter league team, the sporting enthusiasm has been tuned in on the football games. A goodly gang of Leathernecks can always be found around the radio in the Post Exchange, listening in to the returns.

COOKS AND BAKERS SCHOOL

By Two Tropical Marines

We wonder why Sergeants Benz and Swinson are looking over towards Beaufort and Port Royal, S. C., every evening when the liberty boat leaves P. I. Porky wants to know when Sergeant Urban and Corporals Yarwood and Frydrych are going fishing again. The trio's answer, 174, is not a bad catch, is it? Steinsdoerfer, why the Master Baking Book? Going to make your own wedding cake? Why not leave Private Derrick make your pies? Patty Wells says he will make the slum for you. Horn, our New York butcher, will fix you up with some Q. M. chicken. McLaughlin, how are the mammas in Augusta, Ga.? The latest song at C & B is, "Good-bye, P. I., Hello Chi," sung by the short-timers.

Well, Sergeant Don R. Shearer, how's to show the Island that C & B has the best basket ball team this year? Credit is due Don, who was captain of the team last year, for bringing home the bacon.

The honors of best cook's ratings go to Koverman and Sarkunas at the present time.

DOPE FROM HEADQUARTERS

By TaBob

The personnel of Marine Corps Headquarters has remained the same, or practically so, during the past couple of months, but quite a few of the boys now write "Mr." in front of their names. The following have accepted civil service appointments continuing in their previous positions:

Office of MGC.—Andrew J. Gengler, Hubert Graves, Herman A. Sauer, George E. Schroebel, Arthur H. Williams, Carl R. Wirl.

A. & I. Department.—Ray M. Alexander, Ranald M. Briggs, William E. Brigham, James C. Jenkins, Blair L. Montgomery, Oliver Pauley, Fred R. Sharpnack.

Quartermaster Department.—George M. Fox, Ival H. Hatton, Henry B. Holdstock, William A. Jordan, Clifford L. Nelson, Francis O. Perkins, James A. Roberts, Howard R. J. Thompson.

Paymaster Department.—Roy Benningfield, Thomas P. Blankenship, Raymond M. Curtis, Charles P. Daum, Theodore Edwards, James H. Foley, Rex R. Hill, Howard C. Ross, Edward C. Schmidt, Harry G. Vaughn.

Mrs. Mix, in the Muster Roll Division, is all aflutter over her forthcoming trip to Panama. Although the trip is not until February, she has all of her plans made already.

In addition to Mrs. Mix, there are five other members of the fair (or almost fair) sex of the A. & I. Department who are going to make the trip to Panama, i. e., Chris Bartley, Edith Brown, Gertrude Friedman, Kitty Kinnear and Margaret Shaughnessy.

Earl Gallagher thinks the Civil Service is all wet. He put in for transfer

about two months ago but to date hasn't heard a word about it, except they sent a representative over to see what he did all day. Earl sure snowed him under. Yes, Gallagher is still running Pat Mulhern's Army.

Headquarters is losing one of its old-timers in the transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve of QM. Sgt. Edward E. Lockout. "Ed" has landed a real nice Civil Service appointment with the Department of Justice in a line of work similar to that followed by him in the Marine Corps—that is to say, fingerprint classification and investigation. We wish him every success in his enlarged field of labor.

Our old friend, Landreville Ledoux, from the Mail and File Division, is now a QM. Clerk, and is the assistant chief of the Muster Roll Division. Mr. Barde relieved him in the Mail and File Division on October 1. Ledoux's first inspection trip was the Marine Barracks, Washington, and the Navy Yard, Washington, where he found everything O. K.

Miss Bacot recently wrote a scenario about "Mr. Austin of Austin." We are all waiting for the verdict.

"Mac," Major Domo of the Big Room, and custodian of the "Hootin-Nannie," backed the National League entry in the world series as usual and, as usual, —. If you want to win, find out what Mac is betting and then bet the opposite. Mac can still remember when McNeeley made that hit in the ninth inning, trimming the Giants, but he doesn't smile when you recall it to his memory.

Before the days when she got annual leave, Chris Bartley used to be a regular stay-at-home; now, not satisfied with a trip to Boston, she must gad out to the middle west via automobile. She put her O. K. on the Ford plant and a few other



A group of non-commissioned officers leaving on the U. S. S. "Columbia" Oct. 6 for duty with the Guardia Nacional in Nicaragua. In the group are: 1st Sgt. York and wife, Sgt. James A. Canavan, Sgt. Jack Davis, Sgt. Ermon Hemson, Sgt. Harry Rosenberg, Sgt. Charles A. Shave, Sgt. Fred Seyfert, Sgt. Joseph Uszko, Sgt. Ernest Winfrey, Sgt. E. Mills, Cpl. Clarence Hughes, Cpl. Stanley Atha, Cpl. Albert Doane, Cpl. Arnold Larson, Cpl. Jack Russell, Cpl. Ambrose Stein, Cpl. George Young.

(Photo by M. V. Young.)

major industries and came back looking her usual sweet self.

Freddie Moore also hit the trail by automobile, going over into Canada, and got back safe and sound. Some folks are born lucky.

Jane Blakeney is walking around with her head up in the air these days—since the installation of an electric plant "in her country estate." The thrill has proven too great for her usual modest self.

Several desks in the Records Division with consistency have the appearance of a flower garden. We don't know the origin of these beautiful bouquets, nor do we care, but they sure do look good and cheerful.

Our "sickly-looking" friend, Tom Atkinson, has sworn off smoking cigars lately, and as a result we are pleased to see him looking "fairly well" once more.

The A. & I. is already in readiness for its annual Christmas feast; that is to say, collections and preliminary plans have been made and there is nothing to do but wait for December 24th. With several new faces, there will be several persons who will have the privilege of sharing this delightful affair for the first time.

Walde Foster, for some misguided reason, got a funny notion that St. Louis was going to win. His pocketbook, after the series was over, told him very "flatly" that he was wrong.

Everybody who knows "Micky" Ronan who has worked in the QM. Department for years, will be sorry to hear that he has been discharged by medical survey because of ill health, and we are all pulling for him to get back on his feet at an early date.

We don't know exactly what was back of this radio deal between Sharpnack and Gallagher, but we think that a five-tube set which will bring in twenty-six stations on one night isn't such a bad buy these days at a dollar, even though it did not come complete with electric power units. We wonder if Sharpnack had as good luck with his new set.

With all of those new super-power radios who knows but what some of us can tune in on the Marines eating chow Thanksgiving or Christmas and maybe hear them gurgling their soup or juggle chop suey in true Chinese fashion. Speaking of China, it occurs to us that Burns Goodwin ought to be able to make out his own laundry ticket by this time.

Ran across QM. Clerk Lancaster the other night at the bowling alleys. "Lanny" is now retired, but that doesn't keep him from rolling a good game of duck pins, although he admitted his ball doesn't have the old zip it used to have.

Headquarters friends of Eddie Smith down in Parris Island hereby serve notice of their strong opinion of his neglect when he so conscientiously avoided the gang during his recent furlough when in Washington, New York, and at the race track. We find a probable solution in the last mentioned place of amusement.

Staff Sergt. Julian Bird of the Pay Department was recently transferred to the Pay Office at Atlanta, Georgia, Headquarters losing another good bowler and an all-around good fellow.

Kitty Kinnear recently returned from a big trip to her old home town, Corning, New York. We think she looks a bit stouter.

Sharpnack reported one day that he had a case of blood poisoning. Sherlock Giles is still trying to find out who was in the woods with him.

Have you heard about Ann McGoldrick's new car? Up to date everything has happened to that car except finding the engine missing.

Hunter came back from his vacation with some fish stories that took the prize away from old A. A. Moore.

Speaking about fish stories, have you ever listened to Ledoux, Keller or Carley, talking about their trip? According to Keller, all the sardines are out of cans swimming around the Potomac. He said he caught lots of them.

The Marine Corps team in the Ladies' Federal Bowling League got away to a good start the opening night, September 20, winning all three games from the

GENERAL CALL FOR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE CAPTAIN FRANCIS BURNES, U. S. M. C.

Because of the brilliant record made by the above man the Navy Department has named a destroyer after him. The captain of the destroyer has asked for a photograph of Captain Burnes to be placed in the ward room. There is no photograph of him at Headquarters nor can any be traced. If any reader is able to furnish one it is requested that it be mailed to Major J. C. Fegan, Room 3012 Navy Building, Washington, D. C. After it has been reproduced and enlarged it will be returned to the owner unharmed.

Captain Burnes enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1904 and served continuously until his death. As an enlisted man he held the rank of sergeant major; later was appointed a Marine Gunner and was finally promoted to captain.

General Accounting Office team. They have since lost three games to Navy and won two from Labor, but are well up in the league standing.

The team consists of Mary V. Edenton, captain, and Edith Brown, Katherine Kinnear, Anna McGoldrick and Charlotte Bacot as members, while Margaret Shaughnessy, Margaret McGoldrick and Pauline Chamberlain look very promising as substitutes.

Edith Brown had an especially good start and has a great deal to live up to, having high average of 101-2, high game 124, high set 329 and high spares 20, in the league. It will be remembered that Mrs. Brown won considerable publicity, as well as a silver loving cup, on the occasion of the last game of last bowling season, when she rolled a game of 132, high individual game for the year, in this league.

The team ended in third place in the league last year and is working for just as good or better things this year.

In addition to furnishing a complete Marine Corps entry, Headquarters is also furnishing two members of the Navy Department Ladies' team—Fay Morgenstein, who has an average of 93, and Irene Scott, whose average is 91.

The Navy team is leading the league with eight games won and only one defeat.

There are no Marine Corps leagues organized so far this season of either men or ladies, which will be the first time this has happened in several years. Freddie Moore is captaining Navy No. 2 team in the Federal League, but was unable to get a strong all-Marine entry, which accounts for the name.

SAN DIEGO FIRE EATERS

By Cpl. W. Bradley Wilson, U. S. M. C.

Once again the United States Marines were called upon to perform an unusual duty, and, as usual, executed it in an exceptionally capable manner. Recently a large forest fire broke out in the San Diego mountains, and after many days of fighting the Marines were called upon to take the situation in hand. All available men at the Marine Corps Base were turned out, and it was amazing to see how many of our hard-working special duty personnel were present. Clerks from the Sergeant Major's office, the Quartermaster Department, and the Pay Office were there, and the Morale Department was completely represented. Even our able Leatherneck representative, Gy. Sgt. Moore, was there with blankets and mess gear; however, he was later released. About two hundred of us left the base thrilled with anticipation.

At Lakeside, the forces were divided into two detachments—thirty under the command of Lieut. Lawrence Norman, assisted by Sgt. Noble, and Cpls. Nantais and Wilson were sent to the Barona Ranch fire, and the balance to the Boulder Creek region. Immediately upon arriving at the Barona Ranch, half of us were sent to the fire line, and let me assure you it was sufficiently hot enough to draw perspiration. By midnight, after a few hours of hard work, the fire was well under control in our district. Back to camp to feast on beans and black coffee, and then to bed. Between mad screams of calves recently taken from their mothers, pigs serenading, a few rats, and someone stepping on my face, I found that pleasure in sleeping in the hay loft of a barn was gross fiction.

We arose at the horrible hour of four a. m. with the aid of the barnyard symphony. More beans and black coffee and to the front. This time we encountered a real blaze. Shovels and axes were put into use and by noon we had the fire again fairly well under control. Upon our return to camp we found a well organized military camp, this feat being credited to our hard-laboring sergeant. To our great satisfaction and appreciation, we found that they had sent us some real supplies from the city. From then on we feasted, and how! For supper that evening, "Red" Fishback, carpenter by profession, and cook by appointment, prepared us a real meal. The menu consisted of steak, French-fried spuds, sliced tomatoes, fried onions, corn and sliced pineapple. An excellent chow to be cooked over an open fire. All day Monday we spent our time stamping out small fires and by evening the fire in our district was almost out. It would be completely out by morning, in the event that there would be no wind.

As Marines must always be engaged in some kind of excitement, we embarked

upon a horseshoe tournament Monday evening. Lieutenant Norman and Sergt. Noble contending with Cpl. Wilson and Ph. Mate Peterson, our company pill dispenser. The game aroused such interest that it was necessary to complete it by lantern light. The ultra climax of the evening, with the score 18 to 18, Lieutenant Norman threw a ringer and Cpl. Wilson topped it, retiring his side victorious.

After breakfast the following day the game was resumed and eventually the crown was captured by Lieutenant Norman and Sergt. Noble. We were ordered to break camp at noon and return to our base. I must say, the adventure was thoroughly enjoyed and a complete success, but what expedition, whether large or small, is not a success where harmony and co-operation reign supreme?

M. B. NAVAL AMMUNITION DEPOT, ST. JULIEN'S CREEK, VA.

By Clarence C. Kelly

Publicity. That's what we want, and that's what we're going to get, even if a company clerk has to get it. Tune in, Marines, for I'm going to give you some inside dope about this thriving detachment.

Undoubtedly many of you would like to know more about us, what this post is like and what our duties are. At this writing there are thirty-eight of us here; also four naval officers and five naval enlisted men. We constitute the one and only fire-fighting force at this post, and we know we are unbeatable firemen. Witness the dispatch with which we controlled and extinguished the fire of July 27, when magazine No. 19 blew up shortly after midnight. Practically the entire command received letters of commendation from the Inspector of Ordnance in Charge. The Secretary of the Navy sent in letters of commendation to Corpl. Ted M. Sheffield, Pfc. Michael J. Johnson and Pvt. Charles R. Brown.

You readers who aspire to become trick riders or jockeys would find a real opportunity to become proficient at a post such as this. A horse and mules are available to the patrols. If anyone is unable to ride he learns soon enough when his dogs begin to bark. Fred Thompson couldn't hold a candle to any of our able horsemen. Pvt. Charles (Tubby) R. Brown holds the nickel-plated canteen cup, won at this year's rodeo. The mule (Sally) has requested a transfer to the Norfolk Navy Yard. We can't understand this sudden action of Sally's.

Privates Barney O. Weldon and William D. Durrett run the post laundry, and do a clean job of it, too. Privates First Class Chester L. Grigg and Michael J. Johnson, and Privates Louis H. Bourassa and Robert R. Serodino perform the duties of magazine attendants when they aren't sleeping. Sgt. Julian M. Ashley, lately of recruiting duty at Denver, is mess and police sergeant. Pvt. Edmond J. Braud is our second cook, and an excellent one, too. Pvt. Walter (Irish) W. Larson, and John (Goofy) E. Noel, our economizing mess men, will never learn to be yes-men. Their battle cry is: "There ain't no more!"

Pvt. Charles E. Withers is our fireman. We all love our fireman as long as he doesn't turn off the hot water. Pvt.

John P. Canjar is barbering during his spare time. What? You never knew we had a butcher? Pvt. Kenneth A. Whelan has about completely recovered from his tropicalitis, and no longer seeks the company of the fair sex.

Corporal LeFever, our ambitious leather-pusher, recently suffered a temporary set-back at the hands of Sailor Bloue. Bloue won on a technical K. O. in the second round. A couple of lefts and rights to the Duke's jaw in the first round paved the way for the sailor. We asked LeFever why he never used his head. He said he couldn't because Bloue was using it. Duke will be a champ when Muldoon makes it a foul to hit a man on the jaw. I really think the cause of Duke's downfall was three spectators sitting at the ringside. Of course they were men. Who else could they be?

Pvt. Lloyd F. Blackburn bought a Chevrolet coupe and was discharged October 10.

READ THIS LETTER AND NEXT MONTH YOU WILL SEND A COPY OF THE LEATHER- NECK HOME.

Lancaster, N. Y.,
April 25, 1928.

The Leatherneck,
Marine Barracks,
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find my subscription for a renewal to The Leatherneck. We look for The Leatherneck each month and are very impatient if it does not arrive on time. We sure do think that it is a fine magazine for the Marine boys but we think it a much better one for the parents who may read about what their boys are doing in the Corps. Our son is in Nicaragua and we enjoy reading about what the boys are doing down there.

I am a little late in sending in my subscription, but I hope you have not run out of Leathernecks and I won't miss an issue.

I am yours truly,

FRANK ACKER.

Doc Clifford visited us on October 10, and gave us a very interesting and inspiring talk. We were all glad to see him, and hope he will pay us another visit in the near future.

SAN JUAN DE LIMAY, 58TH CO., 3RD BATTALION, 11TH REGT.

By H. L. S.

Hey thar' ol' buddies, how's tricks in the good ol' U. S. A.?

The latest dope from here is not much soap, but a devil of a lot of rain. We've had it every day for the past four months; but that's not such a bad record in this country. How about Brest and a few other places up in the slippery country of the Frogs?

So far this month we have had three company clowns. Two of them gave it up as a rotten, gold-brick job. Here's hoping the other stays with us for a while.

We left Leon on the unlucky day of

July, namely the thirteenth. So, for that very reason, we had to get shoved up in this little hamlet, lost in a hole in the hills. Have a hard time keeping the pigs in their places.

Ted Thomas is as sarcastic as usual, and ol' Skivvys is still dog-robbing.

La Madam is now making out the guard roster for this grateful bunch. We don't envy him his job on registration days. Most of us sit around and wonder what boat we'll catch for Estados Unidos, and from all around the short timers can be heard sounding off.

I guess we will all be glad to get back where the rain doesn't wear out its welcome four seasons out of the year.

We are, until after the election,

The Crowd at Limay.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS HOLD MONTHLY MEETING SEPT. 18

The United States Marines went over the top again September 18 at the first fall meeting of the American Gold Star Mothers at the Hamilton Hotel. Of six mothers admitted to membership four were mothers of Marines.

The new members are Mrs. Pearl D. Berger, Mrs. Ben H. Fuller, Mrs. William Lewis Meeks, Mrs. Anna Clark De Arkland, Mrs. H. E. Burgess and Mrs. Anna Moore.

The mothers were deeply touched by the unsolicited offer of a high ranking officer of one of the branches of the service in Washington tendering legal aid and offering to personally assume all costs connected with the incorporation of the order.

The gentleman's name cannot, of course, be mentioned without his permission, but it is safe to say that no document will be more highly treasured than the gracious letter bearing this message of esteem and good will.

Under the direction of Mrs. Barracks' arrangements have been completed for entertaining the boys at St. Elizabeth's on Sunday, September 23rd, at five in the afternoon. There will be a good program and plenty of ice cream and home-made cake which is always so much appreciated.

After a very active business session the mothers were entertained delightfully by Miss Hoch and Mrs. Minnie Hoch Smith, whose talent as musicians is so well known and appreciated by Washington audiences, Miss Hoch's lovely voice harmonizing perfectly with the soft tones of accompaniment produced by Mrs. Smith on the trombone.

At a special meeting held on Wednesday, September 26, 1928, at the Hamilton Hotel, this organization disposed of much accumulated business.

At the request of a number of applicants, the time for admission of charter members was extended from September 18 to September 30, and under this ruling the names of six additional mothers were added to the Charter Roll.

A congratulatory letter, pledging support and cooperation, was received from Commander Wood, the newly elected Department Commander of the American Legion.

Designs for a banner which one of the members is planning to present to the order, were discussed, but election was put over until the next meeting in October.

Mrs. R. E. Jacobs outlined her plans for the card party to be given in the lounge of the Hamilton Hotel on the evening of November 7th. Both bridge and five hundred will be played, and tables are already being reserved. It is expected that all the Patriotic Organizations will be represented, and the affair promises to be the big event of early November. The playing charge will be fifty cents. Reservations can be made by phoning Columbia 2924, or by addressing Mrs. R. E. Jacobs, Cairo Hotel.

The success of the pilgrimage, Sunday, September 23, to St. Elizabeth's was recorded, and Mrs. Catherine Barrack, as chairman and Mrs. Elizabeth White as aide, were roundly applauded and thanked. Forty boys were treated to delicious refreshments and a program of singing in which they participated with apparent enjoyment.

A letter, political in nature, was received, but it was voted that the same should not be read for obvious reasons. Like treatment will be accorded any communication of political significance.

The new members admitted at this meeting are Mrs. Edna Boardman, Mrs. Mary Costello, Mrs. B. D. Harrington, Mrs. John S. Tomlinson, Mrs. Louise Dunkin and Mrs. C. E. Comegys.

WITH THE CAVITE DEVIL DOGS

We have had quite a few distinguished visitors at the Barracks the past week and their presence shall not go unnoticed.

We had with us during the week-end our old friend and "sheik," Private Pomeroy, from Olongapo. Pomeroy came up to see his lady friend in Manila and stopped at the Barracks to spend the night with us. From Los Banos came Private First-Class Codner and Corporal Mullarkey to take a look at civilization in this part of the world. They claim the climate and the chow up there is still wonderful, and from their looks the duty must be very easy. Some people are naturally born lucky.

Private Dale still seems to be the most popular man in the Barracks when it comes to receiving mail. Dale makes the fellows weep with envy when he carries off an armload of mail at every

mail call. It is an unsolved mystery how this boy managed to break away from the little lady friend and join the Marines. Olaf Olsen is still bewailing the fact that Mabel has not written him for the past month. He has purchased some stationery which would cause any young lady to forget that she is mad at her Marine. Tarzan Scott says the first time his girl gets mad at him he is going to write her a letter on some of Olaf's stationery and he is sure that everything will be O. K. then.

"Battling" Abie has been seen working out very often of late, and as he now has a new manager, he may be able to get a fight. His manager claims he is the logical contender for Tunney's title and says he is going to see that his man is given a chance at the title. Abie was knocked out the other night, but his manager claims that is only part of his training and that he will be in perfect condition before long. It is not known who knocked Abie out but it is known that he had to be carried on the top side and showered with water before he woke up.

This terrible climate seems to be responsible for the downfall of many a good man and it is slowly taking its toll. The latest victim is none other than Private First-Class McCann, who seems to think that he can catch fish from the lower veranda of the Barracks. Mac spent a whole afternoon last week trying to coax the fish to come in reach of his line, but luck was against him and his efforts were of no avail. Don't worry, Mac, you will be going back soon and you can fish to your heart's content on the transport even if you don't catch any fish.

We have First-Class Private Thompson back with us again. He returned from Los Banos last Tuesday after an extended vacation. First-Class Private Shelton has relieved Thompson and says he is sure the climate and chow down there will certainly agree with him.

We have a left-handed sheik working in the garage, and almost every day he receives a letter from a certain young lady in the City of Cavite. It is wonderful to see the divine look in his eyes when he reads these letters and for the rest of the day he seems to be in a trance. "Ain't love grand?"

Last Sunday we again had one of our famous baseball games which was played even closer than the previous games. The "Whites" finally lost out by the score of 5 to 1. "Tarzan" Scott again proved his prowess as a pitcher by letting the "Whites" down with four hits, and striking out five of their sluggers. The pitcher for the losers claims that due to the fact that he has a bone in his arm he was unable to pitch in his usual form, however, he has sworn to get revenge on "Tarzan" for the defeat which he received at his hands.

Our more or less famous patrol now boasts a new member who is a ball player of no mean ability, in person of Corporal Joiner. We are sure this handsome Corporal will prove to be an excellent man for the job and we congratulate him on his success.

Last Tuesday a school in chemical warfare was held at the Barracks and we were instructed as to the uses of the various gases. In the afternoon we all went over to Sangley Point where we received further instructions, and also

OLD TIMER IS PLEASED WITH THE LEATHERNECK

Mr. Editor:

Enclosed please find my subscription for "The Leatherneck." I did not know that there was any such publication or would have been a subscriber long ago.

Have been out of town when your letters came. Your sample copy tells me that I want the magazine, and it puts me in touch with the Corps again. I have been out of touch, more or less, since I retired in 1911. Very glad to be a subscriber.

Very truly yours,

J. W. RIKEMAN,

1st Sgt. U. S. M. C., Retired.
117 Cedar St.,
Daytona Beach, Fla.

an exhibition of what chemical warfare is like. It is expected that we will be given classes in machine gun, automatic rifle, and such arms, as there are a number of men in the post who have not received detailed instructions in these things.

Our distinguished mail orderly, together with "Olaf" Olsen, is trying to start a bridge tournament at the Barracks. As there are not many bridge sharks in the Barracks the entry list for the tournament is rather small. Up to the present time, Olsen and his partner, who is the "dark horse" of the tournament, have been undefeated and claim they will win the "belt." When the bridge hounds start strutting their stuff, the old timers are heard to mumble, "Who ever heard of a Marine playing bridge?" "Why in the old Marine Corps, etc., —."

NEWS FROM MARINE BARRACKS, AIR STATION, PENSACOLA

Corporals Ewton and McRee reported for duty from Brooklyn, N. Y.

Corporal Horsepower will soon be discharged and has informed the writer that he has accepted a position at Jumping Branch, W. Va., as instructor in barn dancing. We all wish him the best of luck in his new position.

"Cripp" Hesson is reported to be taking dancing instructions by mail from the Dennis-Shawn studio of aesthetic dancing.

"Salty" Glover has started a fish market in Pensacola. At least it appears that way by the number of fish that he is seen to carry to town every night.

Corporal (Skinny) Bell gets in the usual amount of flight time each day pressing blankets. George issues a challenge to any one in regards to getting more flight time than himself.

Trumpeters McAllister and Richard have been transferred to Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Gunnery Sergeant Church, Corporals John E. Bowen, Melvin O. Bowen and Golien and Private Lillie, having completed their courses of instruction in the Aviation Training School, were transferred to the West Coast for duty at Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, San Diego.

Sergeant Ferguson is back from furlough. He reports having had a good time.

Sergeant MacDonald is through with

IF YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE DISCHARGED BE SURE TO HAVE THE LEATHERNECK SENT TO YOUR HOME ADDRESS. READ THIS LETTER FROM AN EX-MARINE

Barton, Maryland,
Oct. 8, 1928.

Dear Sir:

Just a few lines in regards to a subscription for The Leatherneck. I am an ex-Marine, and would like to know if I can take the Leatherneck, for I get lonesome to hear about the old gang. The one that said "Once a Marine, always a Marine," sure told the truth, and if they ever need me, I will be right there. Please let me know if I can subscribe for The Leatherneck from home.

Yours very truly,

MR. GEORGE W. BROOKS,
Barton, Maryland.

automobiles. Why? Ask Mac; he knows.

Corporal Cushman is still looking for the Marine Barracks.

Corporal May has been seen quite frequently on DeVilliers Street lately. What's the attraction, May? Let us in on it.

Corporal Mangum has been seen wearing Sergeant Ferguson's blouse at night. What's the idea, Mangum? Practicing for Sergeant?

81ST MACHINE GUN & HOWITZER COMPANY—TIENTSIN, CHINA

By 1st Sgt. J. Twohig

The 81st Machine Gun and Howitzer Company arrived in China from Lakehurst, New Jersey, in May, 1927, as a unit of the 6th Regiment, and went into camp at Camp Butler, Shanghai, China. After shaking down and general police it was discovered that American interests in Tientsin were in danger of attack by the Chinks, so the 81st had the honor of being the first unit of the Third Brigade to arrive and take the situation well in hand at Tientsin, China. The 81st Machine Gun Company was designated by General Butler as the best organization, mechanically, in the Third Brigade, best platoon, best howitzer, and best squad, was awarded first prize and issued a certificate signed by General Smedley D. Butler at the exhibition held at Tientsin in January, 1928. Many of the men and officers that brought the company to China have returned home or have joined other organizations, but the fighting spirit of a fighting organization is still alive, and although they have not been called on to lay down the barrage, it is the unanimous opinion of experienced machine gun men that no better organization ever left the United States on expeditionary duty.

Our foreign dope sheet indicates that we may return to the U. S. A. within the next year, and, of course, will go back to Lakehurst to await other disorders in foreign stations.

The company is now commanded by Captain Frank R. Armstead with Lieutenant George W. Walker as executive officer. You will find our picture on page thirty-one.

NOTICE!

Robert M. Piersol, now located at 208 E. 20th St., Baltimore, Md., would like very much to hear from his old buddies in the Corps.

WHAT MARINE PUT THE YOUNG LADY UP TO THIS?

The following letter was received by a Marine Corps Post Quartermaster, this date:

Sept. 14th, 1928.

To Whom It May Concern:

Boston, Mass.

My Dear Sir:

Pardon the address on the envelope, but as I do not know to whom I am writing, and after talking to an ex-Marine man, I was told to get in touch with "some good, kind officer" who would answer my request regarding sale of white duck sailor suits, comprising pants, middy and gob. Also price on the dark blue flannel suit complete.

May I hear from you regarding the above request at an early date. Thanks just a lot.

Truly yours,
Gertrude _____

Manhattan, Kansas.

AMERICAN GOLD STAR MOTHERS

The card party committee of the American Gold Star Mothers held a meeting in the Red Room of the Cairo Hotel on Wednesday evening, October 3rd, and decided to change the date of the card party from November 7 to November 16, as that date conflicted with other affairs.

There will be bridge and five-hundred, and table prizes, door prizes, and everything to make card playing attractive. Card playing will be from 8 to 10:30, then music by a service orchestra and dancing until midnight.

The mothers hope for, and expect, a large attendance from service and ex-service circles, and depend upon a lot of Marines to brighten up the scene. By reserving tables now, a quartet of friends is assured at each table, and, of course, there will be tables and congenial players for those who come singly.

The mothers have only recently organized and this is their first big affair. It will be a success if the veterans and service organizations respond.

The members of the committee attending the meeting were: Mrs. Roberta E. Jacobs, chairman; Mrs. Alida T. Bruce, Mrs. Ben H. Fuller, Mrs. John F. Killeen, Mrs. Geo. G. Siebold, Mrs. Carrie T. Searl, Mrs. Frances E. Hibbs, Mrs. Margaret E. Warfield and Mrs. E. M. Guedry.

Remember the date! Friday, November 16, 1928, at 8 p. m., Hamilton Hotel, 14th and K Streets N. W., Washington, D. C.

GILLESPIE'S GREAT RIDE IN CALIFORNIA DURING MEXICAN WAR

By E. N. McClellan

There have been, and still are, many fine modern horse Marines, but Captain Archibald H. Gillespie was surely one "Ancient and Honorable" horse Marine par excellence, who set a record that still stands. Listen to the Daily National Intelligencer of Washington, D. C., dated November 29, 1847:

"The subjoined feat of Major Archibald H. Gillespie, late of the California Battalion, and an officer of the Marine Corps, and Captain William Findlay, of the California Battalion, is induced," by the published account, "of a ride made by Lieutenant-Colonel (John C.) Fremont from the Ciudad de los Angeles to Monterey."

"Major Gillespie and Captain Findlay

left San Diego at half-past five o'clock on the morning of the 13th of April, and reached Ciudad de los Angeles (Los Angeles) at half-past eleven o'clock in the evening of the same day, a distance of full one-hundred and thirty-five miles."

"They used, or employed, but four horses each, and were subjected to full three hours detention on the road, in manner and at points to wit, forty-five minutes at Agua de Ende, one hour and a half at the Mission of San Juan, and fifteen minutes at the rancho of Juan

From: The Secretary of the Navy.
To: Private First-Class Paul L. Platt, U. S. M. C.
Via: The Major General Commandant.

Subject: Private First-Class Paul L. Platt, U. S. M. C., special letter of commendation.

1. I have received and read with much gratification the letter of Lieutenant Commander J. E. Fetherston (MC) U. S. Navy, to the Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Dover, New Jersey, dated July 11, 1928, reporting your action on July 10, 1928, in going to the assistance of P. A. Fink, Pharmacist Mate 1cl, U. S. Navy, who was in danger of drowning. It appears that had you not jumped in after the struggling, panicky man who was sinking in about ten feet of water, and fifty feet from shore, he would undoubtedly have drowned.

2. This report which was forwarded by the Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Dover, New Jersey, with recommendation that you be considered for the live saving medal was referred by the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps to the Board of Awards in the Navy Department for consideration. That Board has reported that it considers your action on the occasion in question to merit high commendation and has recommended that you be addressed a special letter by the Secretary of the Navy. It is a pleasure to comply with the Board's recommendation in this instance.

3. Your gallant and courageous conduct displayed on this occasion was in keeping with the best traditions of the Navy service and merits and receives my high commendation.

4. A copy of this letter has been made a part of your official record.

MARINES WANTED

Enlisted men having a good knowledge of French or Spanish are offered excellent opportunities for advancement at one of the most pleasant posts in the Corps. Those interested should communicate with THE REGISTRAR, MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, MARINE BARRACKS, WASHINGTON, D. C. State education and experience with French or Spanish.

Avila, a Spanish gentleman." (Note: Error somewhere, as total is not three hours).

"This extraordinary ride, it is confidently believed, has never been equaled in one day either in California or anywhere else, but by one other gentleman, and that was between the same points—Don Pio Pico, ex-Governor of California.

From: The Secretary of the Navy.
To: Second Lieutenant Earl S. Piper, U. S. M. C.

Via: The Major General Commandant.

Subject: Special letter of commendation for service in Nicaragua.

1. I have received and read with much gratification the following recommendation concerning your conduct during an engagement with armed bandits on May 14, 1928, about fifteen miles north of Pena Blanca, Nicaragua, made by the Commanding General, Second Brigade Marines, in Nicaragua, under date of June 13, 1928:

"Second Lieutenant Earl S. Piper, Marine Corps, who, after Captain Robert S. Hunter, Marine Corps, had been mortally wounded during the engagement with an armed bandit force on May 14, 1928, about fifteen miles north of Pena Blanca, Nicaragua, on the bank of the Bocaycito River, immediately took command of the patrol. He placed his men in the most effective positions so they could deliver an accurate and active fire on the enemy forces. Lieutenant Piper continuously exposed himself to enemy fire in order to go from one man to the other encouraging them as he passed along the line. Upon the rush of the enemy on the rear guard which was composed of Guardia Nacional soldiers who had taken cover some distance from the Marine patrol, Lieutenant Piper called for several of the Marines to follow him and without regard for personal safety exposed himself to the enemy in order to gain control of this point."

2. This recommendation, which was forwarded approved by the Commander of the Special Service Squadron, was referred to the Board of Awards in the Navy Department for consideration. That Board has reported that it considers your conduct on the occasion in question to merit high commendation and has recommended that you be addressed a special letter by the Secretary of the Navy. It is a pleasure to comply with the Board's recommendation in this instance.

3. The splendid courage and judgment which you displayed during the engagement described above were in keeping with the best traditions of the Naval Service and merit and receive my high commendation.

4. A copy of this letter has been made a part of your military record at Headquarters Marine Corps.

Neither of the gentlemen complained of exhaustion, or remarkable fatigue, and are now in this city as witnesses on the court-martial of Lieut. Col. Fremont."

"This one day's ride establishes, as I think, the proposition assumed of great energy in the gentlemen who performed it, and the uncommon powers of endurance in the California horse." It is "believed to be the most extraordinary performance of horsemanship on record," and is "evidence of the excellence and unparalleled powers of endurance of the California horse."

EX-MARINE THROWS BOMBSHELL INTO WASHINGTON POLICE FORCE

Policeman R. J. Allen, formerly of the Marine Corps, and who also was for quite a while on the staff of "The



POLICEMAN R. J. ALLEN

Leatherneck," threw a meeting of Washington policemen into an uproar when he openly declared:—"Every one of you has seen policemen inflict corporal punishment on prisoners. Everyone has seen brother officers intoxicated and has not reported it."

The above broadside at the police force was delivered by Policeman Allen at a meeting of the Washington Metropolitan police, who gathered together to discuss in an introspective way, just what was wrong with the force. For months the police force of Washington had faced the most caustic criticism by individuals and by the newspapers. Nearly one-third of the entire force had faced the trial board for one offense or another during the year. Many of these were for cruelty and drunkenness.

But the "old Marine Corps" spirit fired up in Allen, and when he had a chance to speak, he did not mince his words. His statement, of course, drew considerable protest from others at the meeting, but Allen stood his ground, and would not withdraw a single word of his accusation.

Overnight, Patrolman Allen became news for all the papers. Practically all

editorial comment was to the effect that he had "hit the nail on the head," and he was highly commended for his zeal and courage.

Allen also received the congratulations of many local ministers, members of Congress, and civic organizations for his bold stand. A few of these are given below:

"There have been men like you since the beginning of time, and always humanity has profited richly by their efforts."

A Local Minister.

"I admire your 'guts' and from my own personal knowledge, I know you speak the truth."

A United States Representative.

"It is a sad commentary on the local police force for me to state that it is my opinion that you will undoubtedly become unpopular on account of your recent statements before the Policemen's Association meeting, or for a while at least. But if you think I can be of any assistance, please remember that my office on the 'Hill' is never closed to anyone."

A United States Senator.

"God inspires men like you to come to the defense of the weak and helpless. I pray for your success."

A Local Minister.

AND LET US RIGHT HERE STATE THAT THE MARINE CORPS IS PROUD OF HAVING BEEN "THE ALMA MATER" OF "POLICEMAN ALLEN."

CHINA SECRETARY VISITS US

Mr. A. C. Ellis, Y. M. C. A. Secretary at the Legation Guard Y. M. C. A., dropped in The Leatherneck office for a short visit on the eighteenth. Mr. Ellis was on his way back to Peking after a short furlough in the United States. He left us a score of photos, two of which appear on pages 24 and 25.

CHANGES IN REQUIREMENTS FOR COMMISSION FROM THE RANKS

The following paragraphs were excerpted from a letter dated August 29th from the Major General Commandant to all commanding officers:

1. There is a decided difference between the educational qualifications of second lieutenants in the Marine Corps appointed from the Naval Academy and from civil life on the one hand, and those appointed from the ranks of the Corps on the other. This difference, which is due to the fact that newly appointed second lieutenants from the Naval Academy and civil life have had the benefit of a complete course at a superior educational institution, while those appointed from the ranks usually have not, has become so marked that it is desirable to gradually raise the standard of the mental examination which non-commissioned officers are required to pass as a prerequisite to receiving commissions.

2. A board of officers, convened at Headquarters Marine Corps, has made a study of the questions presented and, after careful consideration, has submitted proposed changes in the scope of the examination for appointment as second

lieutenant from the ranks of the Marine Corps. The changes will be made gradually and, in order that no hardship may be worked on any enlisted man who may be trying for a commission either this year or the next, the scope of the examination will remain as at present until July 1, 1930. Beginning on that date the examination requirements will be progressively raised as follows:

(a) For the first year, beginning July 1, 1930, the scope of the mental examination for appointment as second lieutenant from the ranks of the Marine Corps will be as follows:

United States History.
English Grammar and Composition.
General History.
Geography.
Algebra, higher (quadratics and beyond).

Geometry, plane and solid.
Trigonometry, plane and spherical.
Physics, elementary.

(b) For the second year, beginning July 1, 1931, one of the following subjects will be added to those prescribed in sub-paragraph (a), the choice of said subject to be optional with the candidate:

Calculus (to include differential calculus and integral calculus).
Electricity.

(c) For the third year, beginning on July 1, 1932, and for succeeding years, two subjects will be added to those prescribed in sub-paragraph (a), to be chosen by the candidate from the following:

Calculus (to include differential calculus and integral calculus).
Electricity.
English and American Literature.

3. EXEMPTIONS. (a) No exemptions will be granted in any of the subjects prescribed in paragraph 2 (a).

(b) Exemptions will be granted in the added subjects specified in paragraphs 2 (b) and 2 (c) upon presentation of certificates of proficiency from recognized educational institutions.

4. WEIGHTS. Each subject listed in paragraph 2 (a) will be given a relative weight of 1, and each of the additional subjects prescribed in paragraphs 2 (b) and 2 (c) will be given a relative weight of 2.

5. MORAL CHARACTER AND GENERAL EFFICIENCY. In all examinations of enlisted men for appointment as second lieutenants after July 1, 1930, no relative weight will be assigned for "General Efficiency" to be computed with academic qualifications. The examining board will inquire into the "Moral Character and General Efficiency" of the candidate, pronouncing it either satisfactory or unsatisfactory.

6. PASSING MARK. To qualify for appointment, a final mark of 3.0 will be required on the whole examination, and a mark of not less than 2.5 in each subject.

7. PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION. Questions for the preliminary examinations will be prepared, the papers marked, and the military records of the candidates examined by a board of officers at Headquarters Marine Corps. This board will then make suitable recommendation to the Major General Commandant relative to those to be designated as members of the Candidates' Class at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

About Nicaragua and China

By The Major General Commandant

The general situation is about the same as at the time of the last conference. In Nicaragua they are making preparations to hold the election there on the first Sunday in November (the 4th). They have been holding registrations during the past two weeks, four days having been set apart for registering, three of which have already passed. Sunday, October 7th, is, I believe, the last registration day. In order to hold this general registration, it has been necessary to distribute the Marines at every polling booth in the country, of

and his agents at Tegucigalpa has been almost completely cut off. Little is heard of him at present.

General Feland is confident that nothing will happen during the election which will in any way vitiate the result. It is possible, of course, that some small group at an outlying polling booth may be attacked, as in some instances there are only three or four men at these booths. So far there has been no interference, and it does not look now as though there will be any serious interference with the election. The Conservative party has united its two factions and has nominated Adolfo Benard, a very wealthy man, as its candidate for the presidency. This will undoubtedly make the result of the election much closer than was originally expected, but the fact that there will be but two candidates and two parties in the field makes it much easier for our people to handle the situation.

The Guardia Nacional is making favorable progress, and our latest report showed 1500 enlisted men in it. It is being used for policing the principal towns, relieving the local police. They have also taken charge of policing the two provinces, Leon and Chinindega, in their entirety. This distribution of the Guardia has necessitated practically a cessation of their active operations in conjunction with the Marines.

As to the probable date of withdrawal or reduction of the forces in Nicaragua, we have no information, except that it is expected that, immediately after the election the Marine detachments belonging to the fleet will be returned to the ships, also the bluejacket battalion, which was sent to Nicaragua to assist in holding the election. Two hundred and fifty bluejackets were sent from the fleet, picked because of their knowledge of Spanish, and 29 ensigns, all of whom are to be used to supplement the Marines, having been especially detailed for the purpose. They were assembled at Leon at first for a course of instruction in Spanish and in the electoral laws. There is less disorder in Nicaragua at the present time probably than there has been at any other period during its history.

Instructions were issued last July covering a reduction of the force in China, and on the 3rd instant the "Henderson" sailed from the Asiatic Station with the officers and men of the Brigade who are being returned to the United States. The authorized complement of the force remaining in the 3rd Brigade now is 2700 officers and men. That leaves the 4th Regiment at Shanghai, and Brigade Headquarters, the 6th Regiment and other detachments at Tientsin—about 1200 men at Shanghai and about 1500 at Tientsin. No plan has so far been decided upon with reference to the future of the Third Brigade. However, the situation in China is very much quieter, making it probable that the force will be withdrawn in the not distant future, provided the quiet situation continues.



MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LEJEUNE

which there are over 400. So far there has been no trouble of any description in connection with the registration, and the newspaper reports indicate that the number of registrations has been quite large. This has been especially noticeable in the northern area, which had been more or less disaffected.

Sandino, with what is left of his force, is in the extreme northern part of Nicaragua, in a very wild, mountainous and wooded section near the Coco River, and his force crosses back and forth into Honduras. Captain Edson took a detachment up the Coco River until he came in contact with Colonel Dunlap's forces in Nueva Segovia Province. It was a very difficult trip, with many rapids to cross, and the river was flooded by heavy rains. About six weeks ago he had several contacts with the bandits along the river. He defeated them badly, inflicting heavy losses, and pursued them so closely that these contacts continued for about a week, the bandits apparently not being able to move quickly enough to avoid Captain Edson's men. As a result, the bandit forces are broken up into small bands, more or less scattered through that section of the country. It is believed that Sandino himself, with a small force, is near Bocay. He keeps close to the Honduran border, and communication between him

THE CHINESE ALMANAC

Norman Hoover

In the life of any nation or people the most interesting is the customs and usages connected with the daily life of the people. In most countries funerals and weddings are events of daily occurrence, but not so in China. In the Chinese almanac there are days recorded which are said to be altogether unpropitious for anything.

The almanac is made up every year by the astrologers appointed by the ruler of the land, who have their offices near the east wall of the city of Peking, where close by are the astronomical instruments set up by the Jesuit fathers on that wall in the seventeenth century.

The almanac is made of soft Chinese paper and printed closely in Chinese characters, in book form. Illustrations such as pictures of gods, dragons, and other animals help to explain the letterpress.

Ordinary people do not use it only as a calendar as it is not used or understood only as a recorder of day. To the Diviner, it is indispensable, as it is the means of earning his bread—such as telling of fortunes to the credulous, and by the casting of horoscopes and vending of occult lore.

The following two dates were chosen from the almanac to illustrate what is meant by lucky and unlucky days:

"On the twenty-first day of the fourth moon it is suitable to offer sacrifices, to go to the temples to pray for happiness, to pray for sons, to assume hereditary rank, to set out on a journey, to take over official duties, for Emperor or President to attend to affairs of government, to arrange a betrothal, to send betrothal presents, to marry, to receive new inmates into the home, to move house, to take a bath, to shave the head, to trim and cut the toe and finger nails, to open a new business, to make a covenant, to buy and sell, to receive money, to open the granaries and deal out

grain, to sweep the house, to take out sheep and cattle, to sell cattle, and for peaceful burial."

On this day it is unsuitable to meet relatives and friends, to take over land which has been bought, to annul a covenant.

"On the twenty-eighth day of the fourth moon it is suitable to pray for happiness, to pray for sons, to assume hereditary rank, to take over official duties, to enter school or college, to start on a journey, to arrange a betrothal, to send betrothal presents, to marry, to move house, to take anything apart, to consult a doctor, to cut out garments, to start building, to begin digging foundations, to put up a roof tree, to start a business, to collect money, to open up the granaries and deal out grain, to buy cattle, to prepare the threshing-floor, to plant trees and flowers, and to sell animals."

"On this day it is unsuitable to build a kitchen range, or to go hunting or fishing."

It is rather remarkable to find such a paragraph as the following, inserted after several sections, telling fortunes of those born in the different seasons of the year.

"Men are born throughout all the four seasons, and their calamities and happiness are decided by Heaven. The position obtained by the side of kings and princes, and the positions of ordinary men, are all decided by Destiny. Use your wealth as occasion arises, for wealth and honor are decreed for you; but if you are able to bestow your gifts on others, why worry about your rank?"

The contents of the almanac include:

Interpretation of dreams.

The cure of sickness as given in the book of the sages.

Methods for ascertaining the lightness or gravity of an illness.

The influence of the Five Elements—metal, wood, water, fire and earth on the life and fortunes of a child.

The correct days and hours for worshipping special stars: by merchants, that their profits may be increased; by scholars, that they may obtain preferment; by women, that they may bear sons; and so on.

All the particulars regarding the casting of horoscopes.

The birthdays of all the deities.

Palmistry.

Fortune telling by means of coins.

Anniversaries of special days according to the solar calendar.

The days and months of the year, lunar and solar calendars.

The twenty-four solar terms.

What it is lucky or unlucky to do each day.

Predictions and current proverbs regarding certain days.

STATION NSC BROADCASTING FROM PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By Private Layton

Well, folks—I mean folks—this place is beginning to take on the appearance of the swell pictures they illustrate at the recruiting stations. We have our police sergeant, Cpl. William J. Duffy, to thank for the present appearance. He has contributed all his time, plus energy, and the results are so astounding that we expect to have the most beautiful surroundings in the entire Marine Corps. Pictures for publication will be submitted shortly, and reprints may be had by addressing the Commanding Officer, Brigade Signal Company, Port au Prince, Haiti.

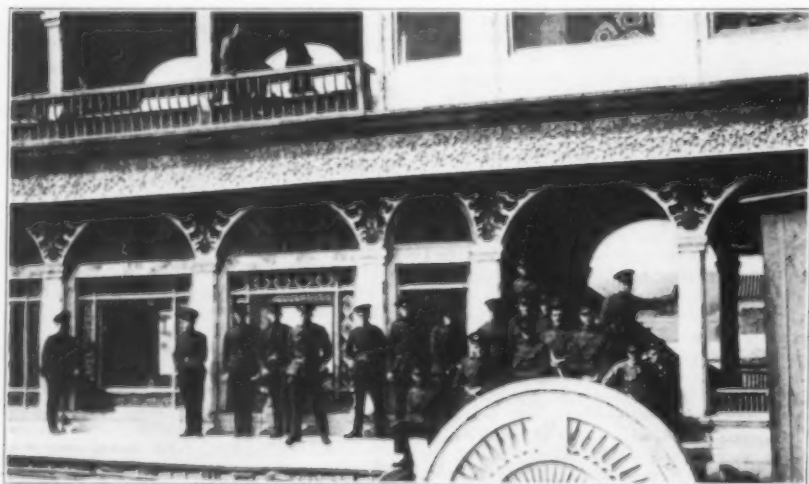
The new operators we mentioned in the last issue, who joined from Quantico, Va., during the month of July, are now standing regular watches, with the exception of Private Peterson, who has been recently added to our roster as Radio Clerk.

Private Layton, whom Peterson relieved, was advanced to Communication Clerk. Private Alexander (Alec), who was communication clerk, is now dusting off the skipper's desk, and answers to the title of "Company Clown." Alec's hardest job is keeping a line on the old man's lead pencils. He says they just naturally walk away.

Corporal Terrell, who is on detached duty at the Cape, has recently extended his enlistment. Either he thinks the job is pretty good or he is associating with the fair sex.

Having lost the services of QM. Sgt. McKinney, who is a patient at the Brigade Field Hospital awaiting return to the United States, we have installed Sergeant Orms in the capacity of NCO-in-Charge of Public Property and acting QM sergeant. He is a likable chap and so easy-going that we had ideas of our own about getting things from the QM storeroom. Now we have come to the conclusion that Orms must have a little Scotch in him . . . (no can do).

The Brigade basketball league is well under way and we find ourselves in second place. Of course, we didn't expect to win the trophy, and I don't think we will, but we are certainly giving the leading contenders something to worry about.



THE MARBLE BOAT AT THE WINTER PALACE, PEKING, CHINA

Late in the 19th century the Chinese government foresaw an impending war with Japan. A huge sum of money was voted to build a fleet of war vessels to meet the Japanese threat. After the money was appropriated, the empress used it to build a magnificent winter palace. The marble boat was part of "The Woman's Folly."

Needless to say, the Japanese won the war.

But talking about baseball, well, that's another subject; and that's where we intend to shine. The next league commences early in November. We expect to be "Hot Stuff" and grace our recreation room with the Howatt Trophy. We have all the earmarks of a good team, thanks to Captain W. M. Radcliffe, known throughout the service for his participation in baseball and other forms of athletics. Besides being an old-time twirler who saw the smoke of big leagues, he is well versed in all sports. With his keen judgment we should certainly be able to place the Brigade Signal Company's team in the running.

I almost forgot to mention the paramount incident of the month. Boats came and boats left, but never a sign of the skipper's new Ford. Maybe the air wasn't blue during those periods! I was afraid to approach him for his signature on the morning report. Finally the good S. S. "Cristobal" tossed over a few passengers and the belated Ford. It sure is a keen piece of machinery, and we don't blame the skipper for raving.

Pfc. Kruchten left on the "Cristobal" for a thirty-day furlough in Chicago. We all hated to see him leave under the circumstances that he did. We all wish him the best of luck, and hope his mother's health is much better than reported.

CHINESE BETROTHAL

In China, when a son is born in the best of families, a number of middlemen visit the parents and advance the information that they know of a girl who would make a nice wife for their son. The wealth of the girl's family must equal, or be greater than that of the boy's family. The middlemen also point out the best there is in regards to the girl. A list of the names and addresses of the different families of these young girls is taken and thoroughly investigated along with the respective horoscopes of the little girls. In most cases a diviner is hired to compare the horoscopes of the different girls with that of the boy. The diviner writes eight characters on two sheets of red paper, these characters indicate the hour and date of the birth of each child. These are compared and if the animals representing the years of the birth of the boy and girl are unsuitable, then the girl is rejected as being unfit to mate with the boy. If the years were represented as the dog and cat, then it is understood that there would only be trouble in such a marriage. Should the animal of the boy's birth year be that of the dragon and that of the girl a snake, then there would be happiness in such a union for both, as the dragon is lots stronger than the snake and could dominate the snake. Meaning, the boy's will could dominate that of his wife. The boy's animal must always be the strongest. Also, those having the same surname should not marry unless the surnames have the same sound but be represented by different characters. After long investigation and careful examination a girl is selected as being a suitable mate for the boy. The red papers containing the eight characters are laid before the ancestral tablets in the boy's home and left there for three days. If, during that time there is peace in the



A truckload of Marines and group of typical Chinese taken during a sightseeing trip at the Prince's Tomb, Peking, China.

home, it is considered a good omen and the hearts of the parents are at peace. If there be quarrels and strife, the hearts of the parents are grieved and the red papers with the eight characters are returned to the girl's home; thus the engagement is broken and another girl must be found.

In case the girl is found suitable and the wedding date fixed, a marriage agreement is written out and signed by both parties. This is looked upon as a marriage certificate and is just as binding.

On the day that the betrothal is settled, the mother of the bridegroom sends two or four rings and a pair of embroidered pockets to the betrothed girl.

In poorer families marriage usually takes place when the boy and girl are in their teens though sometimes the arrangements are made while she is yet a child. The future daughter-in-law is taken to her future mother-in-law's home and becomes a servant, usually leading a very hard life until she is married. This is not usually done in the cities, but it is still done in the country. Ceremonies are few among the lower caste.

When the parents of the rich bridegroom think that he is about the age for a successful marriage, the parents send the bride-to-be presents and flowers, three times a year for three years. This is to give her notice to get ready for marriage. The year of the marriage a man is sent from the boy's home to that of the girl with an offer of marriage. The girl's parents name a time that is convenient to them and the boy's parents, with the help of a diviner, fix a lucky day. The boy's parents then send presents and flowers, jewelry, perfumes, sweet-meats, tea, etc., to the girl along with her wedding garments. Besides these presents two pieces of paper are also taken on which are written the day fixed for the marriage, and the birth years of the bride and groom. Everything is wrapped in red. The gifts are conveyed in red lacquered boxes. The wedding garments are made of flowered silk and are of colors suitable to be worn at the wedding.

When sending presents to the bride, there must be a pair of everything.

When the bride receives these presents, in the year of her marriage, she distributes some of them among her friends and relatives thus letting them know her marriage is close at hand and at the same time it serves as a gentle reminder to get their gifts ready.

The bride's family must provide all that the girl will need in her new home. House furniture and all. Even her clothing and ornaments. Many parents are reduced to poverty in so doing.

Wedding invitations are sent out ten days before the wedding, each family inviting their own friends. All the personal belongings and household goods that the girl's parents furnished are sent to the bridegroom's home a day before the wedding or on the wedding day. At the two homes there is feasting for three days before the wedding, each family inviting their own friends, but not feasting one another. In the bride's home decorations are put up and "JOY" characters are pasted on the door posts. On the evening before the wedding guests are invited to a special feast. At dark, incense is lighted, the bride comes out and kotows to the ancestral tablets and to the guests. Thus, she bids farewell to her ancestors, for after marriage she belongs to another family. She then goes into her own room and weeps. The Chinese say that a girl "ch'uh-chia," meaning, goes out of the home, when she marries. After she has left her home to be married she is not supposed to spend the New Year holidays in her father's home, nor must any of her children be born there.

The evening before the wedding, after she has finished weeping, the bride is supposed to go to sleep, as the noise and fun and jesting and teasing are such for several days and nights in her new home, that there is little chance for sleep.

How many marriages in the States, if at this modern age the bride's father had to furnish the new home? Small wonder that China is in the midst of a civil war. One father trying to get back all that he gave away! Such is life—in China.

(Continued on page 28)



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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Carl Gardner; Associate Editor, Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost; West Coast Representative, Gy. Sgt. Neal G. Moore, Marine Barracks, San Diego, Cal.; Sports Editor and Advertising Manager, Corporal Ralph E. Daniels; Circulation Manager, Corporal Chauncey W. Baker; Assistant Circulation Manager, Private First Class Harry E. Hesse; Staff Assistants, Pvt. Anthony Pazzynski and Pvt. Frank H. Renfrow.

Editorial

UNITED SERVICES INSURANCE PLAN

THE United States Government has provided for the enlisted personnel in the various branches of the Military-Naval Service comfortable living quarters, good food and the best of medical treatment. Enlisted men have an opportunity to fit themselves to earn a comfortable living after leaving the service through government supervised vocational training schools. All of the present daily wants of the enlisted man seem to be satisfied, and he seems to lead a life free from present cares and most of his future worries.

There is one important opportunity which seems to be missing from the life of the enlisted man; that is, there is no plan suited to his needs under which he can save money systematically during his enlistment and at the same time obtain proper protection for his dependents in case of his death. This fact has long been recognized by a great many officers in the service and becomes particularly evident from the absolute poverty of the dependents in a great many cases where an enlisted man has died in the service. At the present time, about the only source of relief is from such organizations as the Army Relief Society, Navy Relief Society and Coast Guard League of Women, under which some help is granted in the most deserving cases. While these societies have been of immense benefit to the men in the service, they are charity organizations and are limited in their scope generally to those enlisted men who have given their lives in the services, and cannot be expected to accomplish all that is desired.

A realization of the present situation suggested to Lieutenant Colonel Manwaring, who has been an officer in the Marines for more than a quarter of a century, the opportunity to eliminate such conditions, and at the same time to provide other needed benefits, through the agency of life insurance. Through this means, definite benefits can be promised in return for small stipulated sums paid by the enlisted men themselves. The very nature of regular present-day life insurance combines the protection and savings elements, and thus protection can be provided for dependents and funds made available in time of real need. Life insurance is available to the officers in the services through the general assessment plan, but there seems to be nothing suitable to the enlisted man. The various policies of the War Risk Bureau do not seem well adapted to his needs. This is evident from the fact that in one of the largest naval stations in the country not a single application was received from an enlisted man during the past year. There apparently is a good reason for this as the enlisted men do not wish to enter into any contract for life, or one by the terms of which the obligation to pay extends beyond the enlistment period. The limited period of their stabilized income should be recognized in the form of insurance proposed.

Lieutenant Colonel Manwaring, therefore, drew up a tentative plan of insurance which he felt would be well adapted to the needs of the enlisted men. As was to be expected, the plan of insurance received whole-hearted support from practically everyone to whom it was explained. The idea was encouraged by Federal and State Actuaries and has received favorable endorsement from such representative officers of the services as Admiral Coontz and Admiral Cowie, U. S. Navy; Major General Commandant Lejeune and Major General Cole, U. S. Marine Corps; Brigadier General Callan, U. S. Army, and Captain Van Boskerck, U. S. Coast Guard. Convinced of the need for this form of insurance, as a result of close personal touch with families of enlisted men, Chaplain Niver, U. S. Navy, has worked faithfully for the adoption of this plan since its conception. The plan was outlined to several influential men in the city of Baltimore, among them R. Howard Bland, president of the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company, and J. Kemp Bartlett of the law firm of Bartlett, Poe and Claggett. These men became enthusiastic about it and communicated with several of the largest life insurance companies.

After a great many conferences between Colonel Manwaring, Chaplain Niver and the actuaries of one of the leading insurance companies of the country, a plan has been devised such as is believed will be attractive not only to the enlisted personnel, but will also be the means of affording an attractive opportunity for the commissioned officers to increase the protection which they now have. Details of this new service insurance will be made known to the personnel of the Corps through the agents of the insurance company and through other means. The Leatherneck will be glad to answer any questions that any of its readers may ask.

THIS LETTER IS FROM ANOTHER RETIRED MARINE

3748 42nd St.,
San Diego, Calif.,
Sept. 6, 1928.

The Leatherneck,
Marine Barracks,
8th and Eye Sts. S. E.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Old Bunch:

Accept postal money order for \$3.00 for "The Leatherneck" and "Semper Fidelis" by John Culnan. Your sample copy received with many thanks. I shall endeavor to give you a brief record of my service, etc.

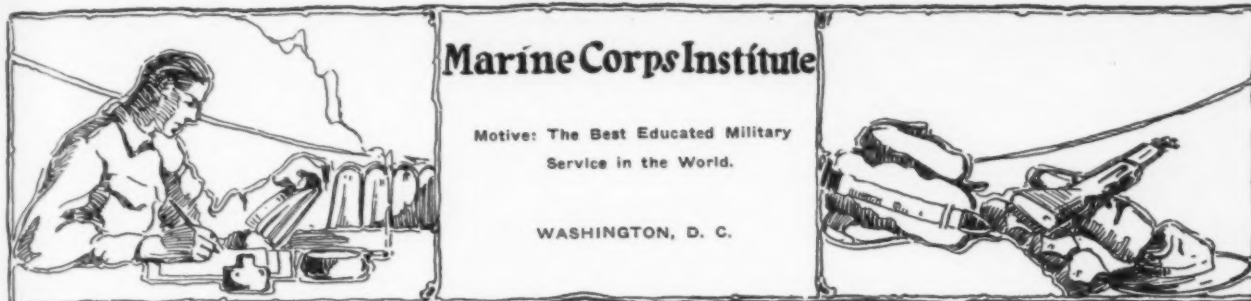
I joined the Corps March 9, 1905, and transferred to the F. M. C. R. Class (110) February 1, 1926, continuous service with the "Grand Old Corps." I am always pleased to hear from the "Old Timers," and will answer with my best love for the Corps, and for service rendered. My heart is always with the Corps, and shall always be a booster and a recruiter. I am residing in my own home in this beautiful city, and in the shoe repairing business at 4668 University Ave. Married again and have had the misfortune of losing two children. I must say this civilian life makes one get up and hustle. Thanks to my training in the service, I am doing my best to keep in trim, and be ready for the call. I am in the best of health, and still retain an active interest in the "Grand Old Corps."

I see my old company clerk, R. H. Dunavent, is still with the A. & I., and playing ball. I shall always keep in my heart a feeling for Dunavent as an excellent clerk; one, headquarters, I am sure, is proud of. I must close for this writing, and will be pleased to hear from you and the bunch any time. God be with you and bless you all as a Corps.

An Old Timer,

HARRY A. GEISSINGER,
First Sergeant, Fleet Marine Corps
Reserve (Class 110), No. 4352.

The Christmas holidays are rapidly approaching and if we were to advise you to shop early we should also have to advise you what to shop for. Selecting Christmas gifts is usually a problem. One must find something suitable for mother, for father, for sister, or for sweetheart. This year we will help you solve that problem. Why not send a year's subscription to The Leatherneck? No gift would prove more acceptable and appreciated. You will find a blank in this issue. Cut it out and send it in to us.



A.T.M.

October 10, 1928—Monthly Report

| | |
|--|-------|
| Total number individuals enrolled | 6,731 |
| Total number enrolled since last report | 463 |
| Total number disenrolled since last report | 50 |
| Number examination papers received during period | 2,721 |
| Total number graduates to date | 3,971 |

Col. T. E. Backstrom, U. S. M. C.,
Marine Barracks,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Colonel:

It will, no doubt, be of great interest to you to know that I did benefit greatly through the medium of my studying of the Complete Commercial course of the M. C. I. This has given me the theoretical side of my work in civil life while, at the same time, being engaged in work that is both agreeable and profitable to me. I believe that I can truthfully say, without the least bit of exaggeration, that the instructors have always been fair to me in assigning grades to my lesson papers. At the same time, I have always tried to be fair to myself; that is to say, studied the lessons and prepared them in the best manner of which I was capable.

The diploma which I received in the Complete Commercial Course, as well as one in Bookkeeping, Auditing and Accounting and one in the General Clerical Course, has always been a source of pride to me. The three courses combined have enabled me to perform work which I was not capable of performing before I entered the United States Marine Corps—for, at the present time, I am employed by the Kelvinator Division of the Electric Refrigeration Corporation of Detroit, Michigan, being engaged in the task of passing on, and the allowing of, credit to various customers. This requires a knowledge of the commercial field in general, as well as a knowledge of bookkeeping and accounting.

The Marine Corps, as a whole, gave me an experience such as is not to be found elsewhere on the face of the earth, for I was able to study the many different types of men while they were absent from their home environment, and this study of human nature is also a great asset in the work in which I am engaged. Although I do not come in personal contact with the many customers with whom the firm deals, it is necessary that I communicate with them through the mails and otherwise, and here again the Complete Commercial Course has helped me with my correspondence. Also, when in personal interviews, the knowledge of shorthand has helped me out considerably by reason of the fact that I am enabled to make notes of the conversation rapidly and accurately and not lose any of the minor details that are sometimes so important, but which so often escape one's attention.

I sincerely believe that no man can call his time wasted when he puts in one, two, three or perhaps four hours in a day while in the service of the United States Marines, studying some course in the MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE as it is, beyond a doubt, bound to make him better equipped for the duties and exactions of civil life. It means so much to a man coming from the military service, especially the Marine Corps, to be able to say that he has improved himself about one hundred per cent and to take up more worthy and more important work than he was ever before capable of. I, myself, take pride in myself because my earning power is so much greater than it was before I enlisted in the Marine Corps and enrolled in the MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE.

I might, perhaps, say that no man in the corps of Devil Dogs should allow his spare moments to be wasted away without bettering himself through study of some course in the MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE which he may use to advantage later on and go back to civil life with an abundance of useful knowledge at his command. He should also remember that the only cost to him is the employment of his own spare time and conscientious efforts. I believe that this should make him all the more appreciative, as a special effort is made on the part of the instructors to render every assistance possible, giving their best at all times.

Very sincerely,
PETER FICKER.

You Too Can Make a Course in the Institute of Practical Value to You.

The Marine Corps Institute offers a selection of 233 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. **THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.**

Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE..... COURSE.

..... Name Organization Place

Rank

Name

Organization

Place

THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 25)

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, FOREST SERVICE, CLEVELAND NATIONAL FOREST

October 5, 1928.

Rear Admiral Ashley H. Robertson,
Naval Operating Base,
San Diego, California.

Dear Admiral Robertson:

In behalf of the United States Forest Service, I want to thank you for your splendid cooperation in time of our great need. Without the aid of your 500 Marines and sailors there is no doubt but that a much larger area of San Diego County's beautiful back country would have been destroyed by fire. Both the Marines and the sailors rendered excellent service and it was indeed gratifying to know that unlimited aid was available from your department if needed.

I am sure you would want to know that the forest rangers are praising highly the work performed by your men.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. E. ELLIOTT,
Forest Supervisor.

RICHLAND DETACHMENT, MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

By Herbert A. Conge

Now that the winter months are again approaching, we are starting to burst forth in rapturous speech, and hereby announce that we are taking the soap-box out for the above named attachment; so stand from under, this is a heavy load.

This writing will have to carry us back a few months and tell about a wonderful time that we had in the woods. The ladies were not present and therefore we had good reasons to call it a stag. We had everything from soup to nuts. A few of the last-named were present; they sang for the crowd. We put the Chaplain on the chow committee, and after he arrived we discovered that he had six ham sandwiches and also six cheese sandwiches, with two nickel-plated catsup bottle openers. However, before the evening ended, he managed to have more eatables provided for those who cared for them. When it came to catsup, a few of the members acted like Arabs would when they found an oasis in the desert. Twenty-four members were present and, from reports of the morning after, a wonderful time was had by all.

A regular meeting was to be held on the first of October, but so many members were unable to attend that it was changed to a special meeting at the Recruiting Office, October 12. About twenty members were present and we had a discussion of the business that came up; namely, an election of the delegate to the convention at Dallas. Mr. Hollis D. Moorehead was elected to that office. The following elections were made: Walter T. Reining, commandant; Walter Stringfellow, vice-commandant; Thomas H. Powell, paymaster; Marion Buchanan, adjutant. Mr. Powell and Mr. Buchanan were re-elected for a second term in their offices. The meeting finally came to a close with all hands

wanting to know when they would eat. Then the Chaplain sprung a good one on us. He had a gallon of good, hot coffee, four dozen assorted sandwiches and as many doughnuts. Before the meeting broke up the members expressed a desire to let the ladies in on the next one, and Mr. Untiet offered his home for the occasion. The date of the next meeting will be November 9. By that time the National Convention will be over and Mr. Moorehead will have lots to tell us about the doings down in Colonel Easterwood's locality.

SHORT BURSTS FROM THE 73RD

By Corporal M. Karlstad

The Seventy-third Machine Gun Company needs no word of introduction in so far as the readers of "The Leatherneck" are concerned. Like an old maid's permanent wave, it is quite prominent and well known. However, we take this opportunity to acquaint the readers with some "inside dope" on the gang.

Captain R. H. Jeschke, First Lieutenants T. J. Crawford, G. L. Maynard, and L. E. Powers, Second Lieutenants E. R. Peters and C. D. Silard, and Chief Marine Gunner Benz constitute the commissioned strength of the Seventy-third.

Lt. C. D. Silard, in addition to attending his many duties as platoon commander, is in charge of the training of our leather pushers.

Cpl. Steve Jandrokovic, despite the fact that he is a handsome ladies' man, has found and conquered a Penelope. Pfc. Austin has a Tientsin Juliet in mind—and in hand.

We have an artist in our midst who signs his name as "Limey" Loasby. Although Parisian connoisseurs have not yet proclaimed his work as unsurpassable, we believe that "Limey" knows his oils and colors.

Hoot Gibson in the Marine Corps! That's so, too. Still got his six-gun and shooting ways. Maybe there are two "Hoots" and, perhaps, our Hoot Gibson is not the famous bandit exterminator from Hollywood.

Corporal B. D. Hinkle returned to his company and duties after spending a week in Peking.

The exodus of Gy. Sgt. H. S. Walshe gave us Gy. Sgt. R. E. Cason, who has already made many friends in the company. The former departed for the States.

The company bid Tientsin good-bye on the 18th of September and proceeded to Hsin Ho, where the rifle range of the Third Brigade is located. Small arms practice was, unfortunately, made impossible during spring and summer by frequent and unusually heavy rain storms which left the range inundated and damaged. When the company returns we expect to see a large number of shining qualification badges in use. That would be a treat for the Tientsin girls.

H. P. Clet certainly knows his type-writer. The other day, while composing an epistle for his Los Angeles flame, he was in frantic search for a comma; not finding it, he decided to use a period in its stead. At that stage of the game he discovered he had been holding a finger over the comma all the while.

Cpl. H. E. Feldman organized a baseball team and promptly challenged Bn. Headquarters to a game, but lost it to

the tune of 15-7. Sergeant Bianchi watched over the keystone sack, making sure that all runners en route to the home plate arrived safely at second base. Norton pitched superb ball, but did not receive the best of support.

Boykin is a tobacco-chewer of no mean ability. He is desirous of meeting anyone with a reputation who is a contender for the world's long-distance spitting championship. Candidates must furnish their own material—Climax preferably.

We had the opportunity to see the best baseball teams in all China in action this week. On the 21st the Shanghai Marines defeated the local aggregation by the score of 2-1. The following day the Tientsin Marines reversed the order by winning 2-1. The brand of baseball exhibited by these teams was, indeed, a treat to the Tientsin fans. The Shanghai Marines had an edge on the Tientsinners in fielding; the hitting power appeared to be balanced. We wonder who will win the third and final game?

See you later.

AIR NEWS FROM NICARAGUA

More praise of air support of field troops comes with this quoted extract from a ground patrol report:

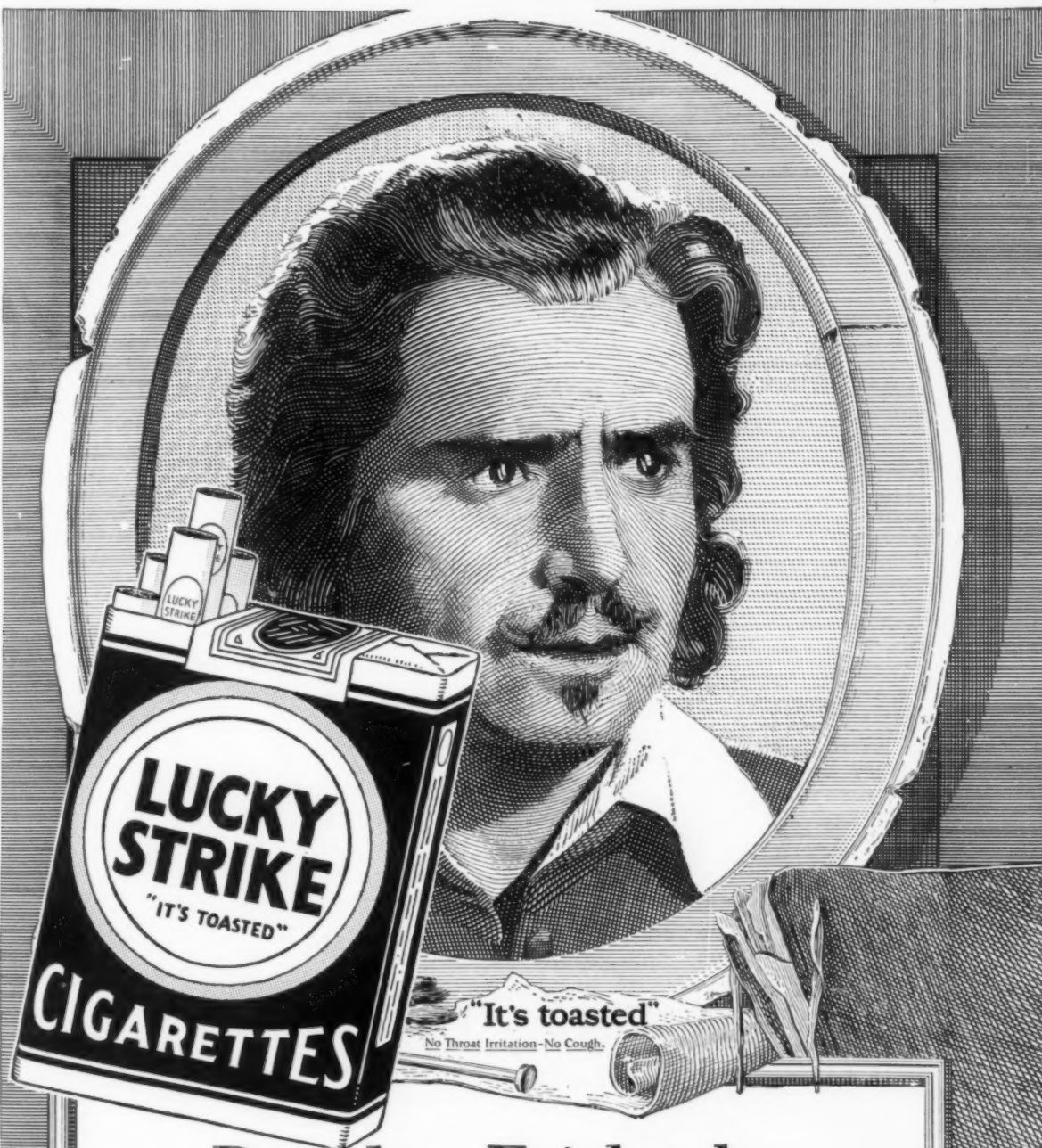
"We certainly could not ask for finer cooperation than the Air Service gave us. They picked us out in the thick country, kept each patrol informed of the other's whereabouts and gave us prompt service on drops of things desired. That all had a big effect on the morale. The men got cigarettes when they were short, oil for the weapons, candles, even rations. The fact that there is a liaison in emergency is felt by every man in the column.

"Please do not fly over San Lucas as a political meeting is in progress there by the Liberals." Airplanes might disturb a political meeting in Nicaragua by causing the respective delegates to take to the brush but it is feared that had planes flown over the Houston or Kansas City caucuses, that they would have found very rough air set-up by the "disturbance" below.

Eighty-four contacts with outlaws during the fiscal year ending June 1, 1928, one-third of these minor brushes, is the record of these squadrons, according to the commanding officer's annual report. Our planes have been struck 59 times during the past year by fire from the ground with one casualty, Capt. Pierce, who was shot through the foot at Murra last March when Sandino's main body was hit. A total of 900,000 pounds (450 tons) of freight and 1,500 passengers have been transported to the hill stations.

The famed phalanx of Alexander the Great may have had more pomp, but surely not near so much theatrical sham as the group sighted near Pericon. A column a mile long composed of groups of 10 and 20 men each were sighted with three well dressed men, apparently leaders, mounted in front of them. When the planes hove into sight the groups armed with machetes scattered on each side of the trail and attacked the underbrush and trees with the machetes with astonishing vigor. This group no doubt was unfriendly but refused to be hostile toward the planes.

(Continued on page 46)

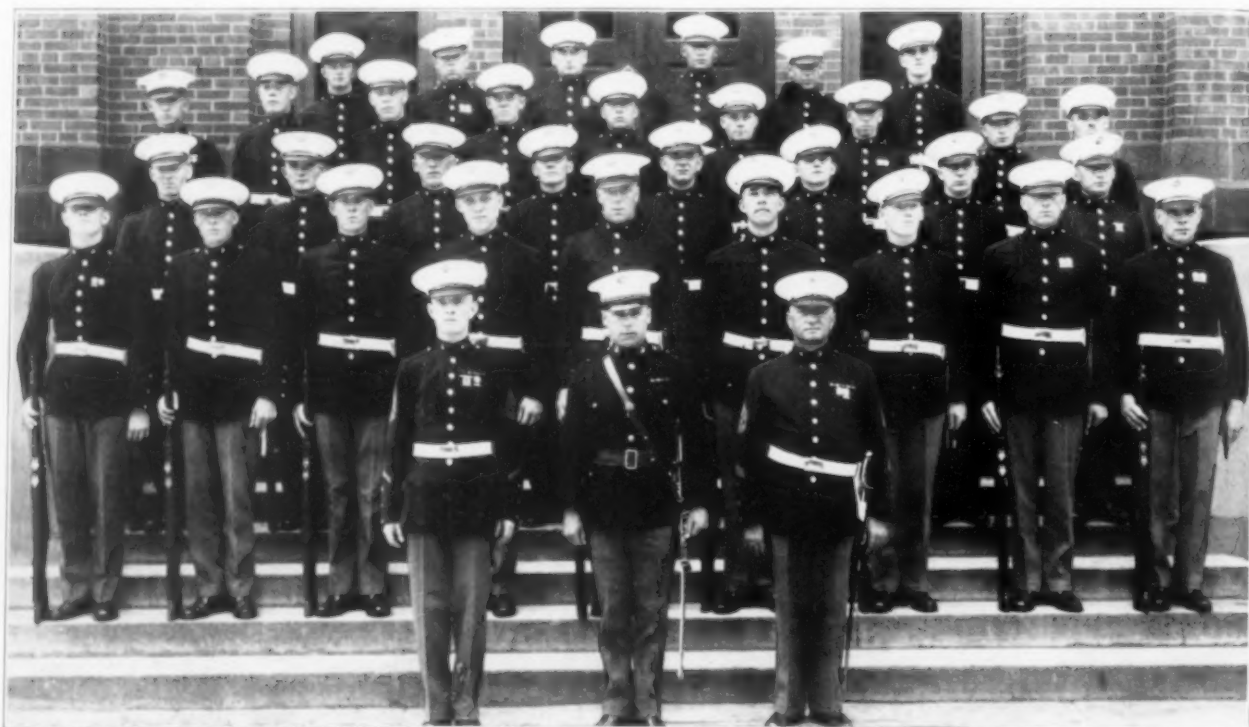


Douglas Fairbanks

America's Motion Picture Favorite, as he will appear in his forthcoming production "The Iron Mask" says—

"I get more kick from the Lucky Strike flavor than from any other cigarette. They are easier on my throat and wind. That's why I smoke nothing but Luckies. Toasting really means a lot to me. My own experience has proven that toasting not only takes out the bad things but doubles the flavor."

Douglas Fairbanks



BARRACKS AND AVIATION DETACHMENTS, NAVAL TRAINING STATION, GREAT LAKES, ILL.



MARINE DETACHMENT ON OUTPOST DUTY AT DALIHICAN, CAVITE, IN 1901

Left to right, top row: Morrell, Donegan, Woods, Collins, Cunningham, Bradley, Connors, Tessier, Seltzer. Center: Winterbottom, McGraw, Keegan, O'Brien, Kessler, Bonner, Devery, Lockwood. Lower: Whalen, Muldoon, Murphy, Trieman, Wesson, Luby, Flynn, Lonergan. (Courtesy Sgt. Patrick O'Connor, Rtd., Kildysart, Ireland.)



U. S. MARINE CORPS FOOTBALL TEAM FOR THE SEASON OF 1928

Front row, left to right: Snively, Dailey, McWhinney, Porter, Watson, Swearingen, Cobb, Fitzgerald, Levey. Second row: Poppelman, O'Neill, Spannuth, McCracken, Stroupe, Beatty, Dashiell, McNitt. Third row: Gotko, Woods, Whitfield, Phillips, Long, Murphy, DeRoo.



MARINES OF THE EIGHTY-FIRST MACHINE GUN AND HOWITZER COMPANY AT TIENTSIN, CHINA

Presenting....
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
in the blindfold cigarette test

MR. CHAPLIN was asked to smoke each of the four leading brands, clearing his taste with coffee between smokes. Only one question was asked: "Which one do you like the best?" He chose OLD GOLD.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN
... movie favorite the world
over, in one of his best-loved
pictures ... "The Circus."

Famous star selects OLD GOLD

"ONE cigarette of the four I smoked in the blindfold test was like shooting a scene successfully after a whole series of failures. It just 'clicked' and I named it as my choice. It was OLD GOLD. Which clears up a mystery, for the supply of OLD GOLDS in my Beverly Hills home is constantly being depleted. It seems that Strongheart and Rin-tin-tin are the only motion picture stars who don't smoke them."

Charlie Chaplin



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

Made from the heart-leaves of the tobacco plant.

**How does
OLD GOLD
do it?**

THE answer is very simple. Only heart-leaf tobacco is used in OLD GOLDS. No coarse top-leaves of the tobacco plant... no withered ground-leaves. That's why OLD GOLDS are so smooth... why you can pick them in the dark.

*Shipload
CARLOAD*

SMOOTHER AND BETTER—"NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

RECEPTION AND SMOKER AT LAKEHURST FOR ZEPPELIN

The Marine Detachment, U. S. Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N. J., commanded by Captain John Groff, gave a reception and smoker Monday, October 15, 1928, in honor of the personnel of the D-LZ127 "Graf Zeppelin."

The reception committee, First Sergeant Frank P. Novick, chairman; Sgt. Gerald C. Gray, Cpl. Ray E. Hagedorn, Cpl. Milton E. Lynch and Cpl. Walter F. McClain, offered an interesting and colorful programme that was greatly enjoyed by all present. The entertainment was well balanced with boxing, vaudeville, addresses and concerts by the Naval Air Station Band.

Through the courtesy of the Keith-Albee-Orpheum Circuit, such artists as Howard Jones, the Darling Sisters, Loomis Brothers, and Maurice, the Master of Mystification, were obtained. The cooperation of Miss Emma Louise Krech, Mr. Carl Nicolay, Major Phillip Deronde, U. S. M. C. R., and Captain Sydney D. Sugar, U. S. M. C. R., went far towards the ultimate success of the evening. The Yankee Rhythm Boys played several numbers and were roundly applauded.

Too much credit cannot be given to the Master of Ceremonies, Hon. Charles A. Oberwager, president of the United German Societies of the City of New York. It was mainly through his efforts that the programme moved so smoothly.

The occasion itself was of no little moment. The success of the venture undertaken by the crew and passengers of the Zeppelin has opened the door of international aeronautics. The achievement is second to none in the history of "lighter than air" craft, for it was the first of its kind to successfully span the two continents.

LATE NEWS FROM CAVITE

Major Willcox has left us and is on his way back to God's country. We hope Major Willcox has a pleasant voyage and that when he gets to the States he will enjoy his tour of duty on his new station. Our new commanding officer is Major G. W. Van Hoose, who arrived last week on the "President Wilson" and took over the command Saturday. We hope the Major will enjoy his tour of duty while here and wish him success.

Due to the lack of moustache cups, the moustache fad has died a natural death. The latest style is to get a Von Hindenburg haircut. Much competition has been started as to who will have the shortest hair, but Codner holds first place as he had his head shaved.

"Red" Smith said that the cost of living was something outrageous. During the month of August he had to have his hair cut twice, expenses amounting to about one peso. Now "Red" has gotten a real hair cut, having his head almost shaved even to the uppermost top knot. His reply to inquiries was nothing short of saying, "Well, boys, when I get a hair cut I want my money's worth. Last month I had to get two and this time I had it cut off to where it will last me two months at least and I figure I have saved two pesos." Hurrah for "Red." If he can save any more money by shaving his head, more power to him, and may he figure his future on that basis.

Last week two of the men were pro-

From: The Secretary of the Navy.

To: Sergeant William R. Bush, U. S. M. C.

Via: The Major General Commandant.

Subject: Sergt. William R. Bush, U. S. M. C., special letter of commendation.

1. I have received and read with much gratification the letter of the Commanding Officer, Third Battalion, Eleventh Regiment, Leon, Nicaragua, to the Commanding General, Second Brigade, U. S. Marines, Nicaragua, dated May 28, 1928, reporting your action on May 13, 1928, in going to the assistance of Sergeant Perry W. Davis and Corporal Meyer Parver, who were in danger of drowning. It appears from the statements submitted that you in total disregard of your life and safety, voluntarily, in the face of a treacherous and strong undertow and a very rough sea, went to the aid of Sergeant Davis and Corporal Parver, at a time when they were being carried out to sea and apparently drowning.

2. This report which was forwarded by the Commanding General, 2nd Brigade of Marines, in Nicaragua, with the recommendation that you be given a letter of commendation or suitable award, was referred by the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps to the Board of Awards in the Navy Department for consideration. That Board has reported that it considers your action on the occasion in question to merit high commendation and has recommended that you be addressed a special letter by the Secretary of the Navy. It is a pleasure to comply with the Board's recommendation in this instance.

3. Your gallant and courageous conduct displayed on this occasion was in keeping with the best traditions of the Navy Service and merits and receives my high commendation.

4. A copy of this letter has been made a part of your official record.

moted to the rank of Private First Class. The men promoted were Privates King and Beardsley. King is the lad of the golden locks while Beardsley now holds down the post recently vacated by Norfleet.

The boat orderlies now enjoy the distinction of having their chow a la carte while they are on duty on the ferry. The old tin chow pail is a thing of the past as they have obtained a real he man's chow container. Although it will hold enough rations for twenty men, the cook says they will not get more than enough for five men. At that, though it is aluminum, there will be plenty of room for their egg sandwiches and coffee. The only inconvenience is that there is no boom on the San Felipe to help them bring it aboard so the crew will have to give them a hand.

Some very exciting volley ball games have been taking place every evening on our court and a series will probably start this week. The Straight Duty men have

been boasting of their prowess and have even gone so far as to challenge the Special Duty men. The Special Duty men have calmly listened to their boasting, but one of these evenings they will proudly walk off the court with the Barrack's volley ball belt and the Straight Duty men will not know what has taken place.

No telling what will happen now. "Scottie" was caught out of his bunk at 4:30 a. m., taking on some road work last week. What is this world coming to? Are we all going to be pets of the early morning?

Jimmie Noble has made several special trips to Manila in order to find the best brand of cigars. It seems "soldier cigars" are the very best brand here of recent date. Jimmie says there is no such animal, so the soldiers will have to dip snuff for a change.

There will be lots of money taken in at the Post Exchange from now on. "Soldiers' coffee" and "soldiers' cigars" are specialties.

EIGHTIETH COMPANY, 2ND BATTALION, 6TH REGIMENT

By Corporal E. F. Sauer

In the August issue of "The Leatherneck" there didn't seem to be any mention of the Eightieth Company, nor of the 2nd Battalion, Sixth Regiment. We feel that there are a great many ex-members of this organization that would like to know what we are doing here in China, so here goes.

It would be rather difficult to state all the troubles of the boys, and impossible to name each one separately, but we will do the best we can.

Major J. L. Duxey is battalion commander, and the Eightieth Company is commanded by Captain G. C. Gill. First Lieutenant J. W. Lakso and Second Lieutenants R. M. Gulick and D. R. McAfee constitute the commissioned personnel. Our top kick is none other than J. P. Costello. He has a good word for everybody, and a growl for none. Gunnery Sergeants Knutsen and Jennings are our platoon leaders.

Our sergeants are Van Hanton, Pierce, Crawley and Burrows. We are short of corporals, but we think if our beloved Corporal Rell would only snap out of it he could take the place of four of them. He is an ex-Army boot and all day long he growls about the Marine Corps feeding him navy beans. He says that after this hitch he is going back in the Army—if he lives long enough.

The people of Tientsin held a field meet September 10th. The feature race was 10,000 meters. The Eightieth Company won two lovely Sterling silver cups by taking first and second places in the meet. The lucky boys were Pfc. Halestine and Private Perkins. Our musics have turned out to be great athletes. They keep fit by running to the mess hall every night for chow.

We also have what we call "Sea Lawyers." They are Pvs. Richardson and R. B. Moore. But they never get farther than the top kick's office, and he gives them a "weeping slip." That starts them growling again.

Well, we have lots more men to talk about, but we cannot expect to use any more space. So, here we shall call a halt.

STENAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918, ET LA GUERRE EST FINI

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

THE most amazing thing about rumors is the speed with which they travel. One containing the smallest grain of veracity will fly with inconceivable swiftness from regiment to regiment along the front. One that contains no truth travels faster yet. The wilder and more improbable they are the more they are broadcast. They seldom remain long in their original form, for they are soon altered to suit current and individual demands. They quicken the heart and raise hopes that are soon shattered, and shatter hopes that other rumors have raised. Still, it would have been a dull, drab war without them.

Along the front flashed rumors of an impending armistice; and each proved as false as the other. In spite of the many disappointments a faint, sickly bud of hope always grew from these reports. Usually, before the bud could blossom, it was blighted by a withering blast of crashing shells. The men met the rumors with skeptical sarcasm—that is, outwardly. Inwardly they hoped against despair.

Dusk of November tenth found a battery of 75's occupying a position not far from the Meuse River. A crescent-shaped patch of woods circled behind the guns. At its point, on the right, lay a demolished farm of cold, white stone. Over the shattered roof of one of the buildings flew the hospital flag. A network of telephone lines led to another, identifying it as the Post of Command.

The weary cannoneers talked but little. They had grown morose and sullen. The slightest offense, which once would have been laughed off, caused them to fly at each other with insane rage. Pale and emaciated they were. Faces and hands were stained with grease and dirt. From their uniforms emanated a nauseous odor of dried perspiration. Their leggings were caked with a smooth coating of mud, showing how long it had been since they were last unwrapped. Influenza and dysentery had their holds and were rapidly sapping the little remaining strength.

The guns were firing at a shorter range than usual, and the lowered muzzles gave them the appearance of four strange, prehistoric animals with their heads sagging wearily. But, as one of the gunners said as he dropped beside his piece for a moment's relaxation:

"It's the best war we've got; so let's don't holler."

Two engineers passed on their way back to the hospital. The head of one was completely enveloped in a blood-soaked bandage. Two tiny slits for his eyes and one for the mouth were the only uncovered parts. He looked like some strange mummy that had crawled

from a vat of red paint. A cigarette, half an inch long, protruded from the confusion of bandages.

"Gee's that guy must be in terrible shape," said one of the cannoneers. "Say, Jack, is there anything we can do for you?"

The mummy cocked his head sidewise to enable him to see through the little slits. He removed the cigarette from his mouth and maneuvered it before his eyes to observe its length.

"Well," he said slowly in a muffled voice, "I think I could use a cigarette."

The artilleryman laughed.

"I'll roll one for you; how's that?"

"Jake by me," the mummy replied.

His companion who had been adjusting the bandages on his own arm, turned and said:

"It will be all over tomorrow, fellows."

"Sure, all over the front."

"No! It's a fact this time. The infantry just got word. Tomorrow morning, eleven o'clock."

"Who are you, the editor of the *Latraine Journal*?"

"This ain't no bunk; it's straight dope. Wait and see."

It was the same rumor the men had heard for weeks. Derisive laughter followed the two wounded engineers as they made their way towards the hospital. Still there had been an earnest enthusiasm about them that caused the cannoneers to ponder. But there had been so many false reports; fragile, treacherous foundations upon which to build hopes—yet this one might be true.

"It makes no difference to us if it ends tomorrow or not," said a sergeant. "This is our last position."

"Say, I've heard that for a month," came the reply.

"Well, it has to be," the sergeant continued. "We can't move up without horses, and we haven't got enough for one platoon of the firing battery. You know damn well it was all we could do to get into this place; and we've lost more since. Look at the men, all shot to pieces. There's Tatro sound asleep not two feet from the second section's gun. It has fired twenty rounds since he dropped down there, and he hasn't even moved. There's not one of us who isn't half shell-shocked. Remember, we've been on the go since August without relief. We've hiked at night and fired by day. We've eaten when we could steal food, and starved when we couldn't. We've seen our bunkies, fellows who've soldiered with us for nearly two years, blown to hell in pieces. We've watched them rolling around in the mud, screaming for someone to shoot them and end their agony. We've grown so mean and ugly that when a man says good morn-

ing we want to punch his nose; and if he doesn't speak we're insulted and want to fight anyway. Not one of you can hold out your hand without it shaking like a leaf. Good God, Almighty! I hope those two ditch diggers were right about the armistice."

All through the night the guns fired. Star shells flared, and Very lights stippled the black sky in livid hues. The shells of the enemy crashed about with discouraging regularity.

"Armistice, my aunty," growled a cannoneer as he savagely jerked the lanyard.

Just before the red streaks of dawn appeared a ripple of excitement ran through the battery. An old sawmill in front of the guns was being used as a dressing station by the infantry. It received two direct hits. The shells came almost simultaneously, penetrating into the room before exploding. The scores of wounded, ranged along the age-stained walls, were torn to fragments. The few that still lived were transferred to the artillery's hospital.

Day broke and the heated guns were still firing. The infantry was advancing. Rumors stated that the engineers were spanning the Meuse under direct fire—and paying the price.

Meager breakfast was served to the cannoneers. In twos or threes the men went, holding out their mess kits to receive the rations. Dockstader, the cook, methodically issued two strips of bacon, a cup of black bitter coffee, and one hard French roll to each of the men.

There was a tremendous crash. A fountain of steel and black dirt spouted upwards.

"That looks like an armistice, doesn't it?" a man snorted contemptuously as he watched the debris shower back to the earth.

"They said eleven o'clock, didn't they?" replied another a little timidly.

"If they was goin' to stop do you suppose they would fire right up to the last minute? Why kill a lot of guys at ten o'clock if you're goin' to shake hands with them at eleven?"

The morning dragged on. Eight o'clock came, and nine. Still the roar of hate echoed along the front.

Suddenly the battery's telephone operator raised his head above the shell-hole that protected the switchboard.

"Runner!" he yelled excitedly, "On the double!"

An orderly advanced.

"Whoopee," howled the operator. "Find the B. C. and tell him that in accordance with the armistice all guns will cease firing at ten fifty-nine. Written orders will follow."

Back in the forest, Charlie Hadd was gathering firewood for the kitchen. Those who answered his faint cries for help found him propped against a tree.



He was gazing at a bloody stump that showed where his foot had been.

"It's all right, boys," he said grinding his teeth against the pain. "There'll be an armistice now, sure; they got me."

The men sought every possible protection and shelter. They reluctantly left the doubtful security of shell-holes to operate the guns.

"Gee's it's so near over it would be hell to get bumped off now, wouldn't it?" remarked one man to his neighbor.

"It sure would," replied the other nervously. "I understand that the last shell that bust in them woods sopped up a dozen Marines that's dug in over there."

"That's a bleedin' shame. Them baby's bon fighters."

Eleven o'clock! The unrolling scroll of history paused. Back home across the broad Atlantic, whistles blew and bells rang joyfully. People screamed and shouted, they hammered on dishpans with spoons, they fired revolvers. Automobiles scurried about with screeching sirens. Everyone made as much noise as he could; as if the authenticity of the news depended upon the greatest possible uproar. In a single accord the throng surged toward the business section of the city.

La Salle Street, Chicago, resembled the fairy setting of some theatre. From the windows of brokerage houses tons of ticker-tape had been thrown. The white paper ribbons floated gracefully downward. They settled on copings and window ledges and hung, festooned from suspended wires, like parasites on tropical trees. Under the feet of the sobbing, laughing people paper accumulated until it was knee-deep.

Chicago's loop was overflowing with hysterical humanity, but still it poured in. The people shouldered each other; they pushed and pulled. Clothing was torn, hats were lost, but never an angry word was spoken.

Sheltered in a doorway stood a little old lady. On the bosom of her black satin dress glittered a tiny golden star. She was smiling wistfully through a torrent of blinding tears. A man detached himself from the eddying throng. Reverently he kissed each pale, damp cheek, and disappeared. For her the war would never end.

The entire world joined in a mad celebration. New York and Paris were scenes of wild, joyous abandon. In London, bells that had been silent four

years rattled their tongues in their rusty throats. Busses crowded into a square and stopped with their upper decks presenting an unbroken plain. People swarmed upon them and stood with bared heads while the Lord Mayor spoke of peace.

Eleven o'clock on the front—and silence. A rumor had proven true. The noise of battle had been replaced by a kind of brooding vacuity. The men were still skeptical; it was too impossible. Something was certain to be wrong with the terms of the armistice and the war would burst forth again with fresh and increased violence.

Somewhere a heavy gun crashed out. From behind a hill in front of the artillery came the unmistakable sound of rifle fire, and the subdued, choked explosion of hand grenades. Then deep silence once more.

"There it goes!" a man spat bitterly. The cannoneers painfully waited for the orders to begin firing, but none came. It was later discovered that the alarming sounds were infantrymen discharging their weapons harmlessly in the air as an outlet for their pent-up exuberance. They were also exploding grenades in the river. The stunned fish that floated to the surface provided a delicious feast.

"... and there will be no mingling or fraternizing with the enemy," an officer was reading aloud from the orders he held. "Each man will remain within the limits of his own organization."

"Who wants to mingle or fraternize with them?" a voice mumbled. "I want to sleep. Wake me up when we start for home."

Like an exhausted runner who feels the tape break across his breast, the man sunk down. Others followed his example. Some, for the first time in months, walked boldly towards the kitchen. They sat down in the open and ate slowly.

All day they lolled about, smoking, talking and sleeping. Rumors were already flying through the air.

"I heard it said," remarked a corporal, "that the best outfits are going to parade through Germany. Maybe they'll stay a year or more."

"That's a lotta bologna. The skipper said we was leavin' here tomorrow mornin'. The guns are goin' to stay right in the field and we're goin' to turn the horses over to some other outfit. We'll eat Christmas dinner home."

As darkness fell camp fires flickered

up one by one. From the crest of a hill the lines of the two armies could be followed by the twinkling fires. The faint, distant echo of German singing could be heard. When morning came many new souvenirs were proudly displayed. Some of the men had apparently forgotten the orders against: "Mingling and fraternizing with the enemy."

Immediately after breakfast the First Sergeant blew a shrill blast on his whistle.

"E Battery, fall in!"

A confused mob of men endeavored to form the semblance of a line.

"Lord! Lord! Have you birds forgot how to fall in in battery formation? This war must have ruined you guys. Hey, you, get back where you belong."

Even the most critical sergeants can at last be satisfied. The men were in line, tense and rigid.

"Squads right! March!"

The battery broke into a column and moved toward the road. There it halted to await the assembling of the rest of the regiment.

"See, I told you we'd leave our guns here."

"I bet ten francs we come back after them. You notice a guard's been left with them."

They marched at "rout order" along a tranquil road. Everything seemed so peaceful; so different from the night when their every step brought them nearer to death. This same road upon which the sun shone warmly, had once led them to the front. It had been a horrible dream from which they had awakened to a pleasant dawn.

"I wonder where we're bound for?"

"What difference does it make? We're going somewhere, ain't we?"

"Say, isn't this great? Here we are marching along in broad daylight, and not a bit of shelling. I guess those two engineers weren't such bad prophets, at that."

Someone began to sing, and the column caught it up, chanting as they marched: "It won't be long before we're home; It won't be long before we're home. We'll take you by the hand and then you'll understand"

How we missed you in the foreign land. It won't be long before you see The Thirty-third Division on the sea. We know that God will take us to our very own.

It won't be long before we're home."



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EVER try to run a car without a battery? Of course not! Yet there are folk who really try to get ahead in life without a savings account.

IT is no more possible to attain success without a savings account than to run a car without a battery.

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WEST END OFFICE
SEVENTEENTH STREET AT G

Resources over Eighteen Millions

Here and There

BY
Jeff Daniels,
Sports Editor —

The opening games on the current grid schedule disclosed a Marine team that has much potential winning strength. For their first attempt of the season the Marines played a defensive game that disclosed a powerful line, the secondary defense seldom being called upon during line plays. On the offensive they "made the holes" for fleet backs and especially as individuals, worked like Trojans. It was quite obvious that with a couple of games tucked away and the resulting team work, the Marine line will figure most importantly in the season's games. The Coast Guard used three distinct teams in their attempt to stop the Leathernecks, but three touchdowns and the three extra points made by Bobby Gotko show that it was but vain. The score speaks for our backfield.

After the grid clash with the Coast Guard the Marine squad attended the C. G. ring championship bouts at the New Haven Armory, and made obvious their enjoyment of the fights with long and lusty applause during the various bouts. From flyweight to heavyweight, champs were chosen and awarded the titular belts presented by Heinie Miller, editor of the Coast Guard Magazine, who also officiated as referee. Two ex-Marines were on the card, Franky Cheslock losing a decision to the champion, Kid Taylor, and Young Oster, recently active with the Marines in China, easily retaining his middleweight title in his go with Bakman.

The Keys have a monopoly on baseball up—or down—in old Brentsville, Virginia. When the team played Manassas recently, nine Keys took the field, and investigation disclosed that eight substitutes were also Keys, a key ring as it were. The opposing team was not made

(Continued on page 37)

SPORTS

LEATHERNECKS WIN FIRST GAMES

U. S. COAST GUARD BOWS TO MARINES 21-0; GOTKO RUNS 60 YARDS

Thrusting fleet halfbacks through a rugged Coast Guard line at well-chosen moments, the Quantico Marines routed the all-Coast Guard Bears 21-0. The Marines used four halfbacks in the game: O'Neill, Woods, Levey and Gotko, all of whom accounted for brilliant gains in scoring three touchdowns. Gotko was sent into the game in the second period to kick for the extra point after Woods had ended a down-field march with a 7-yard plunge across the Coast Guard goal line. A few minutes later, after the Marines had recently received the ball from a punt, Gotko made a 60-yard run for a touchdown.

He cleared the entire Coast Guard line and three backs by skirting the left side of the field and then reversing his field at right angles, crossing the whole grid-iron, while Phillips, Marines' end, put the Coast Guard safety men out of the play. A Coast Guard fumble gave the ball to the Marines on the 35-yard line in the last quarter. Three plunges gave the Leathernecks a first down and from there Woods knifed his way between guard and tackle and twisted home for the third touchdown. He ran 23 yards.

| Marines. | Position | Coast Guard |
|-------------------|----------|-------------|
| Phillips | RE | Lombard |
| Cobb | RT | Imlay |
| Watson | RG | Wineke |
| Hart | C | Banker |
| Porter | LG | Hartson |
| Dodge | LT | Reynard |
| Whitfield | LE | McGee |
| Woods | QB | Duffield |
| Gotko | LH | Davis |
| O'Neill | RH | Bower |
| Poppelman | FB | Hess |
| Marines | | 0 14 0 7-21 |
| Coast Guard | | 0 0 0 0-0 |

Touchdowns—Woods, Levey Gotko. Point after touchdown—Gotko (3 from placement). Substitutions (Coast Guard)—Reeves for McGee, N. Barton for Wineke, Cotter for Banker, Cummings for Hartson, Shontz for Reynard, Exler for Lombard, Allerdice for Duffield, Holcepe for Spaniol, Davis for Bower, Heffelfinger for Hess, Papi for Reeves, Ward for Imlay, Porter for Barton, McConnell for Cotter, Zuern for Cummings, Anderson for Shontz, Hicks for Exler, Brown for Heffelfinger, Heikkele for Davis, Gibson for Allerdice, Pearson for Holcepe, Barton for Porter, Allerdice for Duffield, Davis for Bower, Exler for Spaniol, Carter for Banker; (Marines)—DeRoo for Hart, Spanuth for Porter, Gotko for Poppelman, Dailey for Levey, Stroupe for Dodge, Levey for Dailey, Beatty for Phillips, Poppelman for O'Neill, Long for Gotko. Referee—H. I. O'Brien. Umpire—F. W. Lowe. Linesman—L. H. Sheedy. Field Judge—J. J. Sullivan.

ST. BONAVENTURE LOSES ON WOODS' PASS TO LEVEY, ONLY SCORE IN GAME

On the only successful forward pass in the game, Woods to Levey, Quantico Marines defeated St. Bonaventure College of Allegany, N. Y., 7 to 0. Woods place-kicked for the extra single point. The first three quarters of play was confined to the center of the field mostly. Although the field was fast, a mean, penetrating drizzle prevented the use of the aerial play to any extent. Punting and repunting on the first and second downs characterized the play. Only two first downs were made in the entire game, the Marines getting both. The only touchdown, made by Levey, came at the close of the third quarter. The play was but a second in action, when the gun sounded to end the quarter. Connors, for the Collegians, made the only material line gain when he went through the Marine defense for eight yards in the third quarter.

In the final periods the Bonaventures made several attempts at the forward pass, but this play was completely smashed. On a fumble in the third period, Dailey recovered the ball from the Bonaventures on the 40-yard line and the only penalty of the game was imposed on Levey, as a result, who was assessed five yards for reverse play. Defensive ball was the order throughout and line play of both elevens stood out prominently. The Bonaventures consider the low score of the game a virtual victory considering their defeat last year 32-0 by Quantico. Many high-ranking retired Marine officers from Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Buffalo attended the contest.

Line-up and summary:

| St. Bona., 0. | Position | Marines, 7. |
|-----------------------|----------|-------------|
| Schumacher | LE | Whitfield |
| Rooney | LT | Sulvey |
| Rock | LG | Porter |
| Lux | C | Hart |
| Cavanaugh | RG | Stroup |
| Packard | RT | Cobb |
| O'Brien | RE | Phillips |
| Connors | QB | Woods |
| Hurtibese | LH | Gotko |
| Dwyer | RH | Levey |
| George | FB | O'Neill |
| St. Bonaventure | | 0 0 0 0-0 |
| U. S. Marines | | 0 0 7 7-7 |

Touchdown—Levey. Extra point—Woods (place kick). Substitutions (Marines)—Dailey for Gotko; (St. Bonaventure)—O'Keefe for O'Brien, Wilson for George, Colao for Packard, Hermanot for Lux, Sullivan for Schumacher, Shierkowski for Hurtibese, Devers for Connors. Referee—Powell (Syracuse). Umpire—Holderness (Lehigh). Head linesman—Martin (Erie). Field Judge—Lillis (Erie).

"Here and There"

(Continued)

up of Locks. The key ring boys all wore Al Smith buttons on their uniforms while the politics of their opponents were mixed. The big key ring and Smith men won, and attributed their victory to the mixed politics of their opponents.

The clan of Poppleman seems to be specializing in football. Raymon J. is one of the best backs with the big Marine squad this season, while L. and C., who played with the San Fernando high school's undefeated team of 1926, are making bids for honors with the San Diego Marine squad. The former plays in the backfield while the latter shows in the line.

San Diego grid hopes were considerably bolstered during the month when Rose, Carney and a number of others who barely missed making the grade with the big squad were transferred to the West Coast for football.

Announcement has been made that the Armistice Day football game between the San Diego Marines and the Submarines Divisions will be played November 11 instead of the tenth as scheduled previously. The game will be the major event in the extensive program being sponsored by the local American Legion post.

Since the U. S. Marines entered Nicaragua inhabitants have taken up golf, baseball and tennis. A few months ago there was not a golf course in the country, while today there are two in the city of Managua. Sports are always conducive to a healthier spirit of friendship between nations.

SAN DIEGO FOOTBALL SCHEDULE SEASON 1928

September 30
Los Angeles All-Star Prep Team
at Navy Field.

October 14
U. S. S. "Pennsylvania" at Navy
Field.

October 20
U. of C. Frosh at Navy Field.

November 4
U. S. S. "Mississippi" at Navy
Field.

Armistice Day
Submarine Flotillas at the City
Stadium.

November 17th
U. S. S. "Maryland" at Navy
Field.

December 2
Naval Training Station at Navy
Field.

All games at 2:30

DIRGE

No Sunshine spills on Cardinal Town;
The gloom lies black and thick,
For all is buried in the shade
Of Babe Ruth's mighty stick.

Well, the world series of 1928 has passed into history, and like Tunney in his first fight with Dempsey, the Yankees came through with flying colors, four

straight games to win this series, and making it eight straight world series wins. Before the series started the odds were on the Cardinals to win. So go the dopsters.

Mr. Ruth was the shining light, of course, setting a new batting average for all time—.625. He and Gehrig were the only Yankee regulars to hit above .300. And Gehrig tied the Babe's record of four home runs in a series. Ruth looked like anything but a convalescent.

These two mighty swatters between them collected 16 of the 37 Yankee hits and 41 of the 71 total bases. They also scored 14 of the 27 runs and batted in 13 of the 25 so batted in.

In the final game Ruth and Gehrig not only retained their slugging honors over their St. Louis rivals, Bottomley and Hafey, but did it with home runs alone. The New York margin in hits was four to one and in bases, sixteen to one.

The total players' pool (Yanks) set a new record of \$419,736.30, each winning share being \$5,531.91. The losers divided their money in 28 parts, each receiving \$4,197.37.

Slugging got most of the publicity in the series, but lest ye forget, Waite Hoyt was one of the bright and spectacular stars of the triumph, using wits and arm in perfect coordination.

The Cards had brand new uniforms for the last game—all dressed up for their own funeral.

As one of the Cardinals remarked as he pocketed his share of the series money: "Tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all."

The Yankees in the 1928 world series broke many records. Among the new marks set are:

Won eight straight games—swept two series.

Players' pool biggest in world series history.

Nine runs driven in by Gehrig, exceeding Meusel's figure made in 1923.

Ruth's series average of .625 breaking Gowdy's of .545, which has stood since 1914.

Ruth's 13 home runs in all series he has been in.

Ruth's scoring of 31 runs in all series. Ruth's driving in of 26 runs in all series.

Ruth's total bases—85—in all series. Gehrig's five straight bases on balls—two Sunday and three on Tuesday.

Ruth tied his record of home runs in a single game. He hit three in St. Louis in 1926.

George Harper, right field patrolman for the Cards, played the last game with his back to the wall. That's the direction most of the home run smacks went.

Had the series been even up to the last game, that argument in the seventh might have proved a serious affair. Some believe that Ruth should have been called out on strikes. Sherdel delivered

Questions—SPORTS—Answers

Q. What is a lateral pass?

A. A backfield man takes the ball from the center's hands or receives it on a direct pass from the center. The back then passes or throws the ball to another back or to a player who comes out of the line to carry the ball. The ball must travel backward or laterally at least two yards.

Q. What do football players talk about while in a huddle; what does the pitcher say to the catcher and why is a sergeant?

A. Be on your dignity; this is not a puzzle column.

Q. Where can I get a complete schedule of the Marines' games?

A. This schedule appeared in the October issue of THE LEATHERNECK. Another has been mailed you.

Q. Where is "Bozo" Duncan?

A. The famous "Bozo," captain of last year's team, and who received the President's Cup for the Marines, has been appointed assistant backfield coach for this season. According to the new three-year ruling he may not play this season.

Q. Is Huckaby still fighting?

A. After a lay-off of several weeks, Huckaby is back in the ring, boxing the best in his class in China.

Q. How many President's Cup games are there this fall?

A. The Marines' opening game with the U. S. Coast Guard was considered in the Cup competition season. The U. S. Navy will play for the Cup at Washington, D. C., on Dec. 1. Army has withdrawn from competition.

Q. How shall I address a letter to a member of the football squad?

A. John Doe, U. S. Marine Corps Football Team, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued on page 43)

what appeared to Walter Johnson a legal ball. Ruth was in the box but not looking, and many others agreed with Umpire Pfirman, who ruled a quick delivery and gave the Babe another chance. Clapping his hands gleefully, the mighty king of swat made good his "chance." Last seen, the ball was going in the general direction of the Mississippi River and hitting on all six. And there and then flowers for the Cards were in order.

SERIES STATISTICS

| Team. | Final Standing | | |
|------------------------|----------------|----|-------|
| | W. | L. | Pct. |
| New York (A. L.)..... | 4 | 0 | 1.000 |
| St. Louis (N. L.)..... | 0 | 4 | .000 |

The Scores

First game—New York 4; St. Louis 2.
Second game—New York 9; St. Louis 3.
Third game—New York 7; St. Louis 3.
Fourth game—New York 7; St. Louis 3.

Totals for Series

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------------|
| Paid attendance | 199,075.00 |
| Receipts (without tax) | \$777,290.00 |
| Advisory council | 77,729.00 |
| Players' share | 419,736.60 |
| St. Louis Club..... | 69,956.10 |
| New York Club..... | 69,956.10 |
| National League | 69,956.10 |
| American League | 69,956.10 |



"HI, SAM!" Captain Sam Freeny, who led the Marines in batting during the 1928 baseball season, paid a call at the football camp to look them over. Here, he is being greeted by Head Coach Tom Keady, the Corps' mentor in football and baseball.

"Here and There"

In Pictures



Above—Wigmore, one of the best tackles the Marine Corps ever had, is giving the big squad the benefit of his long experience in the capacity of line coach.

Above, at right—Izzy Tanner, boxing instructor at San Diego, is shown giving Perstein, a newcomer of promise, a few pointers.



Above—Johnson qualifies as a journeyman footballer. After a season at Parris Island and one at Great Lakes, he is now with the Quantico post team.

At left—Cpl. Post has taken part in every aquatic event in and around San Diego this season, carrying the colors of the Marines to many victories.



Above—Brunelle, recently "paid off," played with Marine Corps football teams for five years. You may meet him soon as a jewelry salesman.

Below—2nd Regt. baseball team with the Van Reed Trophy they won in the Summer League at Port au Prince.

Below, at left—The St. Thomas team with Billy Sweet, mascot, shown in center.

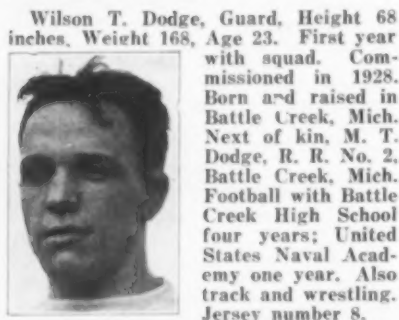


Above—Carney, a new football aspirant in the Corps, is displaying his wares with San Diego.

At right—Dailey, with three years' experience on the varsity squad at the U. of Nebraska, is now passin' 'em for the Marines.



Charles E. Cobb, Tackle, Height 72½ inches, Weight 192, Age 21. Second year with squad. Enlisted September 10, 1925, at Rochester, N. Y. Born and raised in Rochester and Newark, N. Y. Next of kin, Charles E. Cobb, father, Newark, N. Y. Played tackle at Newark High School 1919-20-21-22. Football with Parris Island post team 1925-26. Also basketball and track. Jersey number 28.



Can You Name Them?

Pictured below are 25 coaches and athletes of Marine Corps fame. A few are at present active in athletics, others are stationed at the four corners of the globe. All have contributed to the fame of the Corps. How many do you know?

FILL IN THE BLANKS!

—Sports Editor.



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



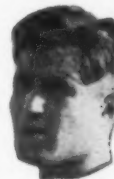
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15



16



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19



20



21



22



23



24



25

- | | | | | |
|---------------|-------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Brady | 6. Chambers | 11. Groves | 16. Henry | 21. McManis |
| 2. Wymore | 7. Cerech | 12. Duncan | 17. Bailey | 22. Bailey |
| 3. Timmeltill | 8. E. Hall | 13. Sanders | 18. Soetger | 23. Levinson |
| 4. M. Terry | 9. Eldridge | 14. Skinnell | 19. Chambers | 24. Brounelle |
| 5. Neal | 10. Hunt | 15. Kyle | 20. McQuade | 25. Rykman |



IN HIS first match, a year previous, Gene Tunney became the light heavyweight champion of America by outpointing Battling Levinsky, but in his bout in 1923, which was on Jan. 29, at Philadelphia, the man who was to wrest the big crown from Jack Dempsey in this same city, was tossed out of the ring in the fourth round of a contest with Jack Renault.

I did not see this bout and so this version is only from hearsay. But I have talked with many Philadelphia newspaper men and others who witnessed the bout, and they all agree that the referee was overzealous in calling the engagement no contest. It was by no means as bad as the referee's action would lead to believe.

"It was just the sort of battle that was liable to result," says Jess McMahon, who was at the ringside, "where two

From the Book o'Tunney

By Ed Van Every

This is the last of the series concerning Gene Tunney's early years as a professional fighter. It tells of two of his three victories over Greb, and of the occasion when he was tossed out of the ring by the referee in a contest with Jack Renault. With this chapter we close the Book o' Tunney, being consistent with the retired champion's desire to retire also from the spotlight and the public gaze. The following is printed through courtesy of the Evening World (N. Y.).

men of the type known as counter-fighters have been matched. There was considerable time wasted in each trying

to make the other lead, but that both were trying there is no question. I thought that Tunney tried his best to take an aggressive part. I also think that if they had been permitted to go the full eight rounds there would have been enough excitement to satisfy the crowd."

McMahon is probably quite right, for in 1923 Renault started to shape up very much like the coming heavyweight champion. In addition to the meeting with Tunney, the Canadian took part in thirteen other contests. And only one of these bouts went the distance. Strange to say, it was the same Soldier Jones, against whom Gene had made his somewhat disappointing showing on the afternoon of the Dempsey-Carpentier battle, who lasted the route with Jack. Renault stopped eleven of his opponents that year, and they included Geo. Godfrey, Fred Fulton, Tom Cowler, Floyd Johnson, Jim Herman and others.



The Major General Commandant must have mentioned the possibility of beating the Navy on December 1st, according to the facial expressions of the men on the big squad. "Bozo" Duncan, backfield coach (extreme left), however, apparently thinks it's a pretty serious proposition.

Both Tunney and Renault were fine defensive boxers, and it was not easy for either to penetrate the other's guard. Gene had slightly the better of what little scoring there was as far as it went. The fans were impatient, but this was not to be wondered at as their favorite, Lew Tendler, was boxing in the final spot.

These were rather upsetting times for Gene. He and his manager, Doc Bagley, had come to the parting of the ways, the Greenwich Village idol having already purchased his release from Bagley, whose interest in Tunney was to expire after his fight and one set for the same week with Chuck Wiggins, for which Bagley had arranged. Tunney was said to have paid \$3,500 for his release, and at that particular time was without a manager.

Billy Gibson had been mentioned as Bagley's successor and he made the trip to Philadelphia. On the way over the arrangements were practically completed that brought Gene and Bill together into a combination that was to lead to the big championship. Harry McCormack, at that time a close mutual friend of the two concerned, had been instrumental in interesting the two in each other.

"Who can tell," McCormack told Gibson, "Gene Tunney may some day win the title from Dempsey."

Gibson, who had guided Benny Leonard to the lightweight title and great popularity, had long been anxious to tie up with a good heavyweight prospect, and it was agreed that he had done wonders with Jim Coffey, though the latter fell somewhat short of making the topnotch grade. Bill had been watching Gene for some time and he thought he was worth taking a chance with.

Gibson, despite the disappointment of Tunney's showing against Renault still saw enough to be more anxious than ever to go through with the partnership with Gene.

Another thing that annoyed Tunney about then was the fact that Harry



Greb had granted Tommy Loughran the chance at the light heavyweight title of America, which chance Gene felt belonged to him. Greb and Loughran met the day after the Philadelphia disappointment in a fifteen-round contest in the old Garden.

However, Gibson did not lose much time in getting Tunney his match with Greb. It came within less than a month.

On the Saturday of the same week of the Renault contest, which was declared no contest, Gene Tunney on Feb. 3, 1923,

boxed his second bout with Chuck Wiggins at the Commonwealth Sporting Club. About the only difference between this bout and the engagement of the previous October at Boston, was that this time Tunney slapped Wiggins around for twelve rounds instead of ten.

Though Tunney was practically matched with Harry Greb for the bout which was fought in the old Garden on Feb. 23, and which was to regain for the present champion his title of light heavyweight champion of America, still his bout with Wiggins drew a gate of less than \$2,800 net. As Tunney was boxing on a 33 1-3 percentage, his end was a little more than \$900. The man who was to play a part as sparring partner in the champion's training for his recent fight in defense of his crown against Jack Dempsey, got about \$600, and he had troubles that night at the Commonwealth. However, he weathered the twelve rounds in fairly good shape, and Billy Gibson was so well satisfied with the way in which Gene handled Chuck that he went after the Greb match harder than ever.

With the assistance of the New York Boxing Commission the match was closed and Tunney went into training at Red Bank, with Wolf Larsen and Larry Williams as his sparring partners. The match aroused much interest and drew a gate of close to \$55,000. Greb, of course, was a pronounced favorite in the betting.

It resulted in a hard battle of fifteen rounds and one which aroused plenty of comment when Joe Humphreys announced:

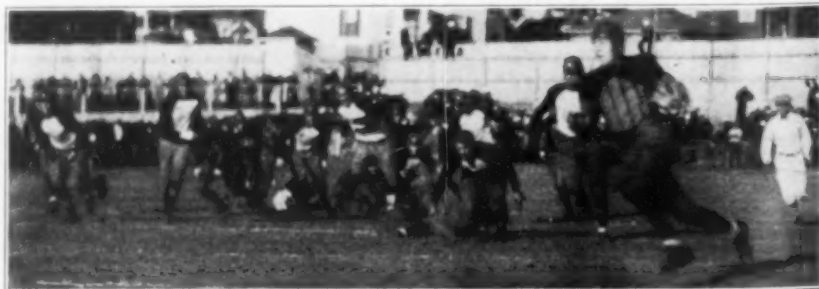
"The winner and new champion, Gene Tunney."

Harry Greb complained, declaring he had been "robbed," and there were not a few who thought the decision was an unjust one. Referring to my own report of the contest in *The Evening World* of Feb. 24, I went on record as follows:

"In plain words last night's match was either a 'job,' as Harry Greb bitterly insists, or the defeated champion was guilty of his usual foul tactics. Otherwise, and this is the expression of a sincere admirer of the Greenwich Village lad, Tunney did not prove that he is the better man of the two."

At this late date, though I did pick

Bobby Gotko gets away for a sixty-yard run and touchdown in the Marines' game with the U. S. Coast Guard. This stellar back sustained a broken collar bone in the game with St. Bonaventure on the following Saturday which will probably keep him on the bench until the President's Cup Game on December 1st.





Behind the Scenes—Sergeants "Nick" Nichols and "Brigham" Young care for all the extensive paraphernalia of the big squad. By the expression on the physiognomy of Jiggs II, we gather that he doesn't like headgears anyway.

Tunney to win, it does seem as though the cards were to some extent stacked against the loser. Greb had been guilty of plenty of unethical stuff in his bout a few weeks previous with Tommy Loughran. In my advance story of the contest I pointed out how the late Harry Greb had been guilty of breaking no less than five of the thirteen rules of boxing, and when the men were called to the centre of the ring the referee, Patsey Haley, was particularly insistent in his instructions to the Pittsburgher as to



how far he would be permitted to go with some of his tricks.

Haley insisted afterward that Greb has been guilty of persistent infractions of the rules from the second round on. But from my point of view Greb fought one of the fairest battles I had ever watched him wage. I thought he outscored Gene three blows to one, that Tunney's blows were the more effective, that each won six rounds, and with three even, and that Greb should have received a draw at least, and hence should have not been deprived of the title.

Incidentally Tunney, who weighed 174, had an advantage of eight and one-half pounds. It was a hard-fought battle, with neither man in serious danger, though Greb was badly stung in the fourteenth. The Pittsburgh boxer made a most determined start in the first round and had somewhat the better of the first half of the battle, Gene seeming to tire in the seventh. In the ninth, however, the New Yorker apparently got stronger, and from then on until the finish safely held his own.

In the fourteenth, when Tunney scored what proved to be the most damaging blow of the fight, he certainly did nail Harry hard. In this session Gene got over a stiff left hook to the head, and this time, as Harry bounced in with his customary dauntless spirit, Gene stepped in and met the charge by ripping a hard right to the heart. The blow was delivered with such force that Harry doubled up, and for the flash of a second seemed about to go down. But before the round was over he was fighting back as hard as ever.

Regaining the light heavyweight championship from Harry Greb did not seem to reflect much immediate glory or any quick financial benefits to Gene Tunney. His victory over Greb seemed to have been none too popular, and it was pointed out that Tunney's title was without any value. It was contended there was no such a championship as was being sported by the Greenwich Village favorite because an Irishman, Mike McTigue, had wrested the world title from Battling Siki and consequently Michael was the real possessor of the American laurels in this division as well.

Tunney was anxious to fight it out

At left—Hart, one of the most versatile players on the big Marine squad. Right up with the first liners as a center, he is also valuable in the backfield and as a kicker.

At right—Phillips, nicknamed "Hard-head," because he never wears a head-guard. He and Whitfield stand out among the ends.

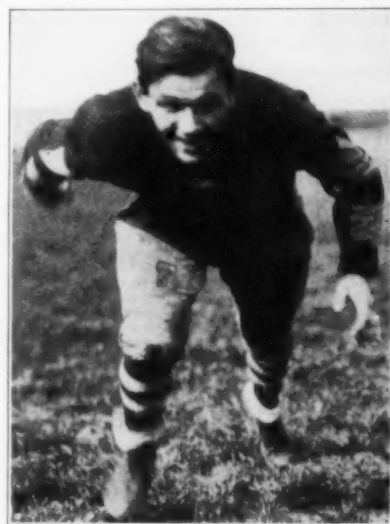
Below—Where no player wants to be—on the bench.



"It All Depends On You"—Well, we might sing this favorite ballad to Marine line, which will have to fight like never before this season. They're shown here holding the Coast Guard scoreless.

with McTigue, which is more than can be said for the latter, who was not proving a very worthy champion at this time, owing to the fact that he was having trouble with his hands. Gene, who was soon in the same boat, was so disgusted with his failure to get McTigue into the ring that he and his manager arranged a series of bouts out of town.

In the first of this out-of-town program Tunney went to Detroit, where he took on Jack Clifford on the night of May 7, 1923. This Clifford is not to be confused with the Brooklyn heavyweight who was stopped by Gene in 1920 and again in 1922. His opponent of Detroit was a Western heavy, who had gained some prominence around Michigan.



Clifford proved to be pretty tough and early in this contest, Tunney, in trying for a knockout, landed rather high on the head of his opponent with a right and slightly injured that useful member. In order to save up his injured hand as much as possible for his match with Jimmy Delaney, which was set for nine days later, Gene confined his efforts to punching with the left.

For a one-armed scrapper Tunney managed to pepper his opponent quite freely and around the fifth or sixth round inflicted a cut over Clifford's left eye. The wound became so severe that the bout was stopped in the eighth and Tunney was credited with scoring a technical K. O.

Jimmy Delaney, who fought Gene several interesting bouts during his climb to the title, played an interesting part in the preparations for the first Dempsey match. Delaney, who passed away last year under rather sad circumstances, was one of Gene's sparring partners at Stroudsburg, and in the champion's own

Albert W. Woods, Quarterback, Height 69½ inches. Weight 160, Age 23. Second year with squad. Enlisted June 10, 1925, at Kansas City, Mo. Born and raised in St. Clair Co., Mo. Next of kin, Mrs. Narcie Mullins, mother, 2512 E. 15th Street, Kansas City, Mo. Four years of football with Columbia, Mo., High School; Captain of team in 1923. Two years on San Diego post team; captain in 1926. Jersey number 10.



Diego post team; captain in 1926. Jersey number 10.

and the hand which Gene had injured in the Clifford match, started to give the Greenwich Village idol trouble as early as the second round.

Once again Tunney was forced to rely practically on one hand, and in the last three rounds of the bout Gene fought with his right hanging at his side. With only a left to oppose against a speedy light heavy like the St. Paul scrapper this was something of a handicap. Fortunately for Gene, it was a good left that he was able to call into play.

Needless to say, it was not an exciting conflict, and yet it was a speedy one on the whole. There was not much damage done on either side, but it was far from what is sometimes described as a waltz. There was some pretty brisk exchanging through every one of the rounds.

As a possible successor to the crown of Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney looked almost as impossible on the night of July 31, 1923, over in the Queensboro Stadium, as he did the afternoon of the Dempsey-Carpentier affair at Boyle's Thirty Acres two years previous, when the present champion made such a miserable showing against Soldier Jones. Even Billy Gibson, who had taken the Greenwich Village youth under his management early that year, probably came to the conclusion after the boresome tussle with Dan O'Dowd that they had wished something of a bust on him in Gene Tunney.

It was not alone that Tunney put up such a disappointing bout with a third-rater like O'Dowd, but it began to look as though Gene's hands would never be rounded into the durable tools that are so important to an exponent of the manly art. So far Tunney had engaged in only three matches under Gibson previous to the bout over in Long Island City. And in those two contests following the Greb victory which had given Tunney his doubtful claim to the title of light-heavyweight champion of America Gene had been handicapped with a damaged right.

This meeting with O'Dowd was the first in which Tunney had taken part in two months and a half. And more than four months went by following this encounter before Gene was able to get back into action. Incidentally, his opponent against whom he did so poorly was the same boxer against whom Gene had made his debut as a professional boxer.

This was in 1919, following Tunney's return from overseas with the title of A. E. F. light-heavyweight champion. On that occasion he had gone eight rounds in a decisionless affair with O'Dowd over in Bayonne, and had won the popular verdict. O'Dowd, who hailed from Boston and had graduated from the amateur ranks, had not gone very far in the time between his two bouts with Tunney. Just previous to the Long Island City fray O'Dowd was credited with knocking out Al Reich, but this was hardly a startling performance.

Tunney was down to 174, and, needless to say, was in good condition. O'Dowd was one pound heavier. It was Gene's first appearance in the vicinity of his home town since his victory over Greb early in February, and there was a crowd of more than 7,000 on hand for the bouts.

For the first three rounds it looked like a pretty fair scrap. Gene piled into his man with a busy left, and O'Dowd countered with an occasional

Joseph N. Swearingen, Guard, Height 73¼ inches, Weight 210, Age 24. First year with squad. Enlisted April 7, 1927, at Omaha, Neb. Born and raised in Milford, Neb. Next of kin, Paul V. Swearingen, father, Milford, Neb. Played football with South Omaha, Neb., High School four years. Played guard at University of Nebraska 1923 and 1924. Jersey No. 30.



right hook to the body. It promised that the Boston boy would be able to extend Gene a bit and that the New Yorker would do some damage when he started to really cut loose.

In the fourth round, however, Tunney appeared to become suddenly addicted to doing a lot of wild swinging for the head. It was claimed after the fray that Gene had again put his right hand out of commission, and there was plenty of evidence along this line as the business went on to the listless finish.

The gang started to give the fighters the well known raspberry, and Gene made a desperate attempt to finish off his man in the fifth. He cut loose with a heavily aimed right for the head, and it connected. O'Dowd was badly staggered and the finish did not seem far away. But that one blow had aggravated Tunney's injured hand so severely that it was now useless. He was unable to follow up his advantage and the crowd went after Gene stronger than ever.

Now Tunney proceeded to give his imitation of a one-armed boxer, at which he had been getting considerable experience in his last three bouts. The Boston party was being pretty well plastered with lefts, but he had a way of going into a shell that made him hard to reach with effective shots. And so the tussle went on to the final round, with Tunney doing a lot of trying and but little execution.

William G. Spannuth, Guard, Height 70¼ inches, Weight 187, Age 24. First year with squad. Enlisted October 31, 1924, at Los Angeles, Calif. Born and raised in Noblesville, Ind. Next of kin, Mrs. Eva Spannuth, mother, Route 5, Newcastle, Ind. Attended Newcastle, Ind., High School. Member of All-Navy team, Pearl Harbor, 1927. On San Diego Marine post team 1925-26. Also plays basketball. Jersey number 5.



San Diego Marine post team 1925-26. Also plays basketball. Jersey number 5.

words, did more to help in the perfecting of his boxing than any one attached to the camp.

Jimmy Delaney, who was born at St. Paul, started fighting in a mild way in 1921, when he was twenty years old. He had engaged in not more than a dozen matches previous to his meeting with Tunney, and his most important bouts had been two ten-round no decision ones with Ted Jamison and a ten-round point victory over Billy Shade. Nevertheless, he was regarded as a boxer of genuine promise, and his interesting ring career of the next couple of years gave him considerable prominence, for he fought nearly all of the best men near his weight.

The bout with Tunney was fought as the semi-final to the Mickey Walker-Cowboy Padgett match at Chicago, May 16. These bouts had been arranged as part of a benefit card for the American Legion, but this particular fund did not benefit greatly, though the gate ran over \$28,000. Walker, who was then the king of the welters, is said to have been guaranteed \$12,000, while Tunney's purse was reported to have been \$5,000.

It was a no-decision contest over the ten round route and went the distance with the majority of the newspaper men at the ringside giving Tunney a shade the better of the battle. Tunney's showing was not specially impressive. Delaney proved to be a very clever boxer,

Raymond J. Poppelman, Fullback, Height 69 inches, Weight 170, Age 21. Second year with squad. Enlisted June 9, 1926, at Los Angeles, Calif. Lived at Marvin, S. D., and San Fernando, Calif. Next of kin, Mrs. Thressa E. Poppelman, mother, 519 4th Street, San Fernando, Calif. Played football, basketball, baseball, also swimming and track, at San Fernando High School 1922 to 1925. Captain of football, basketball and swimming teams in 1925. Played football on San Diego post team in 1926. Jersey number 14.



There was a loud and derisive cheer as the contestants came up for the twelfth and last round. Tunney waded in with much determination and he threw a lot of punches of the left-handed variety, but O'Dowd, having stayed that far, was not inclined to take any chances and he refused to open up.

And it was only a little more than three years after this that Gene Tunney met Jack Dempsey at Philadelphia and became the new pugilistic king. In the mean while Gene was out of commission for five months following the O'Dowd fight.

It was in his third bout with Harry Greb that Gene Tunney gave his first serious indications that he was liable to climb much higher in the realms of pugilism than had been generally suspected. Although the lion-hearted Pittsburgher protested even more bitterly when the decision went against him on the night of Dec. 10, 1923, than he did on the occasion of their previous encounter (and he surely put up quite a complaint the night his title of light heavyweight champion of America was taken from him), still in his third fight Greb was handed a thorough and artistic trouncing.

Greb's complaint following the battle in which Tunney regained the 175-pound laurels was justified, it seemed to me. In my story of that bout, I said in effect that the contest had not proven Tunney the better of the two, that Greb was entitled to no worse than a draw, and that consequently his title should not have been taken from him. But in the third bout it seemed to me that no other decision than the one given in favor of Gene could have been handed out, and that he proved beyond all argument his ability to take the measure of Greb.

But Greb was loud and plain in his complaints, declaring that the officials had been "fixed" and that the decision had been influenced by the fact that Tunney made his home at that time with a brother of a member of the New York Boxing Commission. The trouble with Harry was that he had too much fighting spirit to realize when he was being beaten.

"It is to be regretted," I wrote in my story of the bout, "in view of the great fight Greb put up against Tunney, and his admirable exhibition of courageous aggressiveness, that he should spoil it by proving a poor loser."

In my judgment the only rounds that Greb should have been entitled to that night in the old Garden were the second, fifth, ninth and twelfth, with the eighth and fourteenth even. This means that nine rounds were credited to the present champion on my score sheet.

The battle had assumed genuine championship proportions. Mike McTigue, world champion of the class as the result of his victory over Battling Siki, displayed a marked disinclination to take on either Tunney or Greb.

Tunney already indicated that the light heavyweight limit was no specially easy weight for him to make. He weighed exactly 175 pounds, which was only three and one-half pounds more than his opponent. Gene, however, went through this match in a way to speak wonders for his fine condition, and when it is considered that this was his first bout in more than five months and that the last time he had put up a disappointing bout against Dan O'Dowd, Gene's showing against the speedy and bounding boxer from Pittsburgh was something to take note of.

Gene did not appear in the least rusty from his lay-off and he fought Greb in a way to indicate that he knew just how to handle this troublesome foe. Gene crowded Harry right from the start, getting inside of his leads with much success and pumping away for the body with both hands. When he did fail to slip inside and was punched about the head, the Greenwich Village favorite

Gerald Fitzgerald, Halfback, Height 68 1/4 inches, Weight 155, Age 26. First year with squad. Enlisted September 21, 1920, at Detroit, Mich. Born and raised in Detroit, Mich. Next of kin, Mrs. Anna Fitzgerald, mother, 2008 Poplar Street, Detroit, Mich. Played with Cass Tech High School and University of Detroit 1919 to 1923. Football with Pearl Harbor



Marines and All-Navy 1925-26-27. Also plays basketball. Jersey number 16.

bore right in regardless of these blows and persisted in his body attack.

What was probably the most effective scoring of the fight was done by Tunney in the third. He landed solidly and often to the body in this round and caught Harry with many heavy shots to the head with both hands, scoring such damaging blows that Greb was forced to hang on. In fact, the latter did more holding in this bout than in any of his fights I witnessed.

In the fourth round Tunney landed a right uppercut to the heart that all but doubled his rival up and in the fifth Greb ran into a left that almost flattened his nose. He was bleeding freely during this round and the sixth. In the seventh it looked as though Greb must surely wilt under the body punishment he was being subjected to, and in the eighth he held desperately.

William H. Beatty, End, Height 70 1/2 inches, Weight 185, Age 23. First year with squad. Enlisted June 16,



1927, at Charlotte, N. C. Born and raised at Mount Holly, N. C. Next of kin, John H. Beatty, father, Mount Holly, N. C. Played football with Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va., 1921-22; football with North Carolina State College 1924-25-26. All

State End 1925-26, captain in 1926. Played with Parris Island post team in 1927. Also plays baseball and basketball. Jersey number 1.

After almost every round Greb dashed to his corner and ducked his head into a bucket of water and cracked ice. But still, though Greb was surely having his troubles, he battled back with admirable fierceness and courage. In the tenth one of Tunney's uppercuts almost lifted Greb off his feet and for all his stout-hearted rallies and the fact that he was able to cut up Gene a bit toward the end, Tunney's fine condition and well-planned attack were too much for Greb, and he was forced to hold again and again under the stiff pace during the last five rounds.

Greb, who had fought as clean a fight as he was capable of, cut loose with everything he had in a do-or-die effort in the fifteenth and final round. But even in this session he was slightly out-fought by his conqueror.

(The end.)

Questions—SPORTS—Answers

(Continued from page 37)

Q. Does the Marine Corps have recognized boxing champions in the various classes?

A. Boxing in the Corps is not organized only insofar as individual posts are concerned. Championship claims are mythical, because it is more or less impossible to arrange meetings between boxers who are stationed at the four corners of the world. The Corps, however, has in its ranks hundreds of good boxers and not a few really outstanding ones, some of whom are giving a good account of themselves in the events conducted by the International Sporting Club of Shanghai.

Q. Will the Marines have a baseball team in 1929? What is the schedule and how can I get a try-out?

A. The Corps will, as usual, be represented on the baseball diamond. The schedule has not as yet been announced, but will probably be played during the spring and early summer months, college and school teams making up the list. The athletic record of every man in the Corps is taken when he enlists, close check being kept upon him by the Corps Athletic Officer. If you believe you can "make the grade" with the big team, write the Athletic Officer, U. S. Marine Corps Headquarters, Navy Building, Washington, D. C.

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows:
We were standing on the Manhattan Bridge the other day, watching river traffic. Tugs scurrying busily about, once in a while a liner with gaudily painted stack as it glided in or out of its berth, when we were attracted by a ship dimly discernible in the distance. Even before we could

see it plainly enough to identify it we knew it was a battleship in just about the same manner that one senses a thoroughbred in a stable full of cart horses. It was a battleship, and WHAT a battleship! For it was none other than Admiral Wiley's flagship, the "Texas." She glided gracefully down the river with the disdainful air of a thoroughbred racehorse picking its way across a blue grass pasture. There was something patrician about her, something that suddenly made every other ship in the harbor look squat and ugly and tubbish. She was a collection of iron and wood and steel just like they were, but OH! what a difference between her and them. She was grace and beauty incarnate. To quote the little newsboy that we noticed chinning the rail beside us, "Boy, she is some ship." Then we suddenly remembered an extract from a letter we had seen from a Marine off the U. S. S. "Texas," who is serving in Nicaragua. The one line that we can quote verbatim read "God! but I'll be glad when I get back to the 'Texas.'" We, of course, are not deliberately setting out to make any of our Leatherneck friends homesick, but in case the Marine who wrote the letter sees this he will know that he isn't alone in appreciating the "Texas." AND, it isn't just the build of the ship alone that makes her what she is. It's the esprit de corps that prevails aboard that gives her what one almost could call "Personality."

We are glad to know from the Legation News that the Marines in China are not so badly off. After reading through their sight-seeing tours each issue we feel almost as if we had been through a tour of duty in China, and to heighten this effect we dashed out yesterday to Chinatown and bought a letter opener for 25 cents, a jar of candied ginger for 40 cents and almost got short changed out of a dollar by the Chink who waited on us. This experience has decided us definitely to leave Chinatown alone until we run across some nice big Marine just back from duty in Shanghai and we will take him along as escort while we buy a couple of lanterns for our chandeliers, and maybe one of those ivory doo-dads shaped like hands that are on long sticks.

WHY NAVY CHIEFS CARRY HANKIES

Right at this time the Navy is hard put trying to solve the legend of the bluejacket's uniform. The last, and to our mind the best and most logical idea put forth as to the whys of any decorations appeared in a ship's paper recently telling why there were buttons on the coats of Navy chiefs. It stated that in the old days back in the English Navy very young boys of eight and twelve years of age were sent to sea to serve. Now, they, of course, grew quite homesick and as the tears came their noses ran in accompaniment, and so they wept and sniffed about deck, drying their noses on the sleeves of their little uniform coats until the Navy Department at Buckingham Castle, or wherever H. R. H.'s Navy Department hangs out, got tired of it and put buttons on the cuffs so it made rough sledging for the noses and forced the embryo admirals either to cease sniffing or use a handkerchief.

OUR NEW YORK POME

Says I to the "L," "you are growing old!
You rattle and clatter and clank and scold,
You wheeze and whine, and start with a jolt
That shakes your frame to every bolt.
You are just a grubby gossip, you,
That's grown quite old, and with little to do.
There's not a back yard along your route
That you haven't dragged its skeleton out,
There's not a window along your way
That you don't peep into ten times a day.
Your days are done, and 'twill greatly please
When they yank you down from your high trapeze."
I looked up at its structure queer
And not an answering word did I hear,
But, as I watched it clattering by
It tossed down a hunk of grit in my eye.

Said a Leatherneck to a nurse in a civilian hospital, as he slowly came around to himself, "Jever go through a windshield?"

"No," said the nurse.

"Then," said the Leatherneck, tenderly feeling his bandages, "you ain't missed much."

REST IN PEACE

Grandpa in a speedy car
Pushed the throttle down too far,
Twinkle, twinkle little star,
Music by the G. A. R.

—Legation News.

Flapper, grandma thought she'd be,
Cut her skirt off at the knee,
Caught a case of—pleurisy,
Flowers from the U. D. C.

BROOKLYN AS WE SEE IT

Two sailors. Three sailors. Four sailors. A subway entrance. An entrance to the "L." Two news stands. A cop in a drug store drinking a bromo. Two sailors hailing a taxi. A crowd around a baseball score board. A sign that reads "Trousers pressed inside." A window

full of lobsters, shrimp, and half a dozen flounders artistically arranged in loops with their tails in their mouths. A sailor getting a shoe shine and . . . our car.

Three sailors were walking down the street. One of them suddenly crashed to the ground, unconscious. His two companions hurriedly carried him into a drug store, as a group of Marines passed them. Finally the unconscious blue-jacket gradually came to and stood weakly, leaning against the counter while his friends begged him to tell them what was the matter. Finally he recovered sufficiently to reply, "I just saw a Marine without a sharpshooter's medal on."

WHICH reminds us, didn't the Marines strut their stuff up at Perry Field? And yet, who thought it was going to turn out any other way?

WHEN THE BRITISH SOLDIER STEPS OUT IN CIVVIES

Whether the man who served in the war is still proud of his appearance, as lightly suggested above, apparently the soldier of these days, at any rate when off duty, prefers mufti and, if certain regulations are observed, can indulge in his preference. "A Military Correspondent" of the Morning Post writes: "I understand that not fewer than 70 per cent of Guardsmen have made application to their respective commanding officers for permission to wear plain clothes when 'walking out' in accordance with the recent Army Order. This is surprising when it is borne in mind that the Foot Guards are the only Infantry soldiers who wear ceremonial dress when off duty."

"This revolutionary change in military regulations as to dress will tend to reduce petty military crimes. There is a long list of things that a Guardsman may not do when in uniform. He must not lounge about on the benches in the park, nor take things easy when off duty as a civilian may do."

"He must 'turn out' as though he were on the parade ground waiting for the searching eyes of his inspecting officer. The military policeman is well-nigh ubiquitous, and if he finds a button-hole of a tunic minus a button, the offending owner is likely to be reported. Hence the quite natural desire of the soldier for a little more freedom when off duty."

"But the Guardsman does not escape Dress Regulation entirely. Each regiment finds it necessary to impose some uniformity in the matter of plain clothes. For instance, the 'bowler' and the soft hat may be worn, but the cloth cap is anathema. A clean white collar and tie, too, are indispensable, and these are minor requirements—all with a view to maintaining the tradition of the Foot Guard."

"Finally, a suitcase must be purchased, in order that the 'civvies' may be packed up when in barracks, for it would be a breach of the regulations to have the lounge suit of the civilian sharing the place reserved for the King's uniform. It is estimated that the cost to a soldier who is given permission to wear plain clothes is approximately £10."—R. A. O. C. Gazette.

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THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 28)

From the Bible it is known that manna was dropped to the Children of Israel, but the dropping of 500 pounds of Spanish grammars from No. 3 Fokker at Jinotega is the first time in history that the earth has been thrice blest with books of learning.

Rockets and flares have been used on two occasions by ground patrols and are invaluable in helping the planes to locate them in the dense jungles.

The garrison at El Sauce likened the airplane to the through mail train in a small village when they hung a heavy bag of mail on the message pick-up station. In an O2U-1, Major Rowell with Major Crockett, U. S. A., as passenger, made several efforts to make the pick-up, but the line continually broke. On landing they found a heavy bag on the line. The Commanding Officer, newly arrived from the U. S., told Major Rowell that he thought it was routine for the passing planes to snatch up the mail bags.

Needing supplies from the Quartermaster and being in the western limits of their area, Lieut. Guymon with Gy. Sergt. Meacham and Lieut. Conway with Gy. Sergt. Hill dropped in with their two Pratt-Whitney Amphibians. They spent the night and with a goodly portion of our quartermaster stores flew back the next day. Lieut. Conway's relating of his three-day hike from the interior of Honduras after his forced landing last month was quite colorful. He landed in a lagoon with only 10 minutes gas after a storm had forced him northward and seeing a group of Indians with machetes and wearing unfriendly expressions, he took off and was forced down in the open sea. The plane was a total loss, only the engine being salvaged.

"Horseshoe" McHugh is Lieut. J. B. McHugh's new "moniker" since a thrilling experience July 21st when the tail of the "Blue-striped" Corsair crumpled in dive bombing practice. Lieut. McHugh with his clerk, Corpl. Darner, dropping miniature bombs on the field when the left forward horizontal stabilizer brace wire broke and the control surfaces crumpled. The control stick froze in the forward position and the plane fell tail first. Using his adjustable stabilizer and the throttle he succeeded in getting the ship down safely. The two spars of the stabilizer had broken. This accident is believed to have a direct relation to the three in the United States that resulted fatally. All of the Hartshorne streamline wires in the tail assembly have been replaced with non-flexible cable.

Capt. Howard, commander of the Puerto Cabezas Detachment, with Gy. Sergt. Meacham and Lieut. Guymon with Gy. Sergt. Kildow in two Pratt-Whitney Amphibians landed at Managua July 21st and flew back the next day. Needed quartermaster supplies and incidentals served as ballast on the return. Due to storms the planes were forced along the Honduran border on the trip to Managua. It was Capt. Howard's first view of the Western area and he stated that he is ready any time to ex-

change with a pilot who likes flying on the East Coast.

The story of the old Greek philosopher who burned all the oil from his lantern before he found an honest man is an old one; but of the pilot who was going to burn all his gas in his tanks or find a sick Marine is one of the latest. Lieut. "Horseshoe" McHugh flew to El Sauce for a sick man, but due to a mistake, the sick man came to Managua the day before. Taking on a few more rocks to relieve his nose heaviness, he then flew to Somotillo and found a sick Marine. The commanding officer at Somotillo was agreeably surprised and marvelled at the speed of the plane as he had sent the message to Managua only a few minutes before the arrival of the plane. Some uneasiness was felt before the pilot returned to the field at Managua as his gas supply was running short. Had the old philosopher been a "Scotchman" he might have had the persistency to have completed his mission.

With an emergency appendicitis patient in No. 3 Fokker, Lieut. Williamson was hemmed in the mountains by heavy rains so thick he could not see the propeller on his bow motor. The warmth of the interior of the cabin clouded the rain on the windshields, destroying all view ahead. After using all the rags in the tool kit, Pharmacist's Mate McKenzie, who was accompanying the patient, opened some gauze packings and these were used effectively by Corpl. Wenc, the crew chief of the plane and Gy. Sergt. Johnson, the passenger, who took turns in wiping the glass and wringing out the gauze. A forced landing seemed inevitable, but Lieut. Williamson circled the area, gaining altitude until a hole in the storm was found. Though this seems unusual it is a routine happening with the "big ship" pilots.

"He didn't look where I told him to, so I punched him in the eye." This parody to a popular vaudeville ditty might be applicable in the case of Lieuts. Lamson-Scribner and McHugh, on Lieut. Lamson-Scribner's introductory "hop" in No. 4 Fokker. Repeated efforts on Lieut. Lamson-Scribner's part to call attention to something on the ground were futile, and in attempting to point out the object, rough air caused his gesticulating hand to collide with Lieut. McHugh's eye. The result is an inflamed eye. This may be a new alibi to be handily used by some commercial pilots in the "States."

The hull of the amphibian is now the house of a native Indian. The new owner is very proud of his house and asked Cole to personally thank "Cal" Coolidge for the "Marines' horse, micasa."

Capt. Howard is thoroughly indoctrinated with the idea that if he ever has a forced landing in the jungled area away from a Marine patrol that he will let out his anchor, shinny down and turn native.

In Puerto Cabezas news letters there comes a new vernacular. The OLS's are called "lame ducks," the bombs are called "doughnuts" and the ammunition expended from the Lewis guns is termed "rock candy."

Major Rowell announced that the "White-nosed" Corsair was for sale, after getting in his August time. The plane has been the Major's flagship and has seen much action.

OLD TIMERS

are requested to read the following information put out to new arrivals at Recruit Depot at San Diego, California.

1. The Marine Corps Base at San Diego is the home of every one stationed here. As such we all want to make it a pleasant home.

2. Our rules are few and simple. Learn them and carry them out and you will enjoy yourself. You will see them on all bulletin boards.

3. You must remember at all times that you are a Marine, and that a real Marine—

Stands and walks erectly and smartly. Keeps his hair cut reasonably short and like a man. Always has sufficient money to get it cut at least three times a month. Never forgets nor fails to have time to shave every day if necessary.

Keeps his uniform spotless; it must be kept pressed and buttoned up. Keeps his leggings and equipment blanched at all times and polishes his shoes, belt and belt buckle. Keeps his bunk, locker and quarters clean and ready for inspection at all times.

Keeps his hands out of his pockets and wears his cap straight and not tilted on one side or on the back of his head.

Knows his station at "Fire Call" and gets there on the run.

Keeps his health record clear by proper precaution and athletics.

Remembers the reputation of the Marine Corps while on liberty.

Remembers to write home at least twice a month. You now need your home ties more than ever before; thoughts of it will carry you over the rough places. Always write cheerful letters and tell them what you are doing. They are interested.

Knows how to be firm when on duty, without being cheap, noisy or hard-boiled; carries out his orders without fear or favor.

Looks to the bulletin board daily, instead of asking questions when it is too late.

For your convenience, amusement, comfort, and self-improvement, you will find—

A well-stocked Post Exchange. An excellent mess.

Daily moving pictures.

An excellent post band.

A library with books, magazines and newspapers from all over the world.

Pool and billiard tables and a bowling alley. Tailor, barber and cobbler shop and a special post office.

Baseball diamond, football field and gymnasium; handball, basketball and tennis courts.

A Marine Corps Institute representative.

Church services held by Protestant chaplains. Churches of various denominations in town. Full freedom of worship according to your individual faith.

A friendly attitude toward you on the part of the people of the city of San Diego. See that you help to keep it up.

Pay strict attention to your instructors. Be cheerful and prompt in obeying orders. You will thus avoid trouble and enjoy your stay here.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

(Continued from page 11)

and his service of 23 years proclaims his excellence. Sergt. Hugh J. Prunty, after thirteen years of solid endurance, has succumbed to the charms of radio, or is it "Raddio"? At any rate he is now being spoken of as "Radio Mike," while his side-kick, Clare Tracy, with seven years of experience, is becoming known as the "Sheik." Corps. Richard J. English, Hosea Lane, Semando Gonzalez and Thomas H. Treddin are all in their fourth year, as is also the Acting Police Sergt. Edward J. Ahearn, rather familiarly known as "Shaky." Of McCain the "auto bug," and Suprenant the Post Exchange Steward, I must speak in future notes and also of "Red" Morgan and Oscar, the chief cook.

The Naval Torpedo Station in Newport has always had its billets filled with a first-class dependable group of fellows and on this visit I found no exception to this record. John P. Gilmurphy, with his twelve year continuance of good service, is the QM. and Supply Sergeant, and the acting Sergt. Major of the Post is the fifteen years' veteran, Norman B. Siegrist. Charlie Ryerson still holds the position as Sergeant of the Guard with Joseph P. Uszko, and Corp. Richard Y. Coleman comes in as next in charge of that important detail. The time of their service is 13, 12 and 18, a total of forty-three years. Ernest F. Winfrey is acting 1st Sergeant and Adam Gruntowicz has the duty at the Naval War College. The whole detachment of Newport is in excellent shape and later news must get another grouping of their notable and noticeable personnel.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE

(Continued from page 10)

members of Reserve Companies. It is believed that the training of Casual Officers should be one of the functions of the Marine Corps Schools.

It is therefore recommended that there be no change made in the method of training given Casual Reserve Officers, and that the schedule of instructions, covering the period 8 July to 11 August, 1928, be used as a general guide for future instruction.

5. In completing this report the board believes it fitting to remark that the zeal and morale of the officers and men of the Reserve Corps attending this year's training period is deserving of special mention, was one of the extreme devotion to duty and a desire to complete the task at hand successfully which we (the board) are of the opinion they did.

The schedule of all drills and instructions referred to in this report together with the regular commissioned and enlisted personnel assigned to training duty and minor administrative details in connection with the Camp are retained on file here for future use and guidance should they be wanted for reference.

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THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 9)

With only two meetings before the Armistice Day parade, much remains to be done. Every man should give this some serious thought, and be at the next meeting to tell us his ideas about it. Remember, you don't have to belong to attend our meetings.

HARRY THOMAS LYON CHAPTER, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

The Harry Thomas Lyon Chapter of the Marine Corps League, since its organization, has held several meetings with a worthy attendance. The spirit of the traditional Marine is clearly shown by the enthusiasm expressed by the various members residing away from the city, in coming from many miles away to be present at the meetings.

Commandant Robert W. Chrisp, who has devoted much time to the successful launching of our chapter, is a First Lieutenant in the State National Guard and U. S. Army Reserves. He is a graduate of Kelly Field and also a licensed aviation pilot in civil life. He has been called away with his unit to active duty in the flood districts. We wish our commandant a successful tour of duty and a speedy return to the active head of our chapter.

The detachment takes pleasure in the efforts and achievements of Mr. F. L. Sherman, paymaster, who has done much for the additional membership that has come to the chapter. Mr. Sherman is never absent from a meeting, and whether at work or play, the chapter is always in mind. With such officers at the helm of our league, we believe in time, we will be found heading the list of successful chapters.

Much interest has also been shown by Sergeant Jessie Hammett in interviewing prospective members for the chapter. The detachment takes note of his services and wishes him continued success.

This detachment is proud of a letter received from the family of Harry Thomas Lyon, who was killed on June 6, 1918, at Belleau Woods, and from whom our name is derived. This letter will be framed and placed along with our charter for future members. Herewith the letter:

Commandant Robert W. Chrisp,
The Harry Thomas Lyon Chapter,
Marine Corps League,
City.

My Dear Commandant Chrisp:

I very deeply appreciate the resolution passed by the membership of your chapter in honor of my brother, Harry Thomas Lyon, of North Little Rock, who was killed in action at Belleau Woods on June 6, 1918. This is perhaps the most eloquent testimonial that could be given to his bravery and sacrifice, for the naming of a representative chapter of the Marine Corps League in his honor ranks, in the opinion of the family, with a Croix de Guerre. As his brother, who greatly treasures his memory and his achievements, I wish your splendid membership to know how deeply our family appreciates the signal honor you have conferred on us by naming your chapter in honor of my brother.

Very respectfully, (Signed) JAS. LYON

Mr. Lyon was the guest of honor at our last meeting. We hope he will be a frequent visitor and tell us more of the interesting events in the life of Harry Thomas Lyon.

Our charter from the Major General Commandant was received and was the subject of much comment from the members; also a letter from Major J. C. Fegan, U. S. M. C., who wished us continued success for our chapter. The members forward their thanks to the Major General Commandant and Major J. C. Fegan for their kind wishes and assures them that the Harry Thomas Lyon Chapter of the Marine Corps League will, in time, be one of the leading detachments in the world.

Marine Corps League emblems were given to all members. The following new members were taken into the league; Samuel T. Roberts, served with the 4th Brigade overseas and participated in all major engagements; John R. Parrott saw active service against Sandino rebels in Nicaragua. R. C. Lowe also applied for membership and will be initiated at our next meeting.

NEW YORK DETACHMENT NO. 1

Two years ago the New York Detachment No. 1 faced a serious crisis. For some time the post had been disintegrating with alarming rapidity. New members were difficult to obtain, and the older ones seemed to be drifting away. The treasury had been depleted almost to the point of bankruptcy. A more discouraging condition could not have been created for the few remaining faithful to face. A meeting was held to determine whether or not it was advisable to continue the struggle for existence. It was a case of either disbanding the organization or adopting radical and revolutionary policies. The characteristic "Esprit de Corps" made itself manifest, and the decision to "CARRY ON" was quickly reached. New officers were immediately elected, and the new and carefully planned drive was on. Receptions and smokers were held, which not only introduced many eligible men to the organization, but added to the treasury. The detachment again took its proper place in the National Organization, and your commandant had the honor of being selected as National Vice Commandant of the eastern part of the United States, adding prestige to our own department.

The commandant has the extreme pleasure to announce that as the result of the concentrated efforts of this band of faithful members, the department treasury has a surplus of over two hundred dollars, and more than fifty paid-up members. This is a very healthy condition and proves that cooperation of members can overcome any obstacles.

The time has come when, according to the by-laws, new officers are to be elected. As the very life of an organization depends on the capabilities of men entrusted to offices, your commandant respectfully requests all members, ex-members and non-members to attend this meeting and participate in this election for the welfare and good of the detachment.

The commandant takes this opportunity to thank the men who have stood, steadfast and loyal, by him through many discouraging situations, and helped make this detachment pre-eminent in the Marine Corps League.

THE GAZETTE

Major General J. A. Lejeune,
CommandantOfficers last commissioned in the
grades indicated:Col. F. J. Schwable.
Lt. Col. C. B. Vogel.
Maj. S. L. Howard.
Capt. E. B. Moore.Officers last to make number in the
grades indicated:Col. F. J. Schwable.
Lt. Col. C. B. Vogel.
Maj. S. L. Howard.
Capt. E. B. Moore.
1st Lt. W. W. Davidson.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

September 13, 1928

Captain J. A. Nelson, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va., for treatment.

Captain J. D. McLean, AQM, detailed to duty as an Assistant Quartermaster.

Captain W. Wooding, relieved from detail as an Assistant Quartermaster.

Second Lt. M. R. Carroll, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

September 14, 1928

Colonel H. C. Snyder, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Major A. A. Cunningham, detached U. S. S. "West Virginia," relieved from special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, and ordered to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

Captain R. W. Winter, detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain J. A. Nelson, detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

September 15, 1928

No changes were announced.

September 17, 1928

No changes were announced.

September 18, 1928

No changes were announced.

September 19, 1928

Colonel H. C. Davis, detached Third Brigade, China, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first available conveyance.

Captain F. P. Cheatham, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MD, RS, Destroyer Base, San Diego, Calif.

Captain B. F. Fogg, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

First Lt. C. C. Jerome, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of the Pacific.

Second Lt. C. L. Fike, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of the Pacific.

September 20, 1928

Second Lt. V. H. Dartt, detached NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than October 3rd.

Second Lt. L. R. Henderson, detached NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than October 3rd.

Second Lt. W. D. Saunders, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than October 3rd.

Second Lt. D. M. Shoup, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than October 3rd.

The following named second lieutenants detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to report not later than September 30th:

Drake, P.; Fox, C. E.; Griffith, W. E.; Lee, H. R.; Louthier, K. K.; Peterson, R. L.; Reeves, W. A.; Ryan, E. B.; Williams, G. E.; Williams, W. R.

September 21, 1928

No changes were announced.

September 22, 1928

Major A. A. Vandegrift, detached Third Brigade, China, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U. S. S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Shanghai, China, on October 6th.

Captain S. W. Freeny, detached Recruiting District of Baltimore, Baltimore, Md., to Gendarmerie d'Haiti, via the S. S. "Baracon," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on Oct. 12th.

First Lt. W. F. Brown, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, Boston, Mass., for treatment.

First Lt. L. Sullivan, on or about September 29th detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti to

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MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., via first available Government conveyance.

Second Lt. D. K. Claude, on November 15th detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MD, U. S. S. Wyoming and assigned to special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

Second Lt. A. R. Pefley, on November 15th detached MD, U. S. S. "Wyoming," and from special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. H. Boschen, detached Third Brigade, China, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U. S. S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Shanghai, China, on October 6th.

September 24, 1928

No changes were announced.

September 25, 1928

No changes were announced.

September 26, 1928

Captain J. A. Mixson, upon reporting of his relief detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., via first available Government conveyance.

Second Lt. A. H. Butler, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about October 24th.

Chf. Qm. Clk. C. Wald, on September 30th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

Chf. Pay Clk. C. J. Conroy, on October 1st detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Recruiting District of Denver for duty, and to Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Denver, for treatment.

September 27, 1928

No changes were announced.

September 28, 1928

Captain C. F. Klenast, detailed as an assistant quartermaster effective November 1, 1928. On October 31st detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Lt. L. Norman, on December 15th detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for preliminary aviation training.

Second Lt. C. B. Graham, on October 1st detached NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Second Lt. N. H. Nelson, on October 1st detached NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Second Lt. J. L. Wolfe, on October 1st detached NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Second Lt. J. S. E. Young, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than October 31st.

September 29, 1928

Captain J. K. Martenstein, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

Captain F. J. Kelly, detached Third Brigade, China, to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain W. A. Worton, detached Third Brigade, China, to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

Second Lt. E. T. Peters, detached Third Brigade, China, to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

Second Lt. W. M. O'Brien, detached Third Brigade, China, to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

Second Lt. C. J. Chappell, about November 20th detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Second Lt. E. E. Salzman, about November 20th detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Second Lt. W. W. Davidson, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

October 1, 1928

No changes were announced.

October 2, 1928

Captain C. H. Medairy, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

First Lt. J. N. Frisbie, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to duty with Nicaragua National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua.

First Lt. C. H. Hasenmiller, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va.

Second Lt. A. T. Hunt, resignation accepted.

October 3, 1928

No changes were announced.

October 4, 1928

No changes were announced.

October 5, 1928

Captain R. Livingston, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., to Recruiting District of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Captain R. Yowell, upon the reporting of his relief detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti, to Recruiting District of New Orleans, New Orleans, La., via first available Government conveyance.

First Lt. C. C. Jerome, upon arrival in the Department of the Pacific assigned to NAS, San Diego, Calif.

First Lt. J. H. Weaver, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

October 6, 1928

No changes were announced.

October 8, 1928

Major E. T. Lloyd, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB, NOB, Key West, Fla., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 28th.

Major J. C. Smith, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain F. Israel, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB, NS, New Orleans, La., to MB, NSB, Coco Solo, Canal Zone.

October 9, 1928

No changes were announced.

October 10, 1928

Colonel J. F. McGill, retired as of October 27, 1928.

First Lt. A. V. Cherbonnier, resignation accepted to take effect October 15, 1928.

Second Lt. W. E. Dickey, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

THE PROBLEM OF INVESTING SAFELY

By A. G. Williams
Manager Dewar & Company

The experience of the writer in the investment business has forcibly brought home to him the difficulties attending conservative investing by securities buyers, especially officers and men in the various branches of the government service.

On every hand one will encounter get-rich quick schemes which often sound very plausible and attractive to the individual untrained in the science of investment buying. The only way one may escape these pitfalls is to confine his investment relations to a house dealing in stocks and bonds of the better class.

The average individual does not realize that "the greater the yield the greater the risk," thus business is good, and always will be, for the man who is selling what is termed in the investment business "high-powered securities." One may rightfully ask "How am I to know whether or not a certain stock or bond represents a safe and conservative investment?" The answer is "Consult your investment banker before buying." If he is connected with a well established reputable investment house one may rest assured his advice and counsel will be well worth accepting.

One of the greatest difficulties the investment banker faces today is in restraining investors from becoming speculators. Many reports are current of immense profits being made every day on Wall Street, but it is safe to say that in most instances these profits do not accrue to the individual of small means but to immensely wealthy operators who, as insiders, know what they are doing and are not dependent for the information on tips and rumors. The old saying "Better Safe than Sorry" is particularly applicable to the "Problem of Investing Safely."

DEATHS

DWYER, Richard B., Captain, died September 5, 1928, of disease, at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Evelyn B. Burns, sister, 3066 West 7th Street, Los Angeles, California.

O'KEEFE, Raymond A., 1st Lieut. (retired), died September 24, 1928, of injuries received as the result of an automobile accident. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Ryan, mother, 905 Irwin Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SWEET, Mord E., 1st Sgt., died September 6, 1928, at Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Mr. Harry L. Sweet, brother, 531 N. Mulberry Street, Ottawa, Kansas.

LINDOW, Elmon E., Gy. Sgt., died September 30, 1928, of disease, on board the U. S. S. "Henderson" at Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Fredrick E. Eels, sister, North 4214 Washington St., Spokane, Washington.

OERTWICH, Otto A., Sgt., died September 4, 1928, of disease, in China. Next of kin: Mr. August F. Oertwich, brother, R. No. 1, Norfolk, Neb.

WILSON, Rex S., Cpl., died September 3, 1928, of drowning, at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Elizabeth Rodgers, mother, Churchton, Md.

CONNOR, John D., Pvt., died September 27, 1928, of disease, in China. Next of kin: Mrs. J. B. Connor, mother, 1909 East Eighth Street, Duluth, Minn.

MOORE, William I., Pvt., drowned September 19, 1928, in Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Anna Roberts, mother, 2119 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio.

PAWLING, Maurice R., Jr., Pvt. 1cl., died September 26, 1928, of disease, in Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Florence Pawling, mother, 1013 North 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

KEESHAN, John D., 1st Sgt. (retired), died August 2, 1928, of disease, at Douglas, Isle of Mann. Next of kin: Mrs. Elizabeth Biggane, sister, 92 Grove Park, Dublin, Ireland.

FLAVIN, Thomas, Sgt. (retired), died September 30, 1928, of disease, at Boston, Mass. Next of kin: Mr. John Flavin, brother, 174 Bunkerhill Street, Charlestown, Mass.

FUGITT, Lemuel, Sgt. (retired), died August 30, 1928, of disease, at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Sarah A. Fugitt, wife, 815 "C" Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

GARDNER, James D., Gy. Sgt., FMCR (inactive), died August 24, 1928, of disease, at Hayden, Colo. Next of kin: Mrs. James D. Gardner, wife, Great Divide, Colo.

SMITH, Rudolph A., Sgt., FMCR (inactive), died August 9, 1928, at Erie, Pa., as the result of automobile accident. Next of kin: Mrs. Rudolph A. Smith, wife, 424 Reed Street, Erie, Pa.

GREGORY, Verle W., Pvt., USMCR (inactive), died August 21, 1928, of disease, at Portland, Ore. Next of kin: Mr. Charles W. Gregory, father, Goodland, Kansas.

HEAVILIN, Clifford C., Pvt. 1cl., USMCR (inactive), died March 17, 1928, of disease, at Indianola, Iowa. Next of kin: Mrs. Chloë Heavilin, mother, Indianola, Iowa.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

First Lieut. Walter J. Stuart—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

QM. Sgt. Cornelius J. McCarthy—Warrant Officers' Preparatory.

First Sergeant Harry M. Buckey—Civil Service General Clerical.

Leonard H. Lacey, Ph. M. 1c., USCG—Pharmacy.

Corporal William C. Alexander—Radio.

Corporal Clyde G. Harlin—Good English.

Corporal Porter E. Meacham—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private 1cl. Earl H. Anderson—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private 1cl. Jacob M. Sonsteng—Diesel Engines.

Private Frank Bowman—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private Donald K. Gunn—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private Rollie F. Miller—Practical Telephony.

Private Frank P. Urednick—Radio.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Mare Island 21 August. Will leave Mare Island 8 October; arrive San Francisco 8 Oct., leave 9 October; arrive San Pedro 10 Oct., leave 11 Oct.; arrive San Diego 12 Oct., leave 13 Oct.; arrive Honolulu 20 Oct., leave 21 Oct.; arrive Guam 31 Oct., leave 1 Nov.; arrive Manila 6 Nov.

HENDERSON—Sailed Shanghai 3 October for United States on the following itinerary: Arrive Guam 9 Oct., leave 10 Oct.; arrive Honolulu 22 Oct., leave 24 Oct.; arrive San Diego 1 Nov., leave 5 Nov.; arrive San Pedro 6 Nov., leave 7 Nov.; arrive San Francisco 9 November.

KITTERY—Arrived Christiansted 3 Oct., leave 5 Oct.; arrive St. Thomas 5 Oct., leave 6 Oct.; arrive San Juan 7 Oct., leave 10 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 15 October. Will leave Hampton Roads on 24 October for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 29 Oct., leave 30 Oct.; arrive Port au Prince 31 Oct., leave 1 Nov.; arrive Cape Haitien 2 Nov., leave 3 Nov.; arrive San Juan 5 Nov., leave 5 Nov.; arrive St. Thomas 6 Nov., leave 7 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 13 November.

NITRO—Sailed Corinto 3 October for Balboa. Due Balboa 5 Oct., leave 8 Oct.; arrive Guantanamo 11 Oct., leave 11 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 15 October. Will leave Hampton Roads for the West Coast on 25 October.

PATOKA—Arrived Key West 3 October. Will leave Key West 5 October, arrive Port

Arthur 8 Oct., leave 10 October; arrive Boston 19 Oct., leave 20 Oct.; arrive Melville 21 Oct., leave 22 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 24 Oct., leave 7 November to operate with "Los Angeles."

RAMAPO—Arrived Mare Island 24 August for overhaul. Scheduled to leave Mare Island 9 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 11 Oct., leave 13 Oct.; arrive Guam 6 Nov., leave 6 Nov.; arrive Manila 13 Nov., leave 24 Nov.; arrive San Pedro 21 December.

SALINAS—Sailed Norfolk 29 September for Port Arthur. Due Port Arthur 7 Oct., leave 8 Oct.; arrive Charleston 14 Oct., leave 19 Oct.; arrive Yorktown 21 October.

SAPELO—Sailed Hampton Roads 2 October for San Pedro on the following schedule: Arrive Port au Prince 7 Oct., leave 8 Oct.; arrive Guantanamo 9 Oct., leave 10 Oct.; arrive Puerto Cabezas 13 Oct., leave 14 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 18 Oct., leave 18 Oct.; arrive Corinto 20 Oct., leave 20 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 30 Oct., leave 1 Nov.; arrive Corinto 11 Nov., leave 11 Nov.; arrive Canal Zone 14 Nov., leave 16 Nov.; arrive Guantanamo 19 November.

SIRIUS—Arrived Mare Island 28 September. Will leave Mare Island for the East Coast of the United States on 6 Oct., on the following itinerary: Arrive San Pedro 7 Oct., leave 8 Oct.; arrive San Diego 9 Oct., leave 12 Oct.; arrive Corinto 21 Oct., leave 21 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 24 Oct., leave 26 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 2 Nov., leave 10 Nov.; arrive New York 16 Nov., leave 22 Nov.; arrive Boston 23 Nov., leave 30 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 2 December.

VEGA—Sailed Coco Solo 29 Sept. for Hampton Roads. Due Hampton Roads 6 Oct., leave 16 Oct.; arrive New York 17 Oct., leave 23 Oct.; arrive Philadelphia 24 Oct., leave 29 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 30 October.

BRAZOS—Arrived Charleston 2 October. BRIDGE—Arrived New York Yard 3 Oct. ARCTIC—Arrived Mare Island 29 September.

CUYAMA—Arrived San Diego 15 September.

KANAWHA—Arrived Bremerton 10 September.

NECHES—Sailed Pearl Harbor 29 September for San Pedro. Due San Pedro 9 Oct., leave 11 Oct.; arrive San Diego 11 Oct.

PECOS—Arrived Manila 26 September.

YELLOW

(Continued from page 6)

face. Had Rabbit's bayonet been in place the results would have been terrible.

It all came to him in a flash; his tired brain was waking to life. The two figures he had seen leave the trail were trying to encircle him, thinking he was a sentry and that a Marine detail was near.

Quickly he swung about. A knife flashed across his arm. There was a warm rush of blood and he wondered how badly he was cut. There was no pain. They were upon him now, from two sides. They slashed and stabbed, tried to close in upon him. Using his rifle as a club he brought the butt down on an attacker's head with a sickening thud. The man fell, lay still. The other one came on again muttering curses in Spanish and calling to his remaining comrades to help him. Another swing of Rabbit's rifle and the man's arm went limp, his knife went spinning into the underbrush, its blade gleaming in the moonlight. He screamed an oath and came on again. He had another knife, with his good arm he swung and slashed viciously. Rabbit, too, fought, and with a primal urge; he was a mad man. The struggle was brief, now the second assailant was down, groaning loudly.

Reaching for the bayonet at his belt, Rabbit found it covered with mud. He fumbled with the catch, losing precious seconds, snapped it onto his rifle, ready for further attack. He wondered why they did not attack him; why they did not shoot him.

His thoughts raced now. Somehow he knew that this was the road over which

(Continued on page 54)

War is Declared

AS the days pass, more and more men are learning that good health depends upon proper care of teeth and gums. This means regular dental inspection, and the daily use of a dentifrice that safeguards the work of the dentist.

Forhan's for the Gums, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, has a specific job to do. It is designed to thwart or to check Pyorrhea—the enemy that wages a ceaseless war against health, that strikes 4 out of 5 after 40, and thousands younger.

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WEAK AND DEFENSELESS

Mess Cook: "Coffee's exhausted, how'd you like some tea?"

Marine: "Exhausted! not surprised, it's been pretty weak for a long time."

Leo: "I broke the head off of my banjo-uke."

Moke: "That's too bad."

Leo: "But that's all right, I'm gettin' it fixed."

Moke: "That's too bad, too."

Motorcycle cop (overtaking feminine motorist): Why didn't you stop when I waved to you?

Feminine motorist: Because I'm not that kind of a girl.

"Are you a doctor," she asked the young man at the soda fountain.

"No, madam," he replied, "I'm just a fizzician."—Exchange.

Mose: "Rastus, did you say you shot dat dog in self defense?"

Rastus: "Naw, ah shot him in de haid and he jumped de fence."

"Say, last evening, over at Adelaide's the electric fuse burnt out, and I fixed it. Y'didn't know I was an electrician, didja?"

"Hell! You ain't no electrician—you're just a plain fool."

Absent-minded C. O. (knocking on St. Peter's Gate): C'mon, open up here or I'll throw the whole Barracks out.

"Why are we so late, conductor?"

"Well, the train in front was behind, and this train was behind before besides."—Mountaineer.

Tribute to a Martyr: "He was a man who had indeed suffered much," says a country paper, in a short obituary notice; "he had been a subscriber to this paper since its first number."

—Christian Evangelist.

A boy isn't a boy unless he's a regular feller, and a girl isn't a girl unless she's a regular teller.

LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN

Not long ago Deacon Miller bought a horse and buggy and took his wife out one Sunday for a drive. They came to the neighboring town of Osseo and saw a sign which read "Speed limit, fifteen miles per hour."

"Here, ma," said the deacon excitedly, "you take the lines and drive, and I'll use the whip. Maybe we can make it."—Life.

Cop: How did this accident happen?

Motorist: Hic—I saw two bridges—hic—and ran over the wrong one.

First Lady—"Been in the 'ospital? Was yer surgical or medical?"

Second Lady—"Wa'tcher mean?"
First—"Well, was yer ill when yer went in and they made yer well or was yer well when yer went in and they made yer ill?"—T. S. News.

Country Policeman (at scene of murder)—You can't come in here.

Reporter—But I've been sent to do the murder.

"Well, you're too late; the murder's been done."—Humorist.

Judge: Why have you not made these alimony payments?

Defendant: I can't start till week after next, Judge. There are still two installments due on the engagement ring.

—Life.

"Does yoh take this woman foh yoh lawfully wedded wife?" inquired the negro parson.

The little man looked at the enormous woman who stood threateningly at his side.

"Ah takes nuthin," he answered dully, "Ah's bein' tooked."—Recruiter.

IKE—"Make your peace, bozo; I'm about to shoot you!"

MIKE—"How come?"

IKE—"I've always said I'd shoot anyone who looked like me."

MIKE—"Do I look like you?"

IKE—"Yes."

MIKE—"Go ahead and shoot!"

—Recruit.

EAVESDROPPING

Mistress (to maid): Mary, you had a man in the kitchen last night, didn't you?

Maid: Yes, mum.

Mistress: And what is more, I heard every word he said, too.

Maid: Ain't you 'shamed o' yourself, mum!—T. S. News.

Theatrical Manager—This play needs a detective in it to make it a success.

Author—A detective! Why?

"To find the plot."—London Mail.

She—If wishes came true, what would you wish?

Bob Brown—Gosh, I don't dare tell you.

She—Go ahead, what do you think I brought this wishing business up for anyway?—Blatter.

Dog Catcher: Have your dogs got licenses?

Little Boy: No, sir; but they've got calluses.

Pincus hadn't seen Ginsberg for five years, but deliberately passed him on the street, as usual. And rushed into his office and yelled to his stenographer: "Mollie, look in the files under 'G,' and see why I'm sore at Ginsberg."

"Mandy, whassat light shinin' in yo' eyes?"

"Thass ma stop light, Rastus."

Mae: "I can't dance with you because of two big stringed instruments."

Joe: "What big stringed instruments?"

Mae: "Your shoes—they're always in my way."

Minister: I pronounce you man and wife—the ring, please.

Magician (reaching in his pocket and pulling out a rabbit): Gosh, the wrong act!—T. S. News.

There may be splinters in the ladder of success, but you don't notice them unless you're sliding down.

PROBABLY NOT

Deacon Johnson: D' yo' t'ink yo' could support mah daughter ef yo' married her?

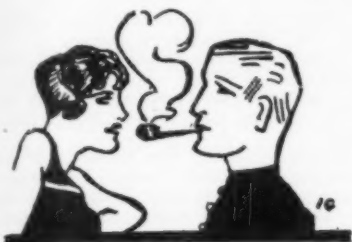
Ed Black: Suttingly.

Deacon Johnson: Hab yo' ebber seen her eat?

Ed Black: Suttingly.

Deacon Johnson: Hab yo' ebber seen her eat when nobody was watchin' her?

—Successful Farming.



"I want to go to Atlanta. How much money should I take?"

"They sent me for taking \$100."

Clerk: "Did you get rid of any moths with those moth balls you bought?"

Mrs. Dun: "No, I tried for five hours, but I couldn't hit a one."—Bulletin.

Then there's the one about the Scotchman who went into a telegraph office and asked the clerk the rates to Chicago.

"Sixty cents for every ten words," replied the clerk, "and address and signature free."

"Signature free?" said the Scotchman.

"Signature free," replied the clerk.

"Well," said the Scotchman, "just send my signature. I may not look it, but I'm a Sioux Indian, and my name is 'Won't be-home-until-Friday'."—Obs.

Bootlegger (to man fishing): Have any luck?

Man: No.

Bootlegger: Try some of this on your bait.

Man pours something from bottle over the worm on the hook and lowers it into the water. Soon a great splashing about is heard and the line is jerked up. The worm had a strangle-hold on a catfish, and was punching him in the eye with his tail.—Forbes Magazine.

It seems that an old Tennessee mountaineer was walking through the foot-hills one day when he found a mirror that some tourist had dropped. "Well, if it ain't my old man!" he said, looking at it. "I never knew he had his pitcher taken."

The old fellow was so pleased with his discovery that he took the mirror home, stole up to the attic, and slipped it into an old strong box where he kept his humble treasures. But his actions did not escape the keen eye of his suspicious wife. That night, when all was still, she slipped out of bed, took the key from his trousers pocket, crept up to the attic and opened the box. "Hm-m-m," she said, looking at the mirror, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin' after!"

—Exchange.

VOICES IN THE NIGHT

A little girl was put up in an upper berth of a Pullman sleeping car for the first time. She kept crying till her mother told her not to be afraid, because God would watch over her.

"Mother, you there?" she cried.

"Yes."

"Father, you there?"

"Yes."

A fellow-passenger lost all patience at this point and shouted: "We're all here! Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins. All here; now go to sleep."

There was a pause; then, very softly, "Mamma!"

"Well?"

"Was that God?"—Tit-Bits (London).



Officer: "You were absent from drill yesterday. What was the trouble?"

Recruit: "Toothache, sir."

Officer: "Still ache?"

Recruit: "Dunno. The dentist's got it now, sir."

SOME DYING SENTIMENTS

The aviator—"Now for a new altitude record."

The auctioneer—"Going—going—gone!"

The drug clerk—"I am about to substitute heaven for earth."

The bank cashier—"Over the border."

The plumber—"I must leave my tools behind."

The telephone girl—"Hello, central! Give me Heaven!"

The barber—"St. Peter is next!"

The insurance agent—"If I had only taken out one of my own policies."

The doctor—"I must take my own medicine."

The lawyer—"Now I lie forever."

The photographer—"Don't go on that way, my friends. Look pleasant."

The millionaire—"My will be done."

The policeman—"Here's where I move on."

The Polar explorer—"I do not claim positively this is the goal. I say I think it is. No one can be sure."

The optimist—"Going up!"

The pessimist—"Going down!"

—Variety Jokes.

NOW, WILL YOU BE GOOD?

There was a fearful crash as the train struck the car. A few seconds later, Mr. and Mrs. Pickens crawled out of the wreckage. Mrs. Pickens opened her mouth to say something, but her husband stopped her:

"Never mind talking," he snapped; "I got MY end of the car across. You were driving the back seat and if you let it get hit it's no fault of mine!"

—Portland, Oreg., Spotlight.

Poor Al Jolson.—The electric sign over the Fox-Locust Theatre in Philadelphia carries the following arrangement of copy:

Warner Brothers Hit

Al Jolson With

Vitaphone In

The Jazz Singer.

—New York Evening Post.

The radio announcer was transmitting a play-by-play account of a World Series game. At an exciting moment he yelled out:

"He swang at it!"

Seventeen sets in Boston burned out. —Life.

A dear old lady attended a reunion of old settlers and sat down next to an old fellow whom she had known in her youth.

"Why, Mr. Brown," she exclaimed, "It's years since we met. Do you recall when we used to play together and I used to spank you when you didn't behave?"

"Yes, indeed," said the old gent, who had grown somewhat deaf with the passing years. "Heh, heh, you'd hardly recognize the old place now, would you?"

—Yarn.

Six owners of six different plants in the same industry, so a story goes, were closeted in a hotel room trying to "get together." Dinner time, or possibly it was breakfast time, arrived. One of them went to the phone and told the steward to "send up one order of ham and eggs—and five bales of hay."

—Kreloite News.

"Good to the last drop," muttered the villainous aviator as the flapper jumped for home.



1st Marine: Bo' I just got a big load off my shoulders.

2nd Ditto: Whass a' matter, wash yo' neck?

The sign on the outside of a Western church: "Revival Meeting Tonight—Subject, 'Hell'. James Wilson, tenor, will sing, 'Tell Mother I'll Be There'."

—United Effort.

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RATES OF INTEREST, 2% and 3%

YELLOW

(Continued from page 51)

his comrades would come. Somewhere along its rutted, bumpy length they were plodding. He wondered how far away they were; if they had missed him yet. What would Captain Fowler say when he found that the Rabbit had headed across the swamp—six miles—alone, instead of remaining with the detail on the seventeen mile hike around. The Captain would storm, raise hell, do all sorts of things. But all that would be later, at present there was a job of work at hand.

He was not weary now, nor hungry or thirsty. The lethargy which had held him fell away, leaving the white-hot fire of his spirit, the flesh forgotten.

Afraid that the group in the road would escape into the roadside thicket, he attacked them. Single handed he rushed among them, his rifle with bayonet attached, flashed freely, doing untold damage. The group gave way before his onslaught. There was a flash. He was conscious of a stab of pain in his side. He clamped his hand to it then put it to his mouth. Warm and bitter it was; he did not know blood tasted like that. A tide of fighting, cursing humanity engulfed him. He found himself in the midst of it, lashing out with one free hand while he held the rifle with the other. Then he again brought rifle and bayonet into play.

He fought. Slash. Thrust. Parry. Slash again. His assailants fell away before his attack. Vaguely he was aware of someone fighting beside him, on either side, striking out in the moonlight at the brown figures who came on again and again. They threatened to overwhelm him and his two doughty companions.

Who were the two? He had no time to ponder. The brown men before them were pressing the attack now, fighting desperately, with knives and clubs. Rabbit fought on, recklessly, exposing himself to attack in order to get in a telling blow, like a cornered animal fighting for life, clawing, thrusting, stabbing. One moment down on his knees, brown men threatening to overpower him. Now on his feet again, forcing the fight, bearing them backward. They fell away before his onslaught.

Thrust. Stab. Bringing the heavy rifle butt down on a brown man's skull, he crushed it like an egg shell. He fought on, with the feeling that he was marked for death. Strangely though, he did not care. Yes, he did care, else why did he carry on? Why not obey the urge that was beginning to cry out within him to stop, stop. Facing death, unwilling to die, he fought doggedly.

Someone was talking to him. He opened his eyes. The moon appeared higher, much higher, and again it was moving in dizzying circles. He tried to follow its course with his eyes. The trees moved in circles, too. Why couldn't they be still?

"Buddy," the voice, a tired voice, said, "You happened along just in time to save our bacon."

"You sure did, Gyrene, you—" another voice began.

"Who are you?" asked Rabbit. He was puzzled. He was no longer fighting.

It was so hard to think. Everything was so unreal.

"This is Lieutenant Causer and Sergeant Bull," the tired sounding voice replied. "We had to land our plane in the jungle when a feed line broke. A band of rag-tag Spiggoty soldiers saw us crash and captured us. They were taking us to Mezita's headquarters when you butted in. When you cut loose into the whole gang of them we tried to help a little. Some of them got away, though."

"There is a detail somewhere, hunting for you," said Rabbit weakly.

"Yeah? That's good," replied Sergeant Bull.

Lieutenant Causer began to speak. His voice sounded far off, the words indistinct.

Sometime later, the moon was just dropping from sight behind El Chipote, and a pale strip of light in the East told of the coming of dawn, Rabbit roused. His head rested on something soft. There was a bandage on his side where the bullet had struck him. He heard voices, many voices. Among them was that of Captain Fowler.

"We'd have been here sooner but we met up with a bandit patrol. They gave us some trouble and detained us somewhat, but we managed to get here."

"There was a little skirmish right on this spot," Lieutenant Causer was saying. "There are some prisoners for you." He pointed to several brown figures who lay beside the road tied with pieces of clothing. "I guess some of them will need a little attention, they are pretty badly bunged up."

"We heard one shot over this way while we looked for other bandits in ambush."

"Captain," said the lieutenant, "that shot you heard was the only one fired in this little fracas, but it cost you one man. You've got a first-class fighting man with a hunk of lead in him. Better get him to a 'medico' or he's a gonner. He is pretty low, now. Been out of his head. Says he'll show someone or other that he's not yellow. And believe me, he isn't yellow. He's a fightin' fool."

The captain was puzzled, he did not know what it was all about.

"Say, that's the fightin'est Leatherneck in the whole gosh-blamed outfit!" exclaimed Sergeant Bull admiringly. "He's a whole pack of wild cats when he gets goin', an' I don't mean maybe!"

Rabbit heard no more, perhaps it was just as well; the road back was no less bumpy than when the detail stumbled over it a short time before. Once he opened his eyes, well after daylight it was. He was on a stretcher.

Gonigle was near, he spoke when he saw the eyelids flicker.

"I'm sure sorry, Rabbit—I mean buddy, I never meant—" There was a strange tenderness in his voice until he choked over the words. Rabbit wondered why Gonigle had tears in his eyes. He smiled faintly at the idea.

"Say, Rabbit, I was wrong when I said you was yellah. Hell! You ain't yellah, a-tall," said another man, emphatically. Rabbit grinned up at them. Then his eyes closed. The two talked on.

Their words fell on unlistening ears. Rabbit had passed on into that deep, dreamless sleep from which there is no awakening.

THE UPPER BERTH

(Continued from page 4)

have described the pleasant sensation—as he felt her lovely form sliding through his arms to the floor.

"It's all right, Jack," she breathed smilingly. "Aunt Ellen made me take along some flapper clothes. She told me to doll up before I got to Chicago. I dunno as I got everything on right—"

Innocently she bent and hitched the hem of her dressing gown up to one silken calf. Her pink fingers tugged nervously at a jazz garter. "That darned thing is awful tight, Jack," she sputtered. "Do you s'pose you could fix it some way?"

Jack Maclane glanced furtively up and down the curtained aisle. A flush came to his manly cheeks, as she finally snatched the troublesome garter off, and handed it to him.

"Hell, I don't know anythin' about such things!" he blurted sheepishly.

Just then the porter came sleepily down the aisle. Maclane thrust the garter back in her hand. "Hide it!" he whispered frantically.

Ethel's innocent eyes looked their surprise. However, she closed one little fist about the pink garter, and ignored the porter's up-raised eyebrows. She turned thoughtfully to her Leatherneck friend.

"Excuse me a minute," she urged, "I'm goin' down to the other end—"

About that time the train came to a station stop, and Maclane dreamily watched the slender form as it made its way down the long aisle. She was certainly pretty as the devil—yes, he decided that he liked her made up as a flapper . . .

He started as the porter's squeaky voice rasped in his ear, and realized dimly that a dusky hand was holding something out towards him.

"Scuse me, sah. Dat flapper yuh was so intimate wid in the upper berth, she hand me this 'ere note. She swung off th' train in an awful hurry; guess likely she was tryin' t' meet th' West-bound. Anyhow, dis yere paper sure am pretty—"

Maclane's heart gave a sudden slump as he seized the pink envelope and tore it open. The message read:

"Sorry, old thing. When you read this, I shall be on the way to the West coast. I took your pocketbook. Know you won't mind. So long, lots of love. ETHEL."

Jack Maclane grinned thoughtfully. "Hope she gets lots of comfort outta that pocketbook," he mused absently. "Nothin' in it but two or three handkerchiefs that she'd dropped at various times for my benefit—"

He settled comfortably down in the high-backed seat and stared out the window. A long train was just starting westward on the opposite track.

"Not this time, kiddo," he muttered meaningly. "I'm too old in th' game t' be fooled again by bright feathers—"

WATER AND FIRE

(Continued from page 2)

The oil barge needed twenty minutes more before it cleared this narrow trap which would fill with smoke and flame eddying over the black water. Twenty minutes—he timed the launch motor with his watch and looked at the mud-spattered survey stakes in the grass to his right.

As to the fire no one could say, but the air was thickening with flying wisps of burned grass, and the sky to southward was a mighty bloom of smoke thinning to twisting gray at the zenith. The color of her cast-net—that leaped whirl of meshed lasso which she could throw with the swift grace of a striking snake. It was always with her when she had stolen out of the grass in her little green pirogue, coiled on the seat, or she was smoothing its gray strands or idly throwing its eight-foot circle to the water. Whenever she appeared, hovering a canoe length from the grimy dredge workers, it was her pretext that she was following the run of the shrimp through the sloughs—and just to show these invaders that the clan Abadie did not relinquish its rights to the swamp.

Luce suddenly shouted his anxious joy. They could see the dredge now across that murky mud lake! The first smoke plumes were reaching over the flat, but here was the end of the race. Two hundred yards away the back ditch opened to where the beating fire must stop.

"Yes, I see," grunted Carolan. "Drive on—we beat 'em."

He swung upon the deck-load for a satisfied glance at the first lurid streak under the black pall southward. "Beat 'em—her—"

And then the barge struck. Carolan staggered slightly. He couldn't tell just what, but the sodden, heavy scow blundered over something, recoiled and swung to stern toward the bank while the towing lines to the launch broke into frayed strands. He heard Luce reverse the engine, then, with a howl, shoot the freed boat ahead to escape being smashed into the mud bank by the swinging oil barge. Then he stopped the engine.

That was all. The black man standing up in the launch ten yards ahead; the white man standing on his dynamite cases, calmly watching the murky water eddy past. Finally he pointed; he could just make out something ground down in the ooze under the barge.

"They bottled us," he said laconically. "They slipped one of those old lugger hulks off the flats back up Perot, and sunk it down here. They gave us a mile to run in, and a chance to get out with our lives, into the lake with the launch, but the barge and her dynamite and oil— You see, Luce?" He stared at the black man. They could hear the canebrake fire very plainly now—a roaring that grew with each second, and a musical chorus of the exploding stalks before the first heat. It was like the singing of myriad reed instruments against the grumble of cellos, yet one could not see the flame for the grass.

Just that rain of gray ash thickening overhead and upon them. Carolan

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turned from it and thrust his pole against the bank.

"Cut out of here, Luce. Get to the dredge. Have Jerrold shoot back here with the big launch—both of the towin' boats with their hawsers. You can snake this thing out of the ditch yet—she ain't jammed hard. Open up, man! You can make it and back . . . that fire is wearin' off to jump clear behind us first."

And while the negro stared questioningly at him, Carolan suddenly broke to his rare cursing on his helpers. "Damn you, Luce—you hear me?"

He swung his hand back to his belt with a look that made the black man drop by his motor. The launch swept on, freed, and into the open lake, to vanish in the rolling smoke.

Carolan went to poling the scow off the dredge-line mud. He freed the stern and then fought against the obstruction under the bow.

"She rolled on that hulk," he muttered, "I'll have her driftin' free by the time Jerrold gets here and hooks alongside. We win, if Jerrold's got the nerve to drive into a ditch of fire and water and hook on. We can do it—form a bucket line and beat it off the tarpaulins if she picks up any fire. We can do it, if—"

He had to close his mouth against a sudden burst of hot ash that struck through a sort of funnel in his mud bank. He turned his back to choke out the gases and saw the canal behind him, a red streak, like melted glass, with the burnished flames going up from both sides to form a lurid arch over the reflecting surface.

That was bad. He didn't think the fire could cross so soon and then turn up the other side where there was no mud bank to offer even its slight protection. The great canebreaks were thicker there, too—they would burn and twist many minutes while the vanguard fires were sweeping past them.

"Pretty bad," he grumbled. "Well, a fello' can heave overboard and swim, but then, there's a chance. If Jerrold shoots back here, there's a chance of savin' the stuff. Yes, sir—of buildin' the levee spite o' hell and women."

So he wrapped his leather jacket around one shoulder, ducked his head lower and poled on. That ash drift was thicker now, and whipping all about him, but he moved the barge. Inch by inch, foot by foot; and when he saw a burning wisp alight along the tarpaulins he ran back and kicked it out. Then at his pole again. The tide was with him—that slow, creeping tide that he must conquer in the Perot lands, but would help him now. That stolid, inarticulate sea-tide that would creep on when the screaming fury of the fire had burned out, fallen to scattered ash upon its waters.

Fifty feet he made, then perhaps a hundred, keeping the black scow free of the banks and moving on in a narrowing space of intolerable light toward that blurred opaque patch which must be the end of the ditch . . . he couldn't tell now, except that the tide drifted thither with maddening slowness.

When the barge floated free, he crawled along his rubber cloths and fought the lodging embers. A rotted place in the oily planks began to glow against the oil tank hatch, and he swung

upon it with a bundle of wetted sacks. Then another dangerously close to the lashed boxes of explosives.

When he staggered forward out of the burst of red smoke over the levee, there was another starting flame to smother before he could seize his push-pole and stand to the job of keeping the scow drifting midstream in the canal.

"It's narrowin'," he muttered, watching the tide creep under that darker blur which marked the only escape from the fire-swept ditch. "They can't drive in to me; it's me that's got to drift this hulk out."

For that was fixed grimly in his mind. His big black machine lay across the open lake, and whether or not it won the battle for the reclaimed lands against the sea depended on him alone. His will, his heart, his life, standing by to keep that barge adrift in the tide and out of this inferno of leaping light and searing heat. If the oil scow did ignite, then to the ditch for it and dive and swim away as the peak of the fire closed on the end of the canal and the cargo blew up. He knew what that would mean, too—another section of his hardly-won levee torn from the marsh.

And again he had to run back to fight out the fragments of blazing cane that lodged along the oil-soaked decks. When he stumbled forward through the choking wind the barge was blundering on, maddeningly slow but free.

"A hundred feet more," Carolan forced his eyes open against the blasting wind. "Driftin'—she'll slip out in the lake, but afire."

And then he saw against the closing arch of fire at the end of the ditch where he must pass, a dark, moving object. Not Jerrold with the work launch—a small thing which came swiftly under the lee of the dredged line.

It might have been the head of a swamp otter or a deer driven from some shell ridge to the lake before the fire; but now it was taking form, it left a rippling wake in the molten glow of the water.

And then he paused, upright, the dripping boat-pole in his hand, outlined against the glare of the burning canebreak. The little green canoe of cypress shot out from the murky shadow and alongside the drifting barge.

The man and the girl were staring at each other silently, but quite comprehending. She stood up in the twelve-foot pirogue, balanced with her paddle and laid a hand to the blistering deck.

"You did not come out with the launch, M'sieu Texas?" she cried, and as if knowing this was his last defiance to her own.

"No. This is my job—runnin' the stuff out." He half turned from her to watch along the lashed tarpaulins. "What you doin' out there?"

"Waiting, Texas—"

"Waitin' out in the lake for us to be driven off the canal, leavin' the oil to blow. Yes, I know." He went back calmly, watchful for the danger points in the hurricane of fire beating along the deck. And he did not come forward again. It was as if he dismissed her for his job, unfearing, uncaring of her peril or his own. When he turned again she had clambered to the deck, her slender figure wrapped tight against the flying cinders by the duck-cloth from her

swamper's canoe. Only her big, dark eyes showed, and back of her the highest mount of the flames over Bayou Perot ditch. When he came nearer and swung his pole against the bank, and the barge drifted on with its cargo of death, she spoke again quietly.

"Yes—waitin', Texas. Outside, safe in the lake. Yes—waitin' for you Yankees to be driven out—just to watch you go, that was all."

He went dumbly back to fighting the live embers from his tarpaulins. When he turned she had followed along the running-way past the oil hatches, drifting her pirogue by the head-rope; and at her belt hung the ever-present east-net of gray mesh and lead. Carolan choked in the thicker eddies of smoke billowing over the dredge-line; and she waited until he had passed her, rushed indifferently forward on his tireless, dogged battle to keep the scow free in the tide.

That ceaseless patrol, the momentary thrust of his pole against the mud bank and then his fitting back through the murk to watch his precious cargo, this dirty, oily hulk on which was staked his last gamble. If he gave a thought to her peril or his own, it did not show. She had come, defeated in her plot, to taunt him when he retreated from his man's job out to safety. She was free, strong, alert and wise to the swamp's chances of fire and storm and abysmal pools; if she chose to come seeking him out at the crisis of his fight, that was her affair. She had brought him to it, and there was need of neither accusation nor denial.

"Well, you go now, m'sieu. This barge can't pass the outlet—the fire is going to be worse there. The cane grows fifteen feet high along the lake, and is dry as powder. It is catching now, it will cut us off, and your barge will explode. Dive and swim for it, m'sieu, while there is time."

"Swim," he ordered slowly. "Go ahead—swim for it. You can, and it's your chance. Stand away from there—a bunch of fire is by your feet."

She turned and swung the massed weight of her cast-net upon it, and this failing, she stamped the redding seam of the deck. But when she turned again to him he was fighting another patch, seemingly not to notice her aid. Then she suddenly ran to him, for he appeared to reel and lay a hand on the deck boxes for support.

"Texas! Get out of here! I say you go! You'll die here—I did not mean that."

"Look out—forward." He stumbled past her to the bow where a coil of cordage was igniting. He had to fight this viciously with his wet gunny bag, swinging and beating, dipping the weapon overside to the water and smashing the flame. Then he felt her strike his shoulder.

"Your coat, m'sieu! It is catching. There is the lake, but you'll never make it. You can't clear that last point—the barge is grounding now on the mud. It'll swing stern on into the worst of the canebrake!"

"I'll make it!" He stared at the whirling smoke that was less lurid just ahead. That was the hidden gap to the open water, but the bow of the barge had not cleared the ridge of mud left at the right side of the canal mouth. It had shoved slowly in and was swinging

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to block the channel, lie with its stern to the south bank, which was a forest of blowing cane spattered with fire oncoming a few yards away.

And no man's strength could ease that laden scow from the least obstruction. There was nothing to give leverage against in that treacherous ooze under the bow. She saw him try once, uselessly, and turn to watch the other end, closing in to the south point. And over the starboard side was the glassy lake under the smoke billows—safety for them now, if he would take it.

But when he started the other way she cried out sharply and ran after him. He was going to face the flame and try to fight the stern of his barge past the other point.

"Pretty close—to get licked right at the finish. I ain't goin' to do it. A man can't give up now. You go—jump and swim for it."

He was on the smouldering after-deck, back to his stacked dynamite boxes against the oil tank hatches, bending and trying to cover his searing eyeballs from that fire rising along the dredge-line. It leaped high over his head, while he thrust the long forked pole out to aid the tide with a shove in the stirring ooze. Again and again, until he staggered, sank to his knees and hung there unable to turn face to the flame, but heaving on the boat-pole.

She ran behind him against the glare and shouted again, "Texas!"

His cracked lips tried to form a warning to her, and then over his head and shoulders fell a circle of snapping leaden weights. Down clear around his crouched form, and when he struck out with his arm it was caught by a soft, tightening garment that drew with inexorable strength when he tried to rise against it. He did get to his feet, choking in the flame, trying to turn, but his arms were locked against his sides.

He knew now. She had roped him in her cast-net. The spread of it had dropped below his knees where the draw-cord had clamped the circle of lead weights and pulled the meshes close over him to his forehead.

She was flitting by him when he twisted about to fight against the meshes. A strong man might have broken them if he had the time and could have freed his arms, but all Carolan could do was reel back as the girl wove a lap of the rope about him and then sprang.

He just heard her cry against the roar of the flame and he knew she had dragged him off his feet, over and down until he struck the warm, ash-flecked water. And he could tell no more of it—he was drowning under the tide, writhing and helpless in the meshes, but dully he knew he was moving, being towed and rolled over the shallow mud eddies.

"Texas!" He felt her hands about his face and neck. When he got his eyes opened they were staring up at a black sky spangled with millions of flying cinder stars, and he was lying on his back on a reedy mud spit.

It was hot there—very hot, twenty yards off the blazing margin of the lake. Smoke—and fire and water. Carolan could hear the seething of the last high billows of the cane on the end of his canal; and then shouting, faint and dis-

tant, it seemed, but he was too tired to turn his head.

The girl's body lay against his own in the warm water. She seemed to be watching over his blackened, close-bound figure, but with one arm under his head as if to keep this above the surface.

"They are there," she muttered slowly. "M'sieu, the second engineer, and all of them—meeting the oil barge when it came out. They are throwing powder boxes and burning rubber cloth; it is a fight down the deck wherever the planks are starting to burn."

"They'll do it. They'll know I brought it through for 'em. Thinkin' I'm gone, but I brought it through for 'em!"

He turned his swollen, scorched face in the gray mesh as he lay on the quivering hummock of grass roots at the edge of the pond. A mighty pride arose in him as he watched the battle. Jerrold and his black dredge crew were all over the drifting barge, swinging axes into the lashings of the dynamite cases and heaving them off, and dragging the burning tarpaulin overside. The fuel oil was the thing now; if they could keep the deck fires from getting to it, the gap in the Perot levee would be closed.

Laure Abadie was murmuring softly to the Texas engineer, patting the cooked flesh of his big arm where the cloth of his sleeves was seared into it in black embers. But Carolan did not look at her, he crawled higher in her imprisoning net to look at the oil barge slowly drifting into that dun pall of smoke over the lake. He could see the spurts of flame, fainter now, and the figures of the fighters around the oil hatches.

"Watch 'em," he muttered. "My bunch—my boys. It's for me they're doin' it. Me—they wouldn't risk their lives for no company or no mud ditch diggin'. It's because they think I stuck to it to the last!"

She did not try to win him from that savage exultation until after the barge and the two launches butting at its side, with the crew fighting the last fire, had drifted on in the obscuring smoke. When the outfit could no longer be seen, Carolan laid back tiredly to discover her staring at him.

"Wait! If it explodes, you'll hear a grand finish—to everything!"

"Texas, maybe it isn't a finish—just a beginning."

She was loosening the leaded mesh from over his head. "Let me tell you, Texas. I expected to drive you out of the ditch. I waited out here in the open water to laugh at you. I knew it was the last throw with you. That your company wouldn't understand anything except that you lost your last fuel for the dredge. I laughed—and waited. Then you didn't come out of the burning ditch. So I went in—because you wouldn't come out! To get you, Texas, save you when you went down choked in the smoke. Don't you know that?"

"You fired the marsh to beat me," he muttered wearily. "I know that."

"To beat you. Well, I ought to have known better!" The girl laughed, her blackened face close to his, and drops of water on her hair. "You're a man, Texas! Come on, now. I'll get you to the shore. The swamp is all burned out there. We can travel the edge of the hummocks to Bayou Perot ridge. A Yankee couldn't find the trails to bear

his weight, but I can. Takes a Cajan to know his own swamp. Come on, Texas, crawl to the bank."

When they covered the twenty feet of shaking swamp ooze to the burned hummock tufts they stood up. Two figures in a world of fire and water. The great glow of the flame far to the north now was reflected in the black, ash-flecked lake behind them. The air was thick with wisps of burned grass arising from the leagues of reclaimed prairie which stretched southward from the canal.

Black, pathless, untenanted acres, belted south and east and west by Carolan's frail ramparts of mud—his kingdom of labor and achievement with its boundaries set against the desolate wilderness. She saw that the engineer was staring at it; and then he reeled and sat down on a hummock as if the vision of what he had dreamed and planned for had struck him anew but in a dumb, aching, useless sort of way.

"Texas, what's the matter?" Laure cried and knelt down by him.

"Wonderin'. Just wonderin' how it will look. When the job's done and me and my mud hogs have gone somewhere else. First it'll be prairie behind the levee. The muck'll dry out fine and soft, and flowers'll be everywhere. Then they'll come—the settlers and farmers. There'll be gardens and little orange groves and homes and roads—I never get to see 'em myself. I'm just the roughneck who's always on ahead with the reclamation—muck and dirt and lonesomeness and heat. That's what we see on ahead, fightin' the levees through. Ten years, and nobody of 'em all ever dreams that the first dredge fought through here for 'em. It's what I tried to tell you once, so's you'd quit fightin' me."

"Dreamin' gardens and little homes and children playin'?" I know—" The rebel of the Abadie clan put her hands up on the engineer's wet knees. "Texas! Take me with you! I want to watch you fightin'! And some day we'll come back to Bayou Perot—to the land of mine that you put under the ditch, too, and made free of the swamp water."

"Your land, and you—!" Carolan took her hands and tried to see her face in the dim firelight reflected up from the blackened pools. "Laure, you mean come back to Bayou Perot—you and me—after—?"

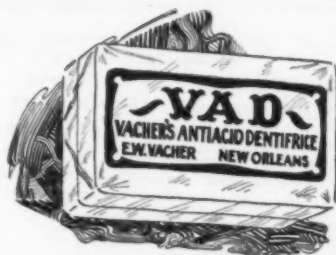
"I tried to hate you just like a flame, and it's gone just like that fire which went sweepin' over us and burned itself out. Burned out and gone. Water and fire! They couldn't beat you, Texas!"

"You mean? Say, you little firebrand, you love me?"

"Why did I come back to you in the ditch?" Laure whispered. And after he had caught her up against his blackened, fire-riddled flannel shirt a moment and they were laughing together, she followed along the shore of the swamp lake, but pointing the trail to him.

"Come on!" Carolan laughed again. "I want 'em all to know. The gang'll cheer its heads off seein' you come to join us! And some day we'll come back—you and me, Laure? To a little piece of the sweet land behind the levee all gardened out and with orange trees and a—home? I'll see something that I've been fightin' for and didn't know it!"

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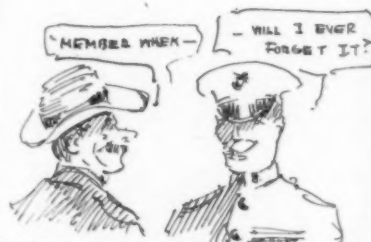
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